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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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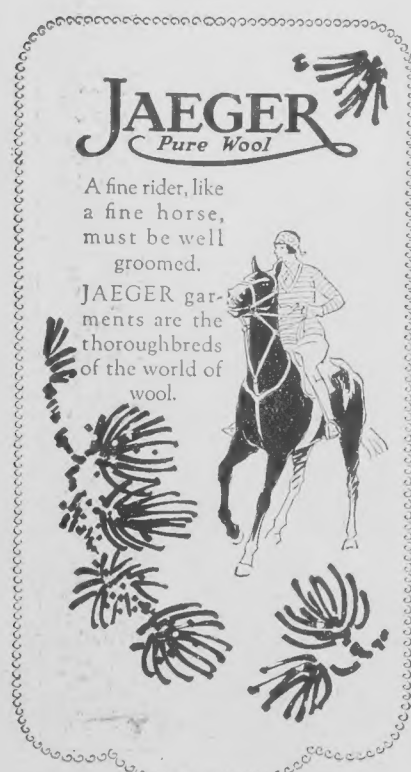
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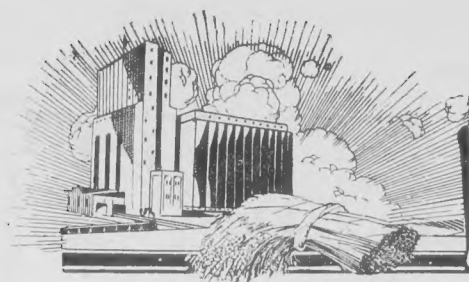


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PROVINCIAL LIBRARY MANITOBA EDITORIAL



The Election

YIELDING to pressure of public opinion, or convinced that he was unable to carry on for another session, or hoping that an appeal to the country might bring him a working majority the Premier has asked for dissolution of Parliament, and there will be an election late in October. The problem for the electors of Western Canada is to decide how they will vote. In arriving at a decision they must have regard to records, to promises, to personalities.

The record of the present government is not one of which it can be proud. It has been great in promise but hopelessly weak in performance. This may be partly owing to the fact that it has not had a working majority, and could therefore give effect to only part of its policy. Yet, there is good fortune even in this, for the policy that would have been enforced if the government had been free, it is not pleasant to contemplate. And there were many things which might have been done with full consent of the House, that remained undone, because of unwillingness or lethargy or lack of courage. The Hudson's Bay Railway is still unfinished, the tariff is not lessened, immigration has almost ceased, the Crow's Nest agreement has been overruled, the cost of the Civil Service is no less than formerly, the Shipping Combine is still robbing the Western farmer, freight rates are still unbearable, there is little foreign trade, our natural resources are still controlled by the Federal Government, the Senate still blocks the country's business, the problem of the unemployed is still with us, there has been no helpful intervention when strikes were impoverishing the country. But the Eastern capitalists have always had the ear of the government. Their whispers have been heard when our agonized cries have not been heeded.

The record of the Opposition is even more unsatisfactory. It has done nothing but block legislation. It has advanced no constructive policy. Its one plea has been for higher protection, and protection has been our ruin. There has been no effort by the Conservative party to help us in any of the matters referred to in the last paragraph, and it is if anything under more complete control of the capitalists than the Government itself.

The third party has occupied the position of masterful inactivity. Its policy has been sound but it has not demanded concessions in return for the help so freely given to the government. Unfortunately there has been division in the ranks, and some of the more influential members seem to have had their hands tied.

When it comes to promises of course the old parties are prolific. Mr. King is going to do what he promised four years ago. Mr. Meighen is going to give us a higher tariff. Incidentally he promises to reduce the cost of government, but who will have any faith in such a promise? The old guard is still his chief support, and its history is written all over the country in stone and cement.

What then are the electors of the West to do? They must turn from the old parties, to *men*—men who will give some thought to the West and its needs. Our representation is now so great that we can dictate to the old-line parties, since these are about to break fifty-fifty. Every constituency should seek a member that is sound on such questions as: control of Western resources by the provinces, the immediate construction of the Hudson's Bay Railway, the lowering of the tariff, a vigorous immigration policy, the control of the banking business, the co-operation without amalgamation of the two great railway systems, the lessening of freight rates for the West, the ending of the Shipping Combine, the lessening of the cost of running government. Every man elected should be a man of his word, capable of rising above party, and sound on all these issues that affect the West. It is clear as day that the Government at Ottawa, in the minds of both old-time parties, is for middle Canada. The Maritime provinces and the West are unworthy of consideration. So let us get our own men—strong and reliable, who will keep the faith.

An Open Letter

AN enterprising advertising firm has sent a neatly-printed folder containing a series of open letters to Rt. Hon. W. L. MacKenzie King, in the hope no doubt that some reference should be made to them. It would be ungracious to refuse the tacit request. Mr. King is no doubt lying awake at night trying to find an answer to the problems raised, and it may just be that we can be of some assistance to him.

The writer of the letters claims to be non-partisan, and without sectional bias. Yet his speech betrayeth him. The hand may be that of Esau but the voice is that of Jacob. And Jacob seemingly lives between the home of the leader of the Opposition and the home of the president of the Manufacturers' Association.

It is asked why so many immigrants come to the United States and so few to Canada. Any child in Western Canada can tell him. The high tariff and the high freight rates make it impossible for any one to live west of the Great Lakes, and this is the natural field for immigration. It is impossible for a man who pays so much for implements and supplies of all kinds, and who likewise pays so much for getting his produce out of the country to make even a bare existence. If the writer of the open letters wants an answer to all his questions he will find it in that sentence.

It is said that Canadians are going across the line in thousands. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.'" They go because first-class ability is in demand, and because they cannot endure the direct and indirect taxation levied upon the West. The two forms of indirect taxation that are most burdensome are the tariff and the enactments of the over-capitalized railways.

Again it is said that towns are calling for manufacturing plants. What is the use of plants that have to be closed because there is no business for them? There is no business because there is no home population. There is no home population because living conditions are unbearable. Living conditions are unbearable because men have to pay the highest possible price for all they have to use, and get the lowest possible price for all they have to sell.

It is said that high tariff would benefit the factory worker. Well suppose that because of a higher tariff the selling price of factory production were increased, how much of the increase would go to the workers? We know, and the writer of these open letters should know. The professional man has also been mentioned as beneficiaries of high tariff. Can any one show that a preacher will be more able to live on his meagre salary, because a government charges a thirty-five per cent duty on all he wears, and almost an equal amount on other necessities? And, speaking generally, if the tariff were increased, how would the increased cost of living compare with any slight advance in wages? If the writer of the letters finds the answer he should print it in capitals.

True there are industries that Canada can engage in with profit, and without bolstering. Consider for example the pulp-wood industry. Now, if the open letters had protested against the exploitation of our most precious preserves, the protest would have been quite in order. That is a kind of protection in which every one believes—a protection against wholesale waste of our resources, and against the capitalists from abroad, who would take our best for a song, and then act as if they were public benefactors. Also if we were protected against these by Eastern interests that are preventing our national development, by blocking our national outlet through Hudson's Bay and by imposing rates that no man can pay and live—yes, if we were protected in this way we should be thankful.

But we have a guess that the writer of the letters does not take much interest in this form of protection. So we wait for further effusions, but do not promise to read them.—What's the use?

Morocco

THE Riffian revolt seems to concern us little, but it is one of those affairs which has more than local significance. Three nations—France, Spain and Germany—are directly concerned, and the other nations of Europe are interested because of the strategic importance of the control of Morocco.

Abd-el-Krim the leader of the Riffians is a Moor—a Berber not an Arab. Yet he is posing as an Arab and trying to foment trouble between the Cross and the Crescent. That, however, is political. His real interest is mercenary. He has as his ambition the control of the mineral rights of a great country. He wishes control not because there is so much real wealth at stake, but because he can sell the mines four or five times over and pocket the proceeds and then leave the settlement of the trouble to international tribunals. The following paragraphs set forth the situation very clearly:

Abd-el-Krim took service with the Spanish, and early in his career came in touch with, and under the influence of, the important German Mannesmann group or syndicate. He became then, and is reported still to be, an agent of the Mannesmann interests which, previous to 1914, fostered so many intrigues and made such exaggerated claims about mining rights that an International Convention was set up to study and decide upon the conflicting claims. The war broke off this work, but Germany naturally made good use of the Mannesmann agent to forward the efforts of the Germans and their Moorish allies against the French in Morocco. So successful was Abd-el-Krim in this work that repeated complaints were made by France to the Spanish authorities, who could not refuse to give ear to the complaints and proofs of Krim's activities, the more so because he was then actually employed in the

Spanish Intelligence, was therefore involving Spanish neutrality in the War, and it was impossible for Spain to permit their official employee to help German intrigue to considerable purpose against French troops.

At the end of the War the interrupted Commission on mining rights resumed its labors, concluding them in 1921 with a set of clear and firm rules, the most important of which—to Abd-el-Krim especially—is that the exercise of any mining rights must be submitted to International Regulations, and all concessions and agreements must be internationally accepted and approved.

There is nothing in this to prevent any Moor, in or out of the Riff, selling land, or any mining right of it, which belongs to him. But it does prevent the same land or same rights being sold several times to different individuals or companies, allowing the Moor to pocket the several sums, and leave the validity of confused and conflicting claims to be fought out in European courts.

The Spanish authorities finally shut Abd-el-Krim up in a fortress outside Melilla, from which he only escaped by a drop into the moat which broke his leg, and left him a cripple for life with a virulent hatred for Spain.

Abd-el-Krim's way of getting an army together and keeping it loyal is simple. He has the strongest of the forty odd tribes. He sends an order to any one of the rest that he is about to fight. He asks this tribe to take sides with or against him. If there is reluctance a display of military strength settles it. The decision is always in the affirmative. Anyway the Riffs from time immemorial have been given to fighting. It is their life. If they do not have enemies across the sea they find them at home; if there are no neighbours to contend with, they have tribal wars; if these fail them they have family feuds. So it is not easy for Abd-el-Krim to get help from his tribesmen.

So now France and Spain have combined to run this man to earth, and they will probably succeed. We are not particularly interested, except that we see in the struggle the end of a belated attempt of Germany to foment trouble and weaken the power of her Eastern European rivals. In other words the war is not yet ended.

Apart altogether from this post-war complication, one cannot wonder that the Riffs would rather govern themselves than come under the domination of France and Spain. Why in particular, should Spain, which cannot govern itself, seek to govern anybody else?

A Voice from the Farm

IF any one should think the statements in these columns with regard to conditions on the farms in Western Canada are extreme, let them read these words from one who for eight years has been trying to make a living in Alberta. He came from the United States at the age of forty-eight, was naturalized (at great expense) and now finds himself unable to return because he is a British subject. Nor should he return, for the land is the finest under heaven. But there is no railway and living costs are excessive, and what is he to do?

"I have given up more than \$3,000 for duty and necessities. Taxes of various kinds have been levied against me since time of making homestead entry. I got a year or two behind with this and now there is a caveat placed against my land in Edmonton, and I am wondering if I shall lift it or give up. I recently tried to sell my place to a bank. I asked \$1,000. Had a reply but no sale. Later I offered for \$850. An acknowledgment again but no sale. I wrote a merchant an offer to sell for \$850 and sent some attractive pictures. No answer! Later I went to see him. I offered to take \$700 after his refusal. Nothing doing. Before I left him I offered to take \$500 for my land that is fenced all around, has two buildings, a splendid ever-flowing spring, 20 acres broke and cropped three times, and a good garden. He refused. I could do no more. I never earned one dollar on this place. I drove myself to stay and hope for a railway and government attention. Nothing happened like this. I became very disconsolate and knew that I had to quit. I wrote very many complaining letters to both Dominion and Provincial officials. They all 'passed the buck.' I have written so many letters of this sort that the habit has become a near obsession, but I have put matters through the acid test."

These words are not printed to belittle the West, nor to drive away possible settlers. Heaven knows we need settlers, but with an apathetic government listening ever to an unsympathetic High Commissioner who does not believe in immigration, how are we to get settlers? Isn't it time that the burlesque ended? The future of Canada depends on the West. Unfortunately, the wealth has in part been bestowed upon railways and great corporations, but if living conditions were only right we could still pull through.

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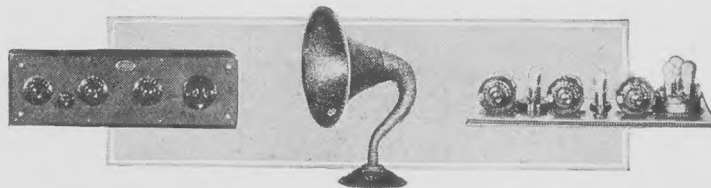
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"Geel" shrielled Red, "Some kid's fell in!" From the depths of the ship came the frantic clanging of a bell

The Incurrigibles

By Donal Hamilton Haines

Illustration by Kathleen Allen

MARCEY extended an accusing finger at the shrieking headlines of the "Mercury" and opened his mouth for abuse; but Tompkins interrupted him with a gesture, almost of weariness. "Now, don't!" he begged, in an injured tone. "I know I'm responsible. I know that thing would never have happened if I had attended to my duty. I know it's the fourth time I've fallen from grace in four months. I know all these things—but I don't want to hear them again. If I'm to be fired, I'd like to take my dismissal without a peroration."

Marcey, managing editor of the "Lantern," glared at his erring reporter with the air of a beast balked of its prey.

"There is that about you," he rumbled, darkly, "that makes me want to get my hands on you!"

Tompkins appeared to consider this remark with cheerful but disinterested speculation.

"I don't know but it might do us both good," he admitted finally. "But it really wouldn't be good form for you to fire me after licking me—and you're too big for me," he concluded cheerfully.

Marcey continued to glare at him while Tompkins filled his pipe and stared at a frowzy calendar above his chief's desk as though he had never seen it before.

"If I merely fired you," Marcey went on, "it wouldn't be enough. You wouldn't mind it greatly."

"Might try it," Tompkins suggested impersonally. Marcey exploded.

"Can't you get mad?" he demanded.

"It makes my head ache," explained Tompkins, and sat down on the window-sill where he puffed contentedly at his pipe.

"You don't seem to realize the seriousness of this thing," persisted Marcey, picking up the opposition paper.

"Yes I do," replied the offender. "And that's the very thing that makes all this discussion unnecessary."

The managing editor paused in uncertainty for an instant. He watched the unfurled Tompkins with eyes that looked beyond him, seeking some form of punishment adequate for the occasion. And Tompkins, neglecting his pipe, took to killing flies with a ruler.

"I'll tell you what you'll do," Marcey announced finally, "you'll go help Miss Gregg write the society stuff, and you'll do it on her size pay, too!"

"I can't live comfortably on that," Tompkins protested amiably.

"You can take that or quit," snapped Marcey.

"Oh, I won't quit," answered Tompkins, unabashed.

"I like to work here. I could get a job on the 'Mercury' but I don't like the paper on their office walls."

He rose and strolled carelessly toward the door. Marcey seemed to feel that he was not going fast enough.

"Now, get out!" he thundered.

Tompkins, without increasing his pace, walked out and closed the door behind him. An inquisitive crowd was awaiting his appearance.

"Well?" they demanded in chorus.

"What?" retorted Tompkins mildly.

"Are you fired?" demanded the chorus.

Tompkins shook his head sadly. The rest of the staff regarded him in open-mouthed astonishment. "I'm promoted," he explained.

The staff exploded in bursts of interrogation. Even Miss Gregg turned from her machine in surprise. Tompkins moved in her direction.

"I've been ordered to help you out with the society," he announced.

The rest crowed with delight.

"Isn't the boss a wizard?" demanded Pierce. "What an exquisite punishment!"

"Mr. Tompkins," protested the girl, "you can't do society!"

"I know it," Tompkins agreed pleasantly.

He sat down on the edge of the girl's desk and regarded his companions cheerfully through his eyeglasses. He seemed the only one not perplexed by the situation.

"Isn't it odd?" he inquired idly, "I'm quite useless, and yet they won't fire me. I'm an anomaly!"

"Mr. Marcey can't be in earnest," said the girl, who seemed to regard Tompkins as a species of white elephant.

"Oh, yes, he is!" the culprit assured her.

THE group separated, the men going back to their desks or clattering down the worn stairs into the street. Tompkins remained seated on Miss Gregg's desk.

"Well," he asked at length, "what am I to do?"

"Gracious!" she answered, "I'm sure I don't know!"

He remained perched on the desk in helpless but comfortable silence while she clattered at her machine. Marcey walked through the office and cast a baleful glance in their direction. Miss Gregg turned red but the man appeared unconscious.

"You'll have to do something!" she said in desperation. "I can't work with you sitting there."

"All right," answered the smiling Tompkins.

She handed him a little bundle of clippings from the other papers, each with a little pencilled circle in the centre of it.

"You re-write these," she commanded, as Tompkins fingered them gravely. "Some of the longer ones you'll have to verify, and you must make all of 'em read quite differently."

"Is that all?" he enquired.

"It will take you an hour," she explained. "After that I'll find something else."

He sat down at his own typewriter, piled the clippings in front of him and went resolutely to work. At the end of ten minutes he paused, one finger held suspended over a key.

"What's a synonym for centrepiece?" he asked.

"There isn't any," she answered, slamming back the carriage of her typewriter.

"There ought to be," protested Tompkins, and went on with his work. He worked silently but with a gathering frown.

"I don't like the names in this one," he objected, holding up a clipping.

"I can't help that," she answered, hiding a smile, "they are the people who were there."

"Then it must have been a poor sort of a function," he went on. "I'm going to fix it up a bit."

"You mustn't!" she commanded.

"Then you'll have to write it," he insisted, "I can't write those names with a clear conscience."

Twenty minutes later, after at least a question for every minute, he announced that he had finished, and piled his copy onto Miss Gregg's desk. She gave one shriek of laughter after looking at it, and pointed to the door.

"Go out, away—anywhere!" she cried.

"Where," he inquired mildly, after obediently putting on his hat, "do you want me to go?"

"William Tompkins," she demanded severely, "do you suppose I care where you go?"

"Oh, dear no," replied Tompkins deprecatingly, "but I'm under your orders, you know."

"I give you carte blanche," she said, handing him a bundle of copy-paper.

"Want me to call up now and then and see if you need me?" he asked at the door.

"NO!" said Miss Gregg in capital letters with an air of finality.

Tompkins descended the stairs to the street and paused in uncertainty. He was not worrying over the situation. He never did that. He had not worried

the first time he ascended these stairs, without a cent in his pocket, and only the feeling that he could write if he had a chance. Things had always rounded into shape some way. Not very good shape, he was forced to admit, but endurable at least.

"Where in thunder shall I go?" he muttered.

A dog, just an ordinary, care-free dog of the streets, went past as though with some definite goal.

Tompkins snapped his fingers and the dog paused long enough to wag his tail, then trotted on. Tompkins followed him. The perfect freedom of objectless wandering almost oppressed him. The dog led him into a shady little park with a few benches here and there, a small fountain and a statue of one of the city's benefactors, seated in a stone chair under the boughs of a big maple. Tompkins sat down on one of the benches and the dog came and lay down at his feet.

"I wonder," mused the man, "just how long they'll let me hang around the office. I can't stand that society stuff and Marcey knows it. He probably thinks he'll make me sign some sort of a pledge to stick to my beat and then he'll take me back."

He stopped thinking long enough to witness the dog's well-directed and effective campaign against a flea inconveniently placed on his body.

"And why," he continued to himself, "can't I stick to things the way other fellows do? I—oh, well, I don't, and there's an end of it."

HE allowed himself to slide forward in his seat until his back rested at a comfortable angle, crossed his feet, pulled his hat over his eyes and basked in the sun. His mind became a sun-warmed void, his eyes ceased to take note of the small plot of grass, decorated with one cigar-stub and a single piece of paper, which came within his vision.

"Want a paper?"

Tompkins sat up and glared sleepily at the red-haired newsboy who stood interrogatively before him. He grinned slowly.

"No," he said.

"Well," persisted the boy, shifting his weight to one bare foot, "will you buy a paper?"

Tompkins' grin broadened into an appreciative smile and his hand went into his pocket.

"You be careful, son," he cautioned as he held out a nickel. "People who draw such fine distinctions don't keep on selling papers—and selling papers is easy."

The boy looked bewildered at the man's words, but his smile was inviting as he made change. Tompkins felt curious.

"Why don't you skip off with my change?" he demanded. "I'm too old and fat to catch you."

The boy faced him frankly and his smile was steady.

"You might see me again," he explained.

Tompkins crowded with delight. "You come here and sit down," he commanded. "I want to talk to you."

Without hesitation the boy slumped onto the grass at Tompkins' feet, throwing the bulging sack of papers out from beneath him.

"Now, then," began Tompkins, "what's your name?"

"Joe," answered the boy. Tompkins cast a disapproving glance at the youth's flaming hair and shook his head.

"No, it isn't; it's Reddy," he contradicted.

"Red," corrected the boy.

"Very well," agreed Tompkins. "Now then, Red, why did you wake me up to sell me a paper?"

"Oh, I dunno," answered Red, "you kind'a looked's though you'd buy one."

"H'm!" commented Tompkins meditatively. Then, after a pause; "I'll bet you don't sell as many papers as the other kids."

"Nope," admitted the youngster.

"Why not?" probed Tompkins.

Red chewed a blade of grass reflectively before choosing his reply, and spoke as he cast a stone at the appreciative dog.

"Ma says I'm lazy," he replied.

Tompkins waved this aside as wholly inadequate. "I've had the same thing slung at me years without end, Red," he said. "But of course neither of us believe it. What's the real reason?"

"Aw, what's the use of allers chasin' 'roun' the streets an' yellin' yerself hoarse?" demanded Red. "I ain't got time t' do it. There's a lot o' things t' see, an—well, I ain't got time!"

"I see," commented Tompkins rather seriously. "What do you do with your money, Red?"

"Take it home."

"Doesn't ma kick about the amount?"

"Sure," answered Red, and they exchanged a grin of common understanding.

"Have to work, Red?"

"Dunno's I do."

Tompkins mused silently, casting a glance now and then at the child at his feet. Red, sprawling his lithe young length on the ground, played with the

dog who entered into the spirit of the thing completely. At his side lay the sack, big with unsold papers. From outside the park railing, above the roar of traffic and the clanging gongs of passing trolleys sounded the shrill cries of the newsboys.

"Red," announced Tompkins, "I am about to give you a lecture. Do you like lectures?"

Red, one hand between the dog's playful jaws, rolled over on his side to answer.

"Naw," he said, briefly.

"Well," admitted Tompkins, "neither do I. But I think one will do us both lots of good. Are you listening, Red?"

"Uh huh!"

"You and I, you know, are a whole lot alike. We don't like to work very well, but we're so good-natured about it that other people put up with us. You sell your papers because you smile and talk back to people, and I hold my job because I let other people get mad at me and don't talk back, and because I can work pretty well once in a while when I've a mind to. You can sell more papers than the other kids when you try, can't you?"

"Yeah," agreed Red, "but it's too hard work."

"Just so," assented Tompkins. "It's exactly the same way with me. Now every little while you and I make up our minds that we're going to quit this thing and work our heads off, and we do—for about a week. But as you say, it's too hard work; we won't stick to it. We always pretend that it isn't going to last, but really we know better; we're

your worthless papers. What do you say to a walk along the docks and finish off with the moving pictures?"

"All right," chimed Red, on his feet in an instant.

They strolled down past the docks, the three of them, Tompkins puffing at his pipe, his hands deep in his trousers' pockets, the boy and the dog romping and rummaging about in corners. Near one of the ferry slips they paused to watch a crowded ferry puffing and churning away from the dock. In the midst of the crowd, Tompkins caught a sudden glimpse of Marcey's face, glaring at him angrily across the rail of the moving boat. Tompkins had a momentary desire to hide behind something, to guiltily escape from the sight of Marcey's righteous indignation, when his eye caught the flash of something white against the dingy color of the ferry's side.

"Gee!" shrilled Red, "some kid's fell in!"

Tompkins was on the dock getting off his coat and tugging at the strings of his Oxfords. The ferry was a fluttering mass of screaming women and gesticulating men, temporarily stricken helpless by panic. From the depths of the ship came the frantic clanging of a bell.

"Go on, Red," yelled Tompkins, "I'll be with you!"

Red needed no second word. Tompkins saw the curve of his slight figure, and the ragged arc of the dog's leap as he threw off the second shoe. The clumsy ferry was striving to back. Men were pulling off their coats. On the dock near him somebody was tearing at the fastenings of a life-preserver. On the surface of the water appeared a tiny patch of white; there was a suffocated baby wail and the white patch vanished.

Tompkins sprawled rather than jumped from the dock, and as the water closed over him he caught a glimpse of the boy and dog, their heads gleaming above the green channel a dozen yards in front of him. He had some difficulty in reaching the surface; the water was deadly cold, and he had never before tried swimming with his clothes on. He struck out sturdily for the spot where he had seen the patch of white, only half-conscious of the deafening clamour of bells and voices in his ears. Red's head bobbed in front of him, and he heard the happy snorting of the excited dog. His stroke weakened slightly and the water lapped over him again. When he emerged Red's voice came to him.

"I've got her," yelled the boy, "but I can't hold on long!"

"Hold hard!" spluttered Tompkins, "I'll be there!"

He caught glimpses of Red, manfully "treading water" and holding the limp form of the child clear of the water. He saw the dog, a bit of the child's dress in its teeth.

"Can't hold 'er any longer," gasped Red as Tompkins reached him.

"Give me the kid," panted Tompkins. "You swim for it!"

Hazily he felt the weight of the child in his arms and her frantic clutch at his hair. Red's voice, a thousand miles away, was telling him that help was near. He could hear other people splashing in the water. He felt a sudden wonder at the thought of the child; whose child was he saving at the cost of his life? He was drowning; he knew that. He would sink like a stone in an instant, but the child's dresses would float her—long enough. They dragged for people, he knew; he thought of the hooks rasping along the bottom until they caught in his wet clothing—and then he knew that the weight of the child was gone. Unfathomable depths of dirty green water closed above him, and he ceased to think.

HE opened his eyes and looked straight up at a patch of blue sky, yellowed by the light of the evening sun. Then he saw a ring of faces about him: Red's, the dog's, Marcey's, and a host of strangers. Marcey was weeping. Tompkins was struck stiff with amazement at the sight of Marcey, the irascible, cold, profane Marcey, in tears! He looked at Red as though for explanation, and then the people seemed to notice that he had opened his eyes, and shouted madly. The young doctor beside him sat back with a sigh and wiped his face, and Marcey ran forward and dropped on his knees beside him. "Billy," he sobbed, "dear old Billy! You've saved my little girl!"

"Your girl!" whispered Tompkins in amazement, "Was it your kid, Marcey?"

And then, while the crowd grew noisy with shouts and questions, and Marcey kept gulping and patting his wet hand, Tompkins rolled over and grinned at Red through the water on his face. Red, grinning in understanding, leaned closer, while the dog wagged his tail, and put a cold muzzle against Tompkins' face.

"Red," whispered Tompkins unblushingly, but so low that only Red and the dog (?) heard him. "Red, there won't either of us have to work for a good long while!"

Alma Mater

By Richard E. A. Diespecker

*The white walls rise in the evening glow,
Softly the smoke curls high above,
Shouts from the campus far below
Ring in the ears—true mother love!
And chanted anthems ring amain,
For Alma Mater calls again!*

*The flood of time goes rushing on,
Nor stays its course for any name,
Yet men remember years ago,
When hot blood carried fields of fame.
And once more rings that clarion call—
ALMA MATER—all in all!*

*In a far-off clime, 'mid smoke and heat,
The dying soldier breathes his last.
One moment yet—a vision fleet,
And he sees the dim and glorious past.
He sees a scroll with shining fold,
And ALMA MATER blazed in gold!*

going to be lazy all our lives, just idling along. We won't either of us go to the wall or to the poorhouse; we're just too good for that. But we won't get much of anywhere either. But," and his slow smile broke through the seriousness of his expression, "we're always happy, aren't we, Red?"

"Betcher life!" chortled Red, avoiding the dog's flank attack and sticking both feet into the animal's fat side.

"I was just thinking," continued Tompkins, "that, having found your disease the same as mine, I might try to cure you. I'm incurable myself, but you're young. I might take you in hand and do something with you, though the Lord knows I'd be a queer teacher of industry. Here, let me have a square look at you."

HE reached over and seized the wriggling boy by the shoulders, faced him about and looked at him squarely. A casual observer, with a touch of the analytical about him, might have found something strangely alike in the eyes of man and boy—and even in those of the dog as he sat looking at them, his head on one side, waiting for the moment of seriousness to pass.

"It's no use," sighed Tompkins, "you're beyond hope already. Besides—I'd never have the patience!"

He pulled out his watch and looked at it. It had been three hours since he left the "Lantern" office.

"It's too late for me to do any work," he announced, "or for you to do any citizens into buying



She heard him calling across the swamps to his own cattle, and knew that it was to make her hear. It made her bitterly lonely.

THERE was a thick hedge of dwarf firs at the end of the garden which lay toward the main trail. Amelia was on her knees spraying the tomato vines that grew there. The night before had been cold, and from long habit the tomatoes were last in her thoughts before she had gone to sleep, and first when she had wakened, although her heart was heavy with other things.

She got to her feet, and, hearing the approach of a horse, stepped into the shadow of the fir hedge to see who might be riding by. It was a break in the day's routine even to see the passing face of a stranger. The horse came into view at a walk, the rider sitting lazily in the saddle, looking ahead of him toward the school house. He presently turned from the road and cut across the school lot, where the horse stopped and the rider dismounted.

Amelia's heart sickened her with its beating. The hedge gave way slightly behind her as she leaned against it, but her eyes held the face of the man riding as if they were physically fastened to it. The man passed and the back of his head and shoulders were all that she could see of him. Then she turned and knelt before the blanket that had covered the tomato plants the night before. He was his father over again...but not so simple. She wondered if it would be necessary to blanket the tomatoes tonight again...a man of the world...education lay on his brow like a light. He wore his clothes with such an air, sat in the saddle like a soldier...And his father had been gored by a bull...after everything.

Amelia knelt on the ground above the tomato vines. She felt cold and exhausted and exposed, as she had years ago after being up all night with one of the children during sickness. It was as if she had been dragged terrified out upon a stage to play the leading role in a tragedy at which the audience would laugh. The unbelievable drama of her whole life flashed before her. She shrank from the spectacle as she might have from a hanging, or a brutal or unfamiliar scene of crime, in which she had no part. Her body trembled with actual cold. She had been so unfitted for the role that life had chosen for her—no more fitted than Lind. She had been so unshaped for the burden that had never known a moment's easing. In her heart she cried out for eternal release from the still crueller consequence of her impulse that Caleb

Wild Geese

By Martha Ostenso

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

THIRD INSTALLMENT

had in store—the carrying out of his threat that fell upon her mind like an awful gong sounded at regular intervals.

After a few minutes, her mind became clearer. She had seen Mark Jordan. He was a man of the world, perhaps his friends were people who commanded respect and looked upon him with respect. Who was she, a common farm woman, to know what his life was or what it demanded of him? His face was proud, sensitive. He must never know. She would break under Caleb rather than have him know. Caleb's children could wither and fall like rotten plants after frost—everything could fall into dissolution. He was his father's son, Mark Jordan, the son of the only man she had ever loved. Ellen, Martin, Judith and Charlie, they were only the offsprings of Caleb Gare, they would be the sacrifice. She would bend and inure them to the land like implements, just as Caleb wished her to do. She would not intercede in their behalf against their father hereafter. She would see them dry and fade into fruitlessness and grow old long before their time, but her heart would keep within itself and there would be no pity in her for the destruction of their youth. Amelia's face grew pale and hard as she knelt in the garden. A distinct change had come over her.

She carried the blanket indoors, thinking that it would be unnecessary to cover the tomatoes that night. The air seemed visible and intimate, as before rain. Her eyes wandered into the fields of tame hay and rye grass that lay beyond the sheep pasture. There would be a tremendous yield this year. Always before, the sight of growth had somehow thrilled her, had struck a vital, creative chord within her that was otherwise left unsounded in this barren life. Now her mind was dulled by the sight of it. Growth—

with death in its wake. She felt that in an instant her life had reached finality, that all the years behind her had been spent in a chrysalis, in a beginning. There had been no development in between—only a beginning and an end. She went indoors and began energetically to polish the stove with a blackened cloth.

Before long Amelia returned to her old pale manner of self-effacement and submission, and the atmosphere on the Gare farm became normal once more to Lind's perception. The place was holding its breath again after quiet exhalation.

Feeling that what had disturbed Amelia was at least for the present lulled, Lind approached her one day with a question. Mrs. Gare was gathering eggs in the barn mangers, and, since it was Saturday morning, the teacher had undertaken to help her.

"Mrs. Gare, Mark Jordan would like very much to come here to see me and to meet you people as well. Do you think Mr. Gare would like to have him call?"

Amelia was prepared for just such a question. She smiled at Lind, and shook her head.

"I'm afraid it would only excite the children, Miss Archer, and stir up trouble. Mr. Jordan would talk about things that we can't afford to think about."

"Well, then," said Lind, "will you permit Judie to come with me to see him? He is living there all alone and I think it would be kind to cook a good meal for him, now and then."

Amelia glanced at her, and looked away quickly.

"Judith might make an errand over that way, but don't speak of it before her father." Mark Jordan should have what he wanted, she resolved.

"I'll be careful not to, Mrs. Gare," Lind said gratefully. She groped about in the hay and came upon another brown egg, which she placed carefully in the pan with the others. The feeling of conspiracy against Caleb was rather enjoyable.

She took the eggs to the house, and then went to the potato patch where Judith was absently hoeing between the rows. The sun was beating down upon the girl's bare head and on the strong honey-brown nape of her neck. A hot, dusty wind was stirring the tops of the dry potato plants. A little groove of dust had formed on either side of Judith's nose, and there were gray filaments of dust on the hair of her forearms. She crossed her arms and leaned forward on the hoe as Lind came up to her.

"A little romance, Judie," Lind said softly. "We're going to have supper tomorrow night with Mark Jordan—the man you saw me with at Yellow Post."

Judith frowned. Tomorrow was Sunday. On Sundays Caleb usually went to the farm of one of the Icelanders in the afternoon, and did not return until late in the evening.

"Ma say I could go?"

Lind told her what Amelia had said. Judith was silent for a moment and then decided to confide in the teacher to an extent.

"Will you let Sven come?"

"Why that would be fine! We'll have a real party. If only Ellen and Martin could get away too. They never have fun or excitement of any kind."

"No," said Jude with conviction. "They wouldn't enjoy themselves. Anyway, they mustn't know that Sven is going to be there—at least Ellen mustn't. Sven wants me to marry him, Lind, and go away to town."

Lind looked at her quietly for a moment. A change had come over her during the past few days. She was not so boisterous in her care of the animals, nor so defiant toward the human beings on the farm as she had been.

"And shall you?"

"Yes—before long. Don't let the others know."

Lind slipped away and Judith went on with her hoeing. She cast a resentful eye over the long rows of potatoes. Food for another winter—another winter of stumbling about in the bleak, icy dawn and tugging at stubborn calves and hauling icicle-rimmed buckets full of water through manure and frozen mud. Another winter of inhibition and growing restiveness, and hopeless dreaming of a better time to come. Another winter under Caleb Gare.... no, anything was preferable.

AS the work on the farm grew and grew, Judith was struggling to see her way clear to liberty. Covertly she watched Ellen and Amelia and Martin, even Charlie now that he was learning to take his place, and saw them all bowing without a question under the stupefying load. And she recognized in herself an alien spirit, a violent being of dark impulses, in no way related to the life about her. She was alternately seized with an agony of pity for Amelia, whose reticence she could not fathom, and futile rage at Ellen and Martin for their endurance. And beneath it all her passion for Sven pressed through her being like an undercurrent of fire. She lay awake at night with hot cheeks, thinking of him.... of the day in the clearing among the cedars.... running her fingers over the muscles of his throat. Caleb had not found out that Lind had brought the cart home that day. She had not seen Sven since they had fought, had not wished to see him. She had need of an interim in which to think.

After another hour's work, Judith, looking up, saw Martin entering the gate from the pasture with three cows that were about to calve. More money for Caleb Gare, more toil for the workers under him. He had nearly twice as many cattle this year as three years ago; and no hired man now to help with their care, because Martin and Judith were old enough to do it together, and Judith strong enough to do it alone when Martin was otherwise occupied. In a hollow in the pasture she saw the sheep grazing, all of them shorn now, shorn of dollars and dollars worth of wool that would go toward the acquisition of more sheep.... and more sheep.... but not more freedom for the workers under Caleb Gare, not more joy in living. She remembered suddenly that the bag of wool she had got from her own sheep was still stowed away under the rafters in the loft. She must dispose of it some way before Caleb found it.

The hoe over her shoulder, Judith went to the barn, where she found Martin hammering new planks into the rotten floor.

"Martin," she began with difficulty. "Do you suppose he figures on getting a man for the haying?"

Martin looked at her dryly.

"Not with the threshers askin' what they are goin' to. We'll be lucky if he hires a full crew. What you ask for?"

Judith threw herself down upon the threshold of the barn door and leaned her head against the worn log frame. "Oh, nothing, but I was just thinkin' Ellen isn't really strong enough to help. Remember how she ran the fork into her foot last year 'cause she couldn't see it?"

"Well—" Martin said slowly. "I'll ask him again."

Judith looked sideways at Martin where he was on his hands and knees fitting the new boards into the

floor. She wished that somehow she might talk with him about things. She had always felt more kinship with Martin than with any of the others. How stooped already his shoulders were, how pitifully scrawny his neck! She watched him insert nails into the boards, after he had fitted them, and saw how gentle his face was in the doing of the mean task. Why had she never seen these things in Martin before? Tears came into her eyes as they dwelt on him, and she could have rushed to him and thrown her arms about him, sheerly from sudden realization of what he was. Martin would have been certain that she had gone out of her mind. She arose hastily and left him, before she should do the unaccountable thing.

Martin looked after her. In his uncertain way he felt that it was not so much Ellen that Judith was concerned about. Jude was not adept at dissimulation.

His job in the barn done, Martin went to the pile of long, straight poplar logs he had cut, planed and measured for the new wagon shed. Martin was always building in his spare time. Caleb often chided him

for the material and time he wasted on what he considered purely decorative and unnecessary out-houses, but since building was the thing that lay nearest Martin's heart, he was not so readily deterred.

Martin marked off with pegs which he drove in the ground the area which the wagon shed was to cover. Now and then his eye wandered to the rough, unpainted log house that had been his home all his life, and in his heart he conceived a dream. The dream grew to a desire that crept into his hands. His hands grasped the good, enduring lumber, the plaster, the fine laths, the shingles, the panes of glass, the stones for the foundation and the chimney of the New House. It would be painted brown, a rich, dark brown.... gallons of paint and turpentine that you could smell all over the place. There would be a verandah facing the main road such as he had seen on the houses pictured in the mail order catalogue. And there would be a tall iron fence across the drive way, and the road would be cleared of the ruts made by the cattle.... and he would plant an acorn on either side of the road that in years to come would be a great spreading oak tree....

That evening Martin's face wore an almost rapt look as he sat whittling smooth a board that was to be a shelf for Amelia's preserves.

Caleb had come in after a tour of the fields. He hung his lantern on the wall, shaking it first to see whether it needed oil. Finding that it did, he handed it to Amelia to fill.

"Goin' to be a bumper crop if it keeps up like this, Martin," he remarked, ignoring Judith and Amelia, who were washing the parts of the separator.

"How's the wagon shed comin'?" he asked pleasantly, sitting down to take off his heavy boots. He had asked Martin the same question during supper, but it was the first subject that occurred to him which would obliquely shut the women out of the conversation. It was not exactly to show an interest in Martin's work that he asked it.

"Pretty good," Martin told him again. The thing

that was on his mind gathered courage for utterance when he heard Caleb speak optimistically of the crops.

Slowly shaving at the wood, he said: "I was thinkin' we might build next spring if we have a good harvest."

Judith and Amelia half turned to hear what he was saying. Caleb saw their interested looks.

"Yeah, the barn does look as if it was saggin' in the middle," he said softly, moving into the other room.

Martin and Judith and Amelia exchanged involuntary glances.

"Hm," said Judith. "Then we'll live in the barn, Martin."

Amelia said nothing, although she saw that Martin felt the rebuff keenly.

But Martin was a builder born, and the dream reared itself in his mind and would not down. He resolved to approach Caleb when the women were not around. He would wait until he saw what the end of the summer brought. Even if the crops failed the cattle would bring something, and Caleb was keeping far too many horses in pasture now. He could well afford to build in the spring.

AS it happened, the next day was a "church" day, and Caleb at the Yellow Post service was invited to dinner at Thorvaldsens. He drove back home with Thorvald, and told Amelia that he was going on west and would not be back until dark. In the afternoon Judith and the teacher, with Amelia's deliberate sanction, took two of the horses and rode to Sandbos'.

Lind felt excitedly happy.

"Judie," she said, "have you told your mother about Sven?"

"No," she replied. "She would only worry. And he would find out, and then it would be all over."

"Why all over?"

"He would kill me rather than let me marry Sven, or anybody. He knows that would mean a change on the farm. He'd have to get a man—he couldn't save so much money—it would start Ellen and Martin and Charlie wanting to go away."

"But Judie—you can't stay here forever?"

"Oh, yes, we can. We can stay here until Ellen goes blind and I go crazy and the others die. That's the way people live up here. But I'm not goin' to stick. Wait until the haying is over."

They rode along in silence then, the afternoon warm upon them. Lind glanced down at the drying pools that lined the road, and saw the countless "lucky bugs" darting about on the water like crazy sparks of light. The reeds stood up straight and brittle. It must rain soon. Lind could not bear the dry dust on the reeds. Then she suddenly realized that it was not the reeds that she was thinking of, but of the Gares....

At the Sandbos' Sven joined them eagerly. He came running up the road when he saw them, and caught hold of the pommel of Judith's saddle. He would have kissed her but she drew back and looked at Lind.

"We're goin' over to Klovacz's. Come along?" Jude asked him casually. He lifted his healthy, eager face to her and she thrilled through and through at the sight of him again.

"You bet I will! I talked with Jordan one day on the road. He's not a bad sort, for a city guy," Sven commented generously. "I'll be along. Comin' in to talk to ma?"

Mrs. Sandbo and the girls came out to the road and Lind and Judith dismounted while Sven got his own horse out.

Mrs. Sandbo, who had not talked with Judith Gare for some time, eyed her inquisitively. She congratulated herself upon getting a look at one of the Gares again at such close range. Jude did not yet have her new shoes, she noticed. Emma, who had seen her one day near the school house, had reported that her toes were sticking out. It was almost true. And her dress! What a faded calico it was for a Sunday! She would have a choice bit of news for Dora. What a man Caleb was! What a father! Ludvig had had his faults, but he had not been stingy—a spender, in fact.

"Your mother, then—how goes it with her?" Mrs. Sandbo asked Judith. "She had bad toothache last time I see her."

Lind forebore from smiling. Mrs. Sandbo always seemed intent on learning the latest concerning Mrs. Gare's teeth.

"She's well, thank you," Jude said stiffly. The ferreting gaze of Mrs. Sandbo and her plump young daughters in their pink lawn dresses did not please her. She wished Sven would hurry.

He was with them at last, and they took leave of Mrs. Sandbo and Emma and Dena. Sven was full of talk about the improvements on the place he had made since he came home.

"Can't stand having nothing to do," he told them. "Farming is my idea of nothing to do, on a

Preceding Events of the Story

WHEN Lind Archer begins her career as teacher in a little Icelandic settlement, she finds herself in the midst of a most amazing family and disturbing conditions. There is Caleb Gare, the tyrant, whose only love is the land and who considers the sacrifice of his children a small price in the acquisition of greater wealth. He is hated and feared by all for his greed and refined cruelty. There is Amelia, the wife, meek and submissive under some unknown threat which her husband holds over head: the twins, Martin and Ellen, bearing their burden stoically; Judith, rebellious and passionate, chafing under the yoke and ready to make a break for freedom by marrying Sven Sandbo, who has just returned from the city and is urging her to marry him. Charlie, the youngest, is the only one favored by the father.

Mark Jordan comes to take care of a neighboring farm during the absence of its owner, Anton Klovacz. No one but Caleb Gare knows that he is Amelia's son, born out of wedlock, and whose dead father was the only man Amelia had ever loved. It is this knowledge which he uses to hold her obedience. Mark and Lind meet, and love almost at sight. When Amelia learns that he is in the district, her attitude changes to an almost triumphant indifference so that Caleb is for the first time uncertain of his power. In the meantime Judith, unknown to her father, has been seeing Sven Sandbo, and, ever conscious of her splendid strength, tests his manhood in a wrestling combat, in which she is mastered.

place like ours, anyway. Had a real job in town—bricklayin'. Good money. I'll just get ma to sell the place and go back, soon's the summer's over."

Judith scarcely looked at him in the presence of Lind, but when the teacher rode ahead to announce their coming to Mark Jordan, she leaned over in her saddle and kissed him quickly.

Mark laughed with boyish pleasure when Lind swung the screen door of the kitchen open and walked in upon him. He was stretched out upon a couch in the sitting room, reading a magazine which had come from the city. He sprang up and lifted Lind by her elbows. She disengaged herself demurely.

"I've brought Paul and Virginia," she smiled, "may they come in?"

Mark went out with her and beheld the two jumping easily off their horses. "What a pair they make, eh?" he murmured. Lind nodded.

Jude shook hands a little bashfully with Mark when Lind introduced them. It was not long before Mark's good humor put them both at their ease. They all went into the house, Judith glancing about the kitchen a little fearfully as if she expected it to fall upon her, so unused was she to being in other people's houses.

They sat about in the sitting room for an hour listening to Mark's phonograph. Judith had heard one in the home of an Iclander, but it had a horn and had not produced the alluring music that she listened to now. Her eyes grew dark and absent as she let her emotions drift with the spirit of the dance. A waltz played, and she feared that she would cry before it came to an end.

Lind and Mark danced a little, and Jude watched them enraptured. It was all so new to her, and yet it seemed the thing to which she belonged. Sven, knowing that she could not dance as Lind and Mark danced, did not ask her, and she was grateful to him.

The supper, which Mark called a "banquet," was a merry occasion. Judith and Lind concocted many savory dishes while the men smoked and talked about things which Sven had heard of and some of which he had seen. When they finally sat down to the table, gay humor prevailed, Judith was peculiarly alert and bright-eyed, as if to seize every moment of happiness in the evening.

They went home after supper, Judith fearing the return of Caleb. The horses of Lind and Mark loitered, while Judith and Sven hurried ahead of them. The air in the wood road was redolent of tree gums. Occasionally a swallow dipped across the light and vanished like a shadow. As they reached the summit of a ridge half way between the Klovacz's and Sandbos', Mark and Lind noticed that the sun was just sinking beyond Latt's slough, drawing a bar of crimson across the long, motionless water. The sprawling shadows of the horses purpled; it seemed as if their hoofbeats in the grey dust became softer. Silence had come over the world like a wing—like a brooding thought.

After a while Mark spoke.

"It changes you—this life. You won't come out of it quite the same Lind."

CALEB did not learn of Judith's trip with the teacher to the farm of the Klovacz's. But Ellen, absorbing the knowledge in his stead and reacting to it as she knew he would have done, vented her disapproval upon Amelia. She and her mother were frying doughnuts, of which Caleb was very fond, when she brought the matter up.

"It doesn't seem just decent to me—Jude going off that way on a Sunday to visit a strange man with no older person along," she began with a censorious press of the cutter into the dough she had rolled out on the table. "And father not home. It seems straight deceitful."

"The teacher was along, and she is older, Ellen,"

Amelia said mildly. "Surely no harm could come of it, their going off for an afternoon. Judie has so little pleasure, and she works so hard." Amelia bent over the pan of sizzling lard on the stove and felt hypocritically happy. Lind had told her of how Mark Jordan had enjoyed having the girls there.

"Well," Ellen retorted, drawing a deep, injured breath, "it seems we all work hard."



"Do you know, I think you're an awful fraud. There isn't a thing wrong with you, and it's not necessary for you to be here at all," she told him. "Well—it wasn't, but it is now," he smiled at her.

"Of course we do, Ellen, and you ought to have a holiday now and then as well as Jude," Mrs. Gare hastened to say. "There's no reason why you shouldn't And you do get out more than Jude, you know. Jude has never been with Martin to Nykerk, and you have."

"Yes—with the cattle," Ellen fretted. "But I couldn't sneak around getting fun. What if he had found out where she was yesterday? What if he hears about it somehow? Jude is getting more and more selfish every day. She doesn't care about any of the rest of us. She doesn't give a pin for anybody but herself."

"Now, Ellen," Amelia said conciliatorily. "Don't take on so. There's no deceiving about it. Jude and the teacher just went over to cook supper for that poor young man who's living all alone there. There can't be anything so wrong in that, can there?"

"Hm," sniffed Ellen. "You'd think he was some relation or something! There's enough bachelors living alone on homesteads around here to keep Jude busy all week at that rate."

Amelia smiled and turned the doughnuts over in their pan with a fork. Ellen, if she knew the truth, should be the first to condemn her mother out of her high tower of puritan self-righteousness.

The days were growing longer and more full. Caleb was sending cream and some butter to the Siding again, and there was separating and churning to be done. The garden cost Amelia no end of work and worry. She tended the delicate tomato vines as if they were new-born infants, and suffered momentary sinking of the heart whenever she detected signs of weakness in any of the hardier vegetables. She was

grateful for the toil in which she could dwell as a sort of refuge from deeper thought. Caleb spent much time away from the farm dealing with breeders and horse traders, and returning heavy with importance and news from other parts which he did not divulge to those at home. The care of the animals fell largely on the children.

Following the eventful Sunday, Judith walked about in a strange dream, not quite realizing what had happened to her. That she had been for a brief space in another world, she knew—a world marvellously familiar in spite of its strangeness. But the music—it enveloped her. She herded cattle, cleaned the stable, or hoed the potatoes to the strains of a waltz or the melody of a popular song as though it had been a symphony concert that had lodged in her heart. And then, waking, she found Amelia, Ellen, Martin and Charlie going about in the same dumb way, weeding the garden, tending mares in foal, carrying water, leading horses to water, searching the sky for rain, and reporting to Caleb Gare by their wordless code the fact that all was serene over the land he owned.

OBSERVING the increasing confidence with which Caleb conducted the affairs on the farm, and the meek resignation of the others, Judith began to fear that there was a sinisterly passive influence in the soil tying her to it hand and foot even while she was planning to escape. Sven, on the two occasions when she had seen him during her circling of the north pasture after the cattle, had urged her to speak to her mother of their plan to be married. But Judith had put off doing so, hoping that some change in Caleb's running of the farm would make it easier for Amelia to look kindly upon the announcement.

She went again to Martin and asked him if Caleb intended to hire a man for the haying.

"I'll ask him," Martin said dubiously.

He approached Caleb in the barn, where he was unwrapping a package of patent horse medicine newly arrived through the mail order.

Caleb peered at him. He drew the cork out of one of the bottles of medicine and smelt it. Then he replaced the cork and arranged the bottles on the shelf of the barn wall. As he made no remark, Martin was forced to go on with what he had to say without any encouragement.

"I was thinkin' it mightn't be a bad idea to get one of the half-breeds up. They're cheap, and we could get it in quicker than with the girls."

"Can't do it, Martin—can't do it this year. Wool went down ten per cent, you know," Caleb said gently. "The girls will have to be shown how to hurry."

What anger Martin was capable of feeling came to the surface now like a squall on smooth water. "I don't see what difference a little wool makes," he broke out. "I call it poor economy, figgerin' like that!"

Caleb turned slowly. "It doesn't make much difference what you call it, my boy," he said in the same even tone. "This farm is goin' to be run like I want it run. When you're old enough to do it better, then I'll ask ye how." He slapped the dust from the shelves off his hands and shuffled out of the barn. Martin, red of face and humiliated, went off to find Judith.

She was mixing chicken feed in the hen house.

"Well, Jude, you might as well stop worryin' about Ellen. There ain't goin' to be any man for the hayin'," he remarked.

"There ain't," Jude repeated dully after him. Her eyes hardened but she made no further comment. After she had prepared the feed, she went into the house and faced Amelia.

Judith stood before her mother with her hands in her pockets, much in the attitude of a laborer



Judith was running about in the sheep pasture, getting her sheep into the pen. Lind thought how wildly beautiful she looked in the unnatural glamour; the able grace of her tall young body, her defiant shoulders over which her black hair fell.

demanding his wages. There was nothing soft or confiding in the girl's manner. She had an announcement to make, and she made it.

"Sven Sandbo wants me to marry him," she stated.

Amelia looked at her dazedly. "And will you?" she asked in a faint voice. One of the things she had feared had come, then.

"As soon's I know *he* won't kill everybody if I do," was her reply. "You best tell him he'll need another man for the haying, and see what he says. I can't stay after that, anyway—I just can't."

She turned abruptly on her heel and went upstairs. It had surprised her that Amelia was not at once opposed to the idea. She would go straight ahead now, and agree to any plan Sven suggested.

As the girl went out, Amelia lifted her eyes and looked long at the rough plaster of the wall before her. It was coming, in spite of all that she could do. She could not expect the girls to sacrifice all their youth for her—she could not achieve that sacrifice with all her concentration. Caleb would be obdurate if Jude went away with Sven. He would carry out his threat concerning Mark Jordan in order to keep the others on the farm. The disgrace would immure them all within these log walls forever. No one would want to marry into the family after the truth was out about the mother. Caleb would ruin Mark Jordan to insure himself against the desertion of the others. She knew him so well. Would it make any difference to Mark? To Lind Archer? That was the question; and she had no way of finding the answer to it.

THAT night, after the others had gone to the loft, Amelia spoke hurriedly to Caleb. He was in an unusually mellow mood, having transacted profitably during the day in regard to a second-hand hayrack.

"Caleb, Sven Sandbo wants to marry Jude," she began in a low tone, lest those in the loft should hear.

Caleb glanced up irritably. "Speak out, woman, speak out. There's nothing you're ashamed of, is there?"

Amelia drew her lips in, a flush gathered on her cheeks.

"I think she ought to marry him *now*, before Bart Nugent comes up here, if he does. He might—he might not be so careful what he says when he has something to drink," she said nervously.

Caleb had been hinting lately that Bart Nugent might take a trip up from the city during the summer. Amelia did not know whether to believe him or not.

Caleb began to enjoy the situation. "You think, do you? Heh! Scared Bart might tell the truth, eh? Rather have Sven taken in, eh? Have him think he's marryin' into fine stuff?"

"You know—you know nobody around here would marry the girls—if—if they knew."

"No," he agreed softly, "the people around here are careful of their morals. But that's no reason why you should take advantage of them. Wouldn't it be better to wait and find out what Jude is going to be before you turn her over to an honest man?"

Amelia sprang to her feet, her face white.

"I've had enough from you, you hypocrite!" she said, her voice breaking. "It isn't Jude you're thinking of. It's your filthy greed—and the work you can get out of her. If you ever told the truth—I might—I might respect your bullying. But this—this I won't bear it—you—you sneak!"

She heard her own voice without recognizing it. As he descended upon her, his eyes burning into her face, she stood rigid, all feeling gone out of her body. Then suddenly the old fear of him swept over her like a torrent of icy water, beads of sweat broke out upon her lips, her hands shook.

Caleb laughed under his breath. He spoke now almost in a whisper, as he always did when frenzy reached its height with him.

"Getting independent suddenly are you? Mark Jordan isn't so far away but what I could reach him tonight, before I go to bed."

Amelia shook her head, her lips moving silently. If she did not end the scene the children would know that something was happening below. Lind would hear. Caleb looked at her. She was a poor thing, after all, scarcely worth the trouble.

Calmly taking off his shoes, he barred the door for the night, blew out the lamp, and went to bed. In the kitchen Amelia sat for a long time in the light of the lantern, shelling tiny new peas, for something to do.

JUDITH, who had heard fragments of the talk from the thinly partitioned staircase, noiselessly crept back to bed. But she lay all that night without being able to sleep. She felt that she had learned something too terrible to frame in words. Something that kept her eventually from Sven. Monstrous conjectures as to what it might be fled through her mind like a waking nightmare. Whatever the disaster that hung over Amelia, she knew that it threatened her as well.

The next day the thing gnawed at her mind like a pain. She could not unburden her knowledge to anyone. She watched Amelia and her pity grew, an intangible thing. There was no demonstration or affection between them, no mother-and-daughter sentiment. So that the feeling Judith had in regard to Amelia was rather a deeper thing, springing from the broad stratum of human sympathy.

When she went for the cattle she took the wood road on the opposite side of the timber, out of sight of the Sandbos', to avoid meeting Sven. The evening was so clear that the trees in the brush seemed to be standing in a glaze. She heard him calling across the swamps to his own cattle, and knew that it was to make her hear. It made her bitterly lonely. But there was no romance of desire in her loneliness. What she had heard had made her feel soiled and mysteriously unworthy. "Nobody would marry her if they knew," Amelia had said.

She shut herself in from the teacher completely. Here was something raw, inexorable, that Lind, who had soft fingers and belonged to that other world of dance and magic music, could never understand.

A horse dropped dead one day in the pasture, and Caleb sent Martin and Charlie out to skin it. Before the carcass had been taken away, Judith came upon it, red and horrible in the burning sunlight. After that, the hurt in her mind seemed to take on the image of the horse.

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The Drinking Pool

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrations by E. Gordon Smith



a Kanaka lady of capacious dimensions, and as he went, Maggie could have sworn that he winked at her. But after that she had lost count of his movements, and she had gone her own way. So had the rest of the passengers aboard the *Serang Nee*.

Anyway, here she was, and on the whole there was not much to grumble about, except that she was thirsty. A good deal of wreckage littered the shore and filled the lagoons, and the sea was bringing up more; among it was a figurehead, which Maggie might have recognized had she possessed an eye or figureheads, but of the packed and suffering humanity which had been Maggie's shipmates, there was never a sign. The sharks had seen to that.

She was thirsty, and the greenery about that island was strangely lacking in sap, so that Maggie began to ruminate on the subject of water. From that particular point it might have taken a man a long time to ascertain whether or not there *was* water on the island, but

seemingly Maggie knew. She dived through a thorn bush which would have stopped a donkey, slithered over a rocky knoll already hot in the sunshine, then made her way straight to the centre of the island, where there was, indeed, a very lovely spot. The ground rose sharply, terraces and pinnacles with vegetation in the crevices, from the central hollow, and there, under a great boulder of rock, was a pool of crystal water, the surface of which shimmered and trembled in spite of the breathlessness of the atmosphere. The pool was not more than six inches deep and six feet across its bed of sparkling sand, and had one watched that sand, one would have seen that it was all "alive," boiling up in millions of little fountains. From what volcanic depths the water came, no one could have cared less than Maggie. A drink was all she wanted, and it did not even strike her as strange that though water was welling up through the bed of the pool, it had no outlet, indicating that the supply came and went by the same way. This, then, was merely a safety valve from some subterranean spring, which possibly had its source in the Himalayas two thousand miles away.

For a minute or so the nannygoat stood, as though fascinated by the spectacle—a fascinating spectacle indeed, for over the pool and round the pool, scores—nay hundreds—of birds were moving, birds of all sizes and all colours, gaily coloured pigeons, parrots great and small, humming birds from the size of robins to the size of bumblebees, birds which flashed like tongues of fire, blackbirds, bluebirds, yellow birds, red birds, and many of them drank awing, dipping as swallows dip. Clear it was that they came from all the adjoining islands to drink at the sweet water well, for they drank eagerly, almost pantingly, especially the pigeons, which submerged their whole heads in the welcome pool.

So, having taken it in, Maggie descended. As a matter of fact she did not need water, for she was full of water; but it was salt water, and sand. Still drink she must, so down she went, while the birds paid no attention to her, save that

some of the smaller ones settled on her back and on her horns, till she was adorned as though by festive bells. Maggie was about to lower her head to the pool when—something happened. It seemed that a hand rose from the water and grabbed at her face—a horrible hand, armed with hundreds of slanting fish hooks—a wet and shining hand, and following the hand, as the spray flew, came an arm—such an arm, blotched grey and brown, which stretched on and out interminably towards her as she drew back.

That Maggie had survived so long was a credit to her, but that she survived now stamped her a genius. Nerves? She could not have possessed any nerves at all, or she would have frozen stiff in immovable terror. But instead she slammed in the reverse gear and trod on the accelerator as only a goat can. Moreover, she shot into the air, turned back on herself, and a second later was rocketing up the rocky slope like—well, like a rocket.

But meantime the hand and the arm were following. The Thing came up from the pool as a tape measure comes from its box—yard after yard of it, till fully six yards had left the water, and there was still more to come. A serpent? Yes, a mammoth water serpent, with white eyes and a wedge-shaped head, blotched grey and brown, as I say, and as the seventh and last yard of it slicked up from the pool, the water was perceptibly deeper, though still the sand fountained up without pause or interlude.

Maggie had long since vanished, but the Thing, its nose to the ground, was running her trail like a sleuth-hound. So it passed out of the hollow, sliding and writhing over the rocks, then it veered east towards a high point—the highest point of the island.

On that point, in fact pinnacle, Maggie was standing, stock-still, her polished hoofs in a neat square. She saw the Thing come slowly up—slowly, that is, compared with the pace at which she had gained the point—and as it reached the foot of the cliff, Maggie slid, with four wheel brakes firmly applied, down the other side. Ten minutes later she was sprawling in the sunshine, contentedly chewing the cud on a shelf a hundred feet above the sea; but while she chewed she watched the way by which she had ascended.

But the Thing had not followed her that far, and now it was snaking back to the pool, gaining which it coiled itself in the water, sank from view, and the bubbling sands covered it. In a moment the birds were there again, hovering and darting, then again the spray flew, and it would have taken quick human eyes to detect that a pigeon vanished from the

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THE typhoon had blown itself out, but the sea still ran high in the wan light of morning. As yet the sun had not risen, but signs of her rising were abroad in the east, and in that direction also the shadowy bulk of the island lay—one of a thousand islands which dotted the wastes of water, like a school of deep sea leviathans. This island was, however, larger than most of them, perhaps two hundred acres, and among its volcanic terraces was a suggestion of shady groves and of the things that grow. Pinnacles dotted the sea all round—grim, stark teeth and fingers thrust up through the smother of foam, and it was on one of these pinnacles, poised so it seemed on a needle point twenty feet above the troubled seas, that the castaway stood. Had there been eyes to see, well might they have wondered how this creature had come there, for one could not imagine a figure more incongruous, more impossible, amidst the archipelago of floating hulks—a pure white nannygoat, otherwise Maggie!

Maggie had evidently been there some time, for she was quite dry, and certainly quite cool, and as for there being eyes to see—well, there were eyes, and she knew it. Malevolent, relentless eyes, but the owners of them knew whence she had come and why she was there—knew and waited.

Well, they could wait, while meantime the sea flattened a little, and the distance between Maggie and the surface steadily increased. Dawn came sweeping up into the sky with a savage rush, and above the roar and the hiss and the boom, there sounded the screeching and rasping of tropical birds flying from island to island. Next came the gulls, thousands of gulls, which began to wheel round the conspicuous white foreigner, almost brushing her with their wings. Maggie lowered her head a trifle, semaphored her silken ears, and smacked her lips, but otherwise took no notice at all. Meantime she was watching and hoping, and when the first chance came, she did not miss it. She slid down from her perch, tapped a water-washed boulder, cleared a six feet smother of surf, and a second later was mounted on a second pinnacle, sixteen feet nearer the island. Only a minute did she wait there, then, as though she had made the journey a hundred times before, she proceeded another twenty feet along the reef, while at each fresh foothold, the gulls flapped and applauded with warrantable enthusiasm.

So, during the next fifteen minutes, Maggie made fifty yards, working her way shorewards with infallible judgment. No man could have made that trip and lived, but what Maggie did not know about rocks and footholds by experience she knew by inherited knowledge, which is instinct.

AT length, safely aboard the island, the pure white goat strolled up the shingly beach, scratched her right ear with her hindhoof, then began to scramble the greenery on the nearest bush, casting a defiant glance at the angry sea, which had caused her and her master so much inconvenience during the last twelve hours. As for her master—she knew raught. She had seen him pour aft in the general cascade of the deck cargo when first the typhoon smote them. She had heard him crack up against the taffrail, then she had seen him slide all the way back, lovingly embraced by

On that point Maggie was standing, stock still. She saw the thing come slowly up.



The Return of Hepburn

By Frederick Walworth Brown

Illustrated by Harold Edwards

WHEN Arthur Hepburn turned up at Benguela after two years in the interior, his appearance was in most particulars equivalent to a return from the dead. Certain of his natives had appeared a year before and narrated, with much detail, the circumstances of his death by fever. Accordingly his will had been probated and his estate settled and Eleanor Hepburn was already laying aside both the insignia and the attitude of mourning.

Everyone expected her to wait a reasonable time and then marry Jack Macarthur, and everyone welcomed the prospect as most felicitous. Macarthur had been best man at Hepburn's wedding and had gone away sorrowful. The marriage had not proved a happy one, and nobody knew this better than Macarthur. There had been friction from the first, an unconscious nagging on her part, and an arbitrariness on his, with a minimum of forbearance on both sides. It was this lack of domestic happiness which had sent Hepburn to Africa, and doubtless was what kept him there for two full years.

In the meantime Macarthur came into intimate relations with Mrs. Hepburn. As her lawyer, he was called upon to advise and to execute for her; it was he who brought the news of Hepburn's death; and the settlement of the estate had been in his hands.

Nothing was more natural, therefore, than that Mrs. Hepburn's friends should speculate upon how much longer she would keep Macarthur waiting. Macarthur, himself, had waited a decent six months out of respect for his friend's memory; but when a year had passed he and Mrs. Hepburn were seen much together. It was generally surmised that they would some day surprise their friends with the announcement of a quiet wedding. There was no substantial basis for this expectation other than their open friendship and acknowledged intimacy.

This was the situation when Hepburn emerged from Benguela in Portuguese West Africa. He had gone in trim and clean shaven; he came forth bearded to the eyes and clad in tatters. He had gone in a rather florid, full-blooded man; he returned a living skeleton, yellow-skinned and gaunt, his cheek-bones polished like ivory. Yet fever and starvation and the all-but-fatal struggle against long odds had been the making of him, and in place of the rather shallow-minded, notoriety-hunting youth who had gone, there came back one whose level gray eyes challenged a man's respect.

IT was the lack of mail awaiting him that first stirred suspicion in his mind. Strangely enough, the thought that she might suppose him dead did not occur to him. Even in that black hour when the fever had laid him by the heels, and his men deserted in a body, he, himself, had not despaired.

The absence of any word when he came in touch with the world of steamers and a more or less regular post was therefore a shock, and all the more disturbing since his attitude toward her had undergone a change. In the fever-brightened watches of the African night he had come to see himself with a clearer vision, and to despise his selfishness, the want of consideration, the bullying, overbearing attitude which had characterized his relations with his wife.

He was coming back to make amends, and he had looked eagerly for the day when he should receive his first word from her. The fact that none awaited him threw a blight upon his triumph. Of what use was it to have fought off fever, conquered starvation, and forced reluctant circumstances to bend before his will, if, after all, she had forgotten him?

He thought the matter over with particularity, on the voyage up to London, discarding theory after theory as inadequate, never lighting on the truth. Nothing had happened to her. Of that he felt assured. Jack would have let him know. One letter might have been lost, but not the dozen he had hoped to find, and which he felt he had a right to expect.

The voyage set him up so far as his body was concerned and he reached England still thin and velvety, but with his legs once more beneath him. With his spirits it was a different matter. These refused to respond to clean air and good food and grateful rest. The blow they had received could be counteracted by no sophisticated imaginings.

The first inkling of the truth came when he found his London letter of credit had been cancelled. There was, of course, but one explanation of that. She must think him dead. And accepting this hypothesis, he decided not to cable word of his coming, choosing rather to return unheralded, as one rising from the dead.



He hurried up the steps to meet her as she opened the door. "Eleanor!" he said, and "Arthur!" she answered him.

Delaying then only to make himself presentable in the matter of clothes, he sailed immediately for New York. He had to borrow money for his passage, and he swore the friend who lent it to utter secrecy. On the boat he passed as H. E. P. Burn, and the passenger list included none whom he knew. The second day out, however, a gentleman made casual acquaintance with him in the smoking room, introducing himself as a Mr. Sayre.

They proved congenial, and spent considerable time together during the remainder of the trip. They were sitting on the deck one morning smoking and talking, when Sayre made some casual mention of his country place.

"You say you have a place at Chatham Farms?" Hepburn took him up with interest.

"Yes," returned Sayre. "Know the place? I bought the Judson tract and built there last spring."

"Perhaps, then," said Hepburn, "you know my—you may know Mrs. Hepburn."

"Indeed, yes," returned Sayre. "Delightful woman. You know her, do you? Sad about her husband, wasn't it?"

"Very," said Hepburn. "Do you happen to know any of the particulars?"

"Oh, he went exploring across Central Africa and died of fever. That's all anyone knows, I believe. Guess he didn't amount to much at best. Her friends seem to think she is well rid of him."

"I haven't seen her since then," said Hepburn, after a pause.

"They say she's beginning to take notice again," said Sayre in a rather cynical tone. "She had some fellow in tow last summer. I've forgotten his name. Can't blame her though."

Hepburn had a sudden fierce desire to take his sleek informant by the throat and denounce him as a liar. Instead, he made some excuse and took himself off where he could think without interruption. In his first abhorrent revolt he would not entertain the thought as even a possibility. It was unbelievable. The man lied.

THE more he considered the circumstances, however, the more clear it became that this thing was not merely possible, but altogether natural. She was still young and he had gone completely out of her life. He had treated her badly while he was with her, and now, was it to be expected that she could rest content to go through life with his memory?

He was entirely too rational not to see that he had expected more than was his right, and while he absolved her from all blame, he found it incredibly hard to face the truth, and his own course of action in the premises called for questioning consideration.

Should he present himself and try to win back the love he had lost? He recognized that it would be an unfair proceeding. She could not refuse him if he returned to her, however she might feel toward him. He saw that the decision must be his, that her part in the outcome was foreordained; and with a sensitiveness which sprang from his deepened consideration for her, he shrank from forcing himself upon her.

On the other hand, he understood her well enough to know that she would not marry again if she thought him alive, nor would she take it as a kindness if he deceived her in this matter. He could not, therefore, return upon his track and lose himself. That would be doing her a mortal hurt, at least from her point of view. And, anyway, the world was growing too small for such tricks. Sooner or later she would learn the truth. He had made himself known in Benguela and again at London, and to vanish now would only complicate affairs.

At the end of all his arguments he found himself clinging to the hope that Sayre might be mistaken. He consoled himself with thinking that gossip rarely speaks the truth, and resolved at least to have a friend's advice before he went further. It was with this resolve that he entered Macarthur's office within an hour of his arrival in America.

He had no card, and he did not give the boy his name, but was immediately ushered into the private office. Macarthur sat at his desk using the telephone. He glanced up at his visitor, motioned him to a chair, and continued his conversation.

"All right, then. I'll be out tonight. You'll meet the train. I suppose? Very well. Goodbye."

He hung up the receiver, pushed the instrument from him and turned to Hepburn.

"What can I do for you?" he said briskly.

"Hello, Jack," said Hepburn, with a smile.

Macarthur's eyes opened wide and his breath stopped as he gripped the arms of his chair and leaned suddenly forward.

"Arthur! Is it—Arthur?" he cried. "Where—where thought you were dead—the natives?"

His face was grey, the lines gathered about his mouth as he gazed. Then he rose quickly and grasped his friend by the hand.

"It's too good to be true, old man. I—I can't believe it yet. Give me time. It is you."

He searched Hepburn's face and the latter laughed. "Yes," he said. "I've come back, Jack."

It might have been his fancy, but he thought a cloud settled on Macarthur's face as the certainty came home to him.

"How is Eleanor?" he asked. Macarthur dropped his hand, and they sat down again.

"Well," he answered, "have you written her?"

"No," said Hepburn. "I didn't know the circumstances. I haven't heard for two years you know. I thought it better not."

"Tell me about it, Arthur. Your natives swore they saw you die."

BRIEFLY, Hepburn narrated his experiences, and at times his friend seemed to listen, while at times his thoughts seemed elsewhere. Once his hand went out to a letter on the desk. He picked it up, tore it into bits and dropped it into the waste basket. When Hepburn finished there was silence for a moment, and when he spoke again there had come a change in his voice.

"Jack," he said, "there's no use dissembling. You know how things were with us. Had I better go to her?"

Macarthur searched his face with burning eyes. He found his task hard.

"Of course you will go to her," he said, presently. Hepburn rose, and walking to the window, stood looking out with his back to his friend.

"I understand there's someone else, Jack," he said. Macarthur's lips opened twice before he spoke.

"Who told you that?" he asked. "I heard it accidentally coming over."

"And you believed it?" Hepburn wheeled suddenly and came back to the desk.

"I couldn't blame her, Jack," he said. "I treated

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Quebec in Relation to Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne

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VAST extent, limited population, heavy taxation, and post-war commercial depression are making the present a difficult time for our Canadian Confederation. As in the case of the individual, the family, and the private institution, periods not marked by success or abounding prosperity are apt to be periods for the nation when even slight difficulties are exaggerated into crises.

And the difficulties of Canada are not slight. It was a herculean task, that undertaken by those who projected the fashioning of a united nation out of the scattered colonies of British North America. The only thing that would have made it even relatively easy would have been an extremely rapid growth and influx of population. Under the impetus of such rapid increase, of course, the afflatus of success would have tended to minimize difficulties inherent in our situation. The divisive spaces between the Maritime Provinces and those of the centre, between these latter and the Prairies, and between the Prairies and the Pacific Coast would have shrunk until they might have by now largely ceased to be either economic or psychological barriers to a perfect national solidarity.

There would, indeed, have been a considerable menace to the character of our developing nationality in any such feverous growth of population as would have sufficed to give us as Canadians the sensation of anything like immediate or even prompt national success. To provide such swift development we should have had to throw open our doors with next to no discrimination to the influx of vast masses of European population of uncertain and scarcely dependable quality. The French have always been notoriously disinclined to emigrate. Their birth-rate has been too low, their own land too diverse, rich and delightful for migration to be a favored policy. And the conditions which now obtain in Great Britain, where a vast excess population suffers from the vicissitudes of world markets, are, in anything like their present acute form, quite recent in their development. From the two parent races, therefore, we could scarcely hope for a vast importation of human material. There would have remained the nations of Continental Europe, most of which were, until the Great War, relatively unknown intimately to Canada; to have drawn indiscriminately from them would have been a national gamble; the one brief period during which we did receive copious draughts of population did not pass without leaving us aware that there are certain grave problems incident to the swift arrival of huge numbers of people of very diverse cultural development; and the disclosures of the war, with their revelation of Continental animosities and of comparatively narrow area in Europe in which practice in parliamentary government and national self-control has proceeded to any notable point, have not been calculated to impress us with the belief that over-rapid growth in numbers would have in the long run been a good thing for Canada.

But, in any event, whatever might have been the moral and ethnic effect of such a rapid growth of population as would have obscured or solved our material difficulties, such rapid growth of population has not been our fortune. Perhaps the chief cause is that our southern boundaries coincide with those of the United States, which, precisely when we have been laying our national foundations, have been passing through a stage of material growth and prosperity unequalled in history. It is a question whether any small and young people has ever been called upon to essay the task of national success under conditions in this regard so difficult as those that have confronted Canada. At our very doors all this time—since our own Confederation and since the conclusion of the Civil War in a manner that ensured the permanent solidarity of the American Union, which unquestionably launched that country on its modern career with a domestic exultation and with a world notoriety that were admirably calculated to inspire success—on our very threshold all this time has been this prodigiously successful nation, exploiting triumphantly the resources of a half-continent. In nations, as in business, there is nothing that succeeds like success, the big thing grows bigger while the small thing may consider itself lucky if it does not grow smaller, and so on, and so on. Canada has pluckily stood to her guns under these circumstances—her guns, that is to say, the task of developing a nationality under the aegis of the British Crown and in vital co-operation with the other British communities, while at the same time eliciting the resources of our large fraction of the American continent.

AND the problem of Canada—how to develop alongside an immensely attractive and prosperous neighbor from which we are separated by none but invisible geographical boundaries—a problem that would have been difficult even if the two peoples had been of totally different race, creed and language—has been immensely heightened by the fact that our neighbor speaks the same language as is spoken by the majority of the people of Canada. Canada would have had an immensely easier furrow to plough if our neighbor had spoken Welsh, Italian, Dutch—or any language other than English that happens to come to mind. But there has lain that enormous

land, and our Canadian people have known that at any moment they could migrate to it and establish themselves, not only with a pretty sure prospect of being caught up in the enviroing prosperity, but with an absolutely certain assurance of having no difficulty with language and of being surrounded by social conditions strikingly like those with which they have been familiar. And so, unhappily, much of our very best stock has trooped across the frontiers. What has been, if possible, of more importance than mere numbers, we have been drained unconsciously of the intellectual elements—editors, journalists in general, preachers, novelists, poets, architects, inventors, railway builders and executives, engineers, scientists—whose presence would at once have stimulated the higher ranges of our collective national activity and promoted the material evolution of our country. I think an excellent case can be made to show that, even if our growth and development have in the main been modest, Canada has done extremely creditably in the face of difficult conditions.

These being general circumstances about which, I fancy, there is pretty large agreement, it becomes us as Canadians to be proud of our past, proud of our connections, proud of our national outlook, and proud of the elements that constitute our nationality. The Fathers of Confederation resolved to build a nation in defiance of geography. They knew the elements, both geographical and racial, of which the amalgam was to be made. They resolved to make that amalgam, knowing that the constituents of it would work together successfully to eventuate in the chemic reaction or resultant of a nation, only if those elements liked each other, respected each other, and took each other fully into account in the adoption of national policies and in the maintenance of national attitudes.

The grand motto and rallying cry for Canada, then, is mutual knowledge, mutual consideration, spiritual solidarity in the midst of interesting diversity. The grand desideratum for Canada is union of feeling and effort.

WE are very fortunate in Canada that we have a chance—not as a mere matter of words, but in sober fact, if we have wisdom enough to know that the greatest of all facts are those of the spirit and the quickened imagination—to develop a nationality impressed with the characteristics of two great national strains, the French and the British. Canada cannot succeed in the best and highest sense, perhaps cannot succeed even in the most elementary and material sense, unless the French element in Canada is legitimately pleased with the place accorded to it in the collective life of the country.

I have permitted myself perhaps too great latitude in dealing thus far with what may be thought general considerations, and I must now, in this article, which is intended to signalize the value and importance to Canada of its large French population, limit myself to a very few matters.

To begin with we must remember, in considering the French Canadian population of Canada, that it is in almost literal terms an indigenous population. The French population at the time of the capitulation is usually put at about 60,000. Even of this number the predominant majority had been bred for generations on the banks of the St. Lawrence. So that the number of direct importations from France was small in the extreme. These 60,000 have expanded, with next to no direct infiltration from France, into from two-and-a-half to three millions of people, if we take into account those of their number who have drifted into the United States and multiplied there. In other words, this national element has had, so to say, its whole history on Canadian soil, and in particular in and about the valley of the St. Lawrence, which it has come to love with a passionate devotion as the foyer of its race. Add to this that the French Canadians have been essentially tillers of the soil, though the tendency to industrialism and the lure of cities like Montreal are already causing some disquietude among the sagacious leaders. These circumstances, the facts that they are to an overwhelming degree indigenous to the soil of this country alone, that they are primordially wedded to the land, which always makes for intensity of nationalism, and that their lot fell in a portion of the continent drained by one of the noblest rivers in the world, and eminently fitted by the diversity, beauty and intimacy of its charm to develop a passionate fealty, have united to make the French Canadian an intense lover of Canada as such. Here, then, on the frontlets of this people is engraven a characteristic that is fitted to be a most precious asset to our developing Canadian nationality. Who that has any imaginative capacity to evaluate the essentials of nation-building can refuse to see that it is of immense importance to a nation to have, at a time when it possesses only nine millions of people in all and is in the very process of getting its stride and determining its quality, an element of say two-and-a-half millions that is passionately devoted

to this soil as the theatre in which all its destinies have been worked out? Twentieth century communities run the risk of becoming caravanserais of nomads ready to strike their tents at the call of cheap land, of oil wells, of gold strikes; ready to sell automobiles, horses, farms, the homes in which their children have been born, if only an extra dollar can be turned. What an asset to Canada to have a racial element, so large proportionally, that is so comparatively rooted to the natal soil, the familiar river, the old homestead!

THE tenacious devotion of the French Canadian to the actual soil of the country—a devotion as pronounced as that of the French peasant to the soil of his land, which in its turn and place is the best guarantee of the solidity of France and which flowered to all time in the deathless cry about Verdun: "They shall not pass!"—has spent itself mainly upon the province of Quebec. But the French Canadian carries with him to whatever part of Canada he goes a marked fidelity to the cultural habits, tempers, and institutions that his forbears have developed in Quebec. I have been wandering for some weeks in the Province of Quebec, and I have been touched to see how extraordinarily similar is the atmosphere of an episcopal town like St. Hyacinth in Quebec to that of an episcopal town like St. Boniface in the West. I was present this summer at a meeting in St. Boniface when a party of French Canadian tourists under the auspices of the University of Montreal visited the St. Boniface College. I was much impressed with the feeling that these men and women of Quebec found themselves strangely at home on the banks of the Red River because the outrunners of their race had succeeded so remarkably in reproducing on the banks of the Red the institutions and atmosphere of the St. Lawrence. There is a somewhat notable birth of interest today in the Province of Quebec in the policy of a western and outward movement in population. The excursions planned by the University of Montreal and one other organization at the same time; the annual excursion promoted by *Le Devoir*; and the large participation by French Canadians in the western harvesting labors this year, are symptoms of this outward movement. And if it is a good thing for Canadian nationality in general to have a whole province that is marked especially by an extraordinary devotion to the soil of Canada, it will similarly be good for Canada to have this race carry its traditions freely to all the provinces.

Needless to say, the French Canadian is passionately devoted to his Church. It is a banality to say that in Quebec the influence of the Church is immense. The fact is that the Province of Quebec is in effect a theocracy. I use the word in a cordial sense, because the truth of the matter is that, nauseated and depressed as I am by the crass and noisy materialism of most of our contemporary life, it comes to me with comfort and gracious charm to find, and in my own country, a people whose communal and family life revolves about the Parish Church. By the same token, at the very hotel in the City of Quebec where I am composing this article, while I was writing the early pages of it I heard from the dining room an English voice say: "Money is the secret of everything." Well, the collective and organized life of the Province of Quebec is an attestation of the denial of that. Money is not the secret of everything. It is not the secret of family affection; it is not the secret of the achievements that the world refuses to let die, it is not the secret of great canvasses, of noble poems, of unforgettable cathedrals; it is not the secret of one-tenth of the secular legacy of tradition that makes the Present, insofar as it is wise, low in veneration before the Past, or that makes nations ready to die for what their forbears have handed on to them. It is the idea that the money, the luxury, the pleasure of the moment is the whole thing that is by way of cheapening, vulgarizing, and superficializing contemporary life to such a regrettable degree. Jazz, joy rides, gasoline filling stations fitted out with the pomp of pleasure gardens, cross-word puzzles, picture plays ad libitum, radio apparatus in every home are part of the immense equipment of an overmaterialized civilization designed to convince us that the moment that this is all, and having the net effect of undercutting the habits of thrift, of industry, of solid reading, of quiet reflection, of lofty aspiration, that in all time have been the fruitful sources of personal and national potency. Quebec with the parish its unit of life; with its steeple dominating every village; with its bell calling again and again to meditation and prayer; Quebec with its crowded churches; Quebec with its spiritual direction mingled with shrewd practical sagacity on the part of its clergy is an element of incomparable value in our national life.

THE French Canadian is a hard worker. Speaking by and large he is, as yet in any event, immune from the dream that anything worth speaking of can be got without labor. Permanent wealth can't be got without it; real culture cannot be got without it; disciplined powers in art, professional practice, public control, cannot be got without it. The habitant of

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Lalli, Wife of Genta Singh

By N. de Bertrand Lugin

GENTA SINGH'S wife was coming home. She was coming to Victoria, to the little green and white house that Genta had bought; to preside over his hearth; to cook wonderful dishes of curry and rice; to walk about his rainbow-hued garden in the cool of the evening.

For ten years Genta had planned her coming. She was only twelve years of age when he went away from the Punjab. A little brown slip of a girl, shy-eyed, with long plaits of hair, and so timid that she had never spoken more than a word or two to him in her life. But he had received photographs of her since then, showing her slim and graceful and tall, with the veil just concealing her features, while her uncovered eyes looked out from the picture, large and dark and full of sweet wistfulness which made his own eyes dim. She had jewels in her ears and bangles on her arms and ankles, and she was very beautiful to Genta Singh, who passionately longed for her coming.

The order-in-council had long since gone through permitting the natives of India in British Columbia to send for their wives. Genta's wife, Lalli, would be the first to come.

She would arrive during July.

It was in June that Beta Kan came over from Vancouver to Victoria. Beta Kan was a notoriously bad Hindu, and Genta Singh's bitterest enemy, probably Genta's only enemy. Beta Kan hated Genta because the Sikh was magnificently handsome; because he was honest; because he had been successful in his wood business; because he owned a motor van; because he had a house of his own; but more than anything else, because his wife was coming out to him. He had seen Lalli's picture and jealousy was hot within him.

Beta Kan lived with a white woman in the boarding house in South Vancouver which he called home. He had lived with her for two years and he had tried to get rid of her for eighteen months of the two years. But Bella had grown very fat and indolent and did not care to change her abode. Besides she had a voice which would carry miles when she was angry, and she could weep copiously whenever tears were a weapon of defence, and could win the sympathy of bystanders. Next to Genta Singh, Beta Kan hated Bella.

Beta Kan's hatred of Genta had started when they were both working in a woodyard, and the boss had shown preference for Genta, who was always as willing to please as a child, and worked patiently and uncomplainingly. Beta provoked Genta to a quarrel one night after the boss had gone home, and tried to stab him. He would probably have killed him if Genta's shouts had not reached some passerby. Then some months afterward Beta was arrested in Vancouver for being drunk and assaulting an officer of the law. He gave his name as Genta Singh, and was put in jail, from which he made his escape. Thereupon the real Genta Singh was arrested and sent to Vancouver. But his innocence was established at once. Beta's punishment, for they soon discovered him, was a year in the penitentiary.

He had been out of jail for two years now, and because he was very sly and crafty and soft-spoken, he was able to deceive Genta and convince him that he was woefully sorry for his past misdeeds, and anxious to be his friend. He even wept crocodile tears and tore his greasy hair. Not only did he convince Genta that his grief and remorse were genuine, but Sanna Singh, Genta's partner, believed him as well.

He also made Genta a present of a clock for his new home. It was a white china clock marked with green scrolling, and Beta pointed out that he had been at great trouble and expense to find it, because he had wanted to get one that would go with the coloring of the house. In reality he had stolen it from Bella. The clock did not keep good time, but Genta accepted it, thinking it not unbeautiful, but valuing it chiefly as a token of Beta's change of character.

While Genta was out of the cottage getting some lettuces on the occasion of a small dinner party at his home Beta rummaged around and found Lalli's picture. He knew that Genta would consider it a profanation if he gazed upon it. Therefore he gloated over it hurriedly. Her figure was round yet slim. Her hands were delicate.

He could trace the soft curve of her chin and the languorous droop of her lips through the veil. He contrasted her with lazy, elephantine Bella and ground his teeth in rage.

Scarcely an evening passed that Beta Kan did not stroll down to Genta's cottage. He pretended a great interest in the garden which was Genta's special pride and in which a week's rain early in July had worked a miracle of growth. The cornstalks were bright silky green; strawberries were ripening on the vines. Poppies, nasturtiums, sweet peas and other flowers were a riot of color and deluged the air with their sweetness. The little house had a honeysuckle vine trained over the small verandah. There were new white curtains at the windows, new furniture inside. Everything was ready for the bride. Beta's envy made him almost physically ill. At last arrived the great day when the "Empress of Asia" was expected. If she made pratique before sun-down, she would be in at eight o'clock. Genta took the day off. He went home to the cottage to make final preparations, picking enormous bunches of variegated blooms and placing them in dishes in all the windows. The folks around the waterfront where Genta lived, knew about the great event, and as they passed the cottage, smiled at the naive display. Genta had bought a canary that sang without cessation, and the cage hung high up on the front right-hand post of the verandah. He had thought of a gramophone, but Sanna had dissuaded him from that purpose, suggesting with heavy jocularly a perambulator instead. So Genta had decided to wait and see if Lalli would like a gramophone or maybe prefer a sewing machine.

BETA KAN strolled down to the cottage about four o'clock with a newspaper full of roses. These were added to the array already in place. He had bought some melons too. He urged Genta to try them. He cut one of them and sprinkled salt on the two halves. Then when Genta's back was turned he sprinkled something that was not salt on Genta's half. The melon was cool and juicy and sweet. Genta ate it hurriedly however, not pausing in an

epicurean fashion to lengthen the flavor as Beta did. "I shall go down to wait on the dock now," he said, having finished. "The 'Asia' was putting into quarantine about an hour ago. I saw her through the captain's glasses down at the houseboat. I could see her plain. She is a very big, fine boat."

"No hurry, no hurry," advised Beta, who was walking about the room, under pretense of examining the furniture, "you will get tired waiting down there for hours. Why not rest a while?"

Genta realized all at once that he was feeling very tired and drowsy. He sat down.

"It's very hot," he sighed.

"It might be better to wait here, and have a sleep. Feel refreshed to meet one's bride, eh?" suggested Beta.

His heavy eyes were watching Genta narrowly. The other man struggled against the lethargy which was creeping over him. He got up and began to walk about. But his limbs were unsteady. He stood still, looked helplessly at Beta Kan, started to say something and then collapsed with a heavy thud on the floor.

He looked very big, sprawled out there, one arm flung above his head and his long body reaching almost from one end of the room to the other. And he was very still.

Beta Kan did not hurry. He knew Genta would be unconscious until well into the night. He went into the bedroom over the threshold of which he had never dared step before, and there, in front of the mirror, he made some amazing changes in his face. He darkened his eyebrows, which were thin, and he covered his cheeks with a jet black beard. Then he wound a white cloth around his head. He surveyed the result with satisfaction. To all outward appearances he was a dignified Sikh.

Having completed the transformation he went back to Genta. Kneeling beside him he thrust his fingers into the breast pocket of his coat. He drew out some papers, glanced over them, extracting from among them a blue one in an envelope of the same color. This he placed in his own pocket. Then he drew down the blinds in the cottage, and went out the back door, locking it behind him.

He was very careful that no one should see him leave. Nobody was in the street. The children were home for supper, and the men from the shipyards had passed an hour ago. All of the soldiers were back at barracks. The "cook-house" door had sounded while he was putting on his beard. He hurried up the hill to get a car to town, and from thence to the Outer Docks. He did not want to be there too early.

BETA was tall, and on this occasion he tried to hold himself very straight so as to appear of the same stature as Genta. He sprang off the car at the terminus and walked boldly up to the immigration sheds. Fortune favored him in that the head of the department, who knew Genta, was away, and his subordinate was a new man. He glanced over Beta's papers. "All right Genta," he said, "your bride come today, eh?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" cried Beta volubly, smiling and nodding, "she come today, all right."

"Very good, Genta. Good luck," laughed the officer, giving him a good humored push, "I'll see you later."

Beta kept well within the shadow of the freight sheds as the great liner drew in. If any of Genta's friends should be there it would be difficult to carry out his plans. But though there was a handful of Sikhs and some Hindus and any number of Chinese and Japanese, Beta saw no one that he knew. There was a crowd of white people too, and in all the excitement attendant upon docking, nobody took the slightest notice of him.

Beta watched the debarkation with eagle eyes. She would not be amongst the first class passengers, nor the steerage. Genta told him that. Most of the second class passengers were white people, Anglo-Indians. Presently he saw her. He recognized her at once, and he turned a little cold with apprehension. She did not look quite as he had expected. She did not appear a soft, languorous person at all. She carried herself very erect, and looked about her with defiant brown eyes which held a

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The Valley of Madness

By Edith G. Bayne

Illustration by Kathleen Allen

COMMISSIONER MACPHERSON finished blotting the entry in the police register and looked across at his "star man."

"It must have been a terrible trip, Hunt, take it all in all," he said, leaning back in his big chair and regarding with sympathetic interest the tall, lean young man in well-worn Mounted Police uniform who was just back from the frozen wilderness of the North.

"It was," Hunt replied briefly.

"You're changed. Two years make a lot of difference here at the Post too. You wouldn't think so but it's a fact. None of the old staff here now but myself. All new men. And I'm not as young as I once was. Needing glasses, by jove, and putting off the evil hour. . . Oh, I say! You must sign here, Hunt. Nearly forgot!"

He indicated a certain dotted line under the report he had just written and tendered the pen to Inspector Stephen Hunt. The latter half rose and then lolled back again into his comfortable position, holding up a bandaged right hand with a rueful grin.

"Afraid it can't be done, chief," he said with a short laugh. "Bite of a husky-dog. Danger's all past but the healing seems slow. Had to kill the poor brute. He went mad."

"Well! well! I *did* notice that bandage too, as soon as you came in. Pardon, old chap."

"Don't mention it."

"Could you try your left?"

Hunt got up and advancing to the desk effected a wavery signature that but poorly resembled the "Stephen Hunt" in neat, firm calligraphy on the commission sheet opposite.

"The boys 'll be wild to meet you," the elder man, observed. "You remember Ladner? His younger brother is here now. And we've got a splendid chap by the name of Rainer. Yes, there's been quite a shake-up in the force. Rainer's out now after some cattle-rustlers. If they're all back by tomorrow night—how about a little special dinner in your honor?"

The chief made this suggestion warily, remembering Hunt's old-time lack of sociability. "The surliest but most efficient lad on the force" had been his way of describing Hunt.

"Sounds good," Hunt returned, promptly and pleasantly. "After interminable pemmican and fricassee whale a civilized meal rather appeals. But look here! Are you remembering that I'm not a conquering hero—that I failed to get my man? Here I come slinking back like a licked cur—an admitted failure—and you talk of a party in my honor!"

"Hunt, old fellow, you take this too much to heart! If you couldn't get Van Every no man could—as I said two years ago, and as I still maintain. Death beat you to him, otherwise you'd have fetched him back. I consider you have performed your full duty. Say no more."

Hunt's face seemed to clear at this evidence of cordial regard on the part of the Commissioner.

"All right, I won't," he agreed. "Only somehow it rankles. Never could bear the thought of failure, you know. But I want another job right away—the toughest one on the calendar. Got one for me?"

The elder man grinned.

"Still the horse for work, eh? Well, we'll see. Better take a few days' rest. You seem to have a cold. At any rate you're quite hoarse, Hunt. I suppose it's the usual penalty for coming down from the North so rapidly. You should have taken it in easy stages. Here we have summer and you tell me you were snowshoeing all last week!"

"Had an encounter with a Polar bear last Thursday!" said Hunt grinning in his turn.

"What slathers of copy for the newspaper boys!" and the chief blinked short-sightedly across at his "star man," beaming on him with almost fatherly pride. "And there's one of 'em now or I'm badly mistaken!" as a bell pealed in the distance.

Hunt shifted a little uneasily in his seat. The publicity end of his work had always been more or less distasteful.

"You're thinner, Hunt. Perhaps it's your clean-shaven face. Liked you better with the mustache," said MacPherson, whimsically.

He was thinking too that the young man was a little changed in other ways. For one thing he seemed more companionable—almost genial. The old Hunt had been taciturn, gloomy even, and inclined to speak only in monosyllables or at most in chopped sentences. To be sure, he still talked like that but there was a new kind of conversational tone to him—an eagerness

almost. It was a though he were holding himself in. He wanted to talk and talk volubly but suppressed the desire, fearful probably of becoming loquacious. At least it struck the chief that way. The return to civilization was in the nature of an intoxicant.

A sergeant knocked and entering announced "the correspondent from the Journal."

MacPherson smoothed his clipped, iron-gray mustache with a gesture of supreme satisfaction. "Show him in, show him in," he said, blithely.

For he at any rate was not averse to a certain amount of healthy newspaper notice. It was good for the force! When Hunt's telegram had arrived that morning the chief had notified the city immediately.



"What's the joke, Inspector?" he called, a vague fear in his round eyes.

bothered of late—it began I believe early in the spring—by the unwelcome presence of a ghost. Perhaps I should say a ghostly manifestation."

"What form does this manifestation take?" Hunt asked as the chief paused to light a fresh cigar.

MacPherson threw the match away and leaned back, puffing slowly and thoughtfully.

"That," he said, "is the peculiar thing. Nothing like it was ever known—if what they are telling is true. At least I never heard of anything like it. The natives and Japs, it seems, become afflicted with a kind of madness—call it hallucination—every little while, and act as though they were crazy. It affects some joyously and they dance and sing and shout and feel very happy for a time. With others the reverse is the case and they are sunk in a sort of melancholy lethargy. This state of affairs is like a recurring epidemic—comes and goes. Nearly everybody gets the 'madness,' recovers, gets it again. It leaves no ill after-effects however, but is so unaccountable and interferes with industry to such an extent—"

"Do they manufacture Red-Eye up there on the quiet?" Hunt interjected, gravely.

"Exactly what I thought at first, too! No, it isn't that sort of intoxication. Even the little children

have it. One settler's dog had it. Every evening about dusk when he came home with his master he would give a very comical exhibition, run round in circles and so on. They tied him up and immediately the madness abated.

"And the phantom. Is there one?"

"That," said the chief, "is where I stop taking them seriously. Yes, they say

there is a phantom, but folks with hallucinations can see anything. The madness could be accounted for. Opium—poppy slumber—perhaps some strange foreign drug brought in by the wily little brown men from the Land of Cherry Blossoms. But when they try to tell me that they have seen a phantom canoe going down the rapids and that it disappeared in midstream—that at night they hear a beautiful voice singing on the water but can never locate the siren—there's where I balk!"

"Think I'll take a little jaunt up there," said Hunt with an indolent smile. "If you'll make out my paper, chief, I'll start early in the morning."

"Tut-tut. And miss our little dinner! Now listen here my boy, if this is merely an excuse to escape the mild lionizing—"

"It's not. I give you my word."

"We haven't had any festivities here since heaven knows when! We're as dull as ditch-water. Oh, by the way, there's a stack of mail here for you! Mostly English. It came after you left Fort McClary and started out on the ice-floes, otherwise of course we'd have forwarded it. Hope none of it is *pressing*."

MacPherson leaned over and extracted a fat budget of letters and papers from a pigeonhole of his desk. Hunt accepted it with a brief "thanks," flushed slightly as he awkwardly pawed the letters over, and then consigned the whole to a pocket and rose. It wasn't till much later that MacPherson happened to recollect that the curt, meticulous Hunt hadn't once used his customary "sir" in addressing his chief. This was more humorous than serious, to be sure. But it was merely another indication of the changes two years had wrought.

At seven o'clock next morning Inspector Stephen Hunt rode out from the Post on a splendid chestnut mare. By eight he was but an infinitesimal red dot on the bosom of the plain and when at nine the chief breakfasted his emissary was well into the hills.

"I only hope," said MacPherson to himself with a grin, "that up there in the Valley of Madness he doesn't run amuck himself! Forgot to warn him, by jove!"

Of the mail which he had received, Hunt retained one letter. He had burned or otherwise disposed of the rest but this large square missive of heavy cream parchment he carried with him and referred to from time to time, as he rode. Apparently its contents were engrossing—disturbing perhaps. Alternately he smiled and frowned, after re-reading it. It bore a London postmark and a date several weeks old and was from a firm of lawyers of world-wide renown.

He had been told to see a man named Winchell so when in the late afternoon he arrived at the edge of the Valley and began to dip down among the fragrant

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Revelation Versus Evolution

By M. Fraser

IN last month's issue of The Western Home Monthly, Alexander McLeod, K.C. has an article dealing at length with "the theory of Evolution and the whole range of (what he calls) spiritual benefits that have followed in its train." The writer says "as has now become abundantly clear, evolution is not inimical to Christianity. On the contrary it is a great aid to it. . . True it has changed our conception of religion but it has enhanced and magnified it. It has given it a sweet reasonableness that makes it almost a new religion". . . Then the writer proceeds to show how the fundamental doctrines of the inerrancy of the Scriptures, the creation and the fall of man, the miracles, the personality of the Devil, God's Justice and Judgments, and the redemption of the world by the death of Jesus Christ our Saviour, who has reconciled us to God, making peace by the blood of His cross, have no place in the expurgated Bible of the Evolutionists.

Here is another quotation from the aforementioned paper: "Charles Darwin did more to change, direct and elevate, the thought of men than any man since Jesus Christ. He brought us a teaching that is full of optimism—divine optimism. We are on the road up and it does not yet appear what we shall be."

Surely we are standing at the cross-roads today. It is Revelation or Evolution? Darwin or Christ? (And of old "there was a division because of Him," John, VII, 43 and John IX, 16).

Many leading modernists of today have spoken with no uncertain sound of the stand they take with regard to this vital issue. President Arthur Cushman McGiffert, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York says, "We have learned, not to think of the Bible as the final and infallible authority and have come to see that there is no such authority and that we need none. The result has been a change of simply untold consequence. The conservatives who feared and opposed Biblical criticism in its early days because they saw what a revolution it portended were far more clear-sighted than most of the liberals who thought that it meant simply a shifting of position. The chasm is deep. What is before us no one knows." (From "The American Journal of Theology" 1916, page 326).

One of the most noted defenders of religious liberalism, the late Professor George Burman Foster, of the University of Chicago, said:

"The sum of what I have just been urging amounts to the profoundest change of (religious) thought known to history. One may say that not supernatural regeneration, but natural growth; not divine sanctification, but human education; not supernatural grace, but natural morality; not the divine expiation of the cross, but the human heroism—or accident?—of the cross; . . . not Christ the Lord, but the man Jesus who was a child of his time; not God and His providence, but evolution and its process without an absolute goal—that all this, and such as this, is the new turn in the affairs of religion at the tick of the clock." From "A Guide to the Study of the Christian Religion," page 736.

The following extract is from an Editorial in "The Christian Century," of January 3rd, 1924, a leading Modernist Journal:

"Christianity, according to Fundamentalism, is one religion. Christianity, according to Modernism, is another religion. Which is the true religion is the question that is to be settled in all probability by our generation for future generations. There is a clash here as profound and as grim as between Christianity and Confucianism. Amiable words cannot hide the differences. 'Blest be the tie' may be sung till Doomsday, but it cannot bind these worlds together. The God of the Fundamentalist is one God; the God of the Modernist is another. The Christ of the Fundamentalist is one Christ; the Christ of the Modernist is another. The Bible of Fundamentalism is one Bible; the Bible of Modernism is another."

The writer is the Rev. Dr. C. C. Morrison, one of the speakers who came to bring greetings to the United Church of Canada, and received a great ovation after his address.

Not long ago, the General Secretary of Home Missions of one of the more prominent evangelical denominations in a public address set forth the nature and meaning of the Social Gospel, he said, "there is no room therefore for the old conception of sin. Sin is, in the last analysis, not a personal, but a social evil. Since man is inherently good and all men are God's children there is in modern religion no place for individual salvation. The divine plan of salvation of which conservatives still speak is superstition, salvation has become a social term, in a word the Social Gospel addresses itself to the task, to make the world a decent place to live in. This is the business of the Church in the new age."

Surely the time has come which is spoken of in 2 Timothy, IV, 3, "When they will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall heap to themselves teachers having itching ears, and they shall turn away their ears from the truth and shall be turned unto fables." "Beware, lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit after the tradition of men

after the rudiments of the world and not after Christ." Col. II, 8.

"Who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed forever, Amen." Rom. I, 25. "What if some did not believe, shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect? God forbid, yea, let God be true but every man a liar." Rom. III, 3 and 4. "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son, and this is the record that God hath given to us Eternal Life, and this Life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath Life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not Life." 1 John V, 10, 11, 12.

Theistic Evolution

"IT has been supposed that the evolutionary theory could be made acceptable to Christian believers by making evolution simply the method of Divine creation. Various writers have so modified evolution that it has become quite another thing from the hypothesis that passes by that name and with which the modern world is so familiar. It is true that God could have made use of evolution as the method of creation, but the Bible teaches distinctly that man was not evolved from animal species, that he is not the result of development but of special creation."—John Horsch, see page 224 "Modern Religious Liberalism."

At Twilight Time

By Lereine Ballantyne

*There is a soft note struck
At twilight-time;
That quiet, caressing hour
When shadows reach out gently
O'er every vale and flower.*

*And we who love the beauty
Of twilight-time,
The restful solitude
Have woven bonds of friendship
No other times include.*

*Out from the blearing high-ways
At twilight-time,
Where eager crowds are teeming,
We two have walked apart,
In silence, dreaming.*

"Theistic evolution, which is evolution wearing a religious mask is the most dangerous."

"The Theistic, or Christian evolutionist is a strange anomaly."—J. J. Sims.

Henry Drummond, Professor of Natural Science in the Free Church College, Glasgow, in his book "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," sought to reconcile evangelical Christianity with evolution, and again in his later work "The Ascent of Man" attempted to Christianize evolution.

It was Dr. Marcus Dods (the greatest influence in Drummond's life, we are told) who drew him into "Biblical criticism and the application of the hypothesis of evolution." (See "Life of Henry Drummond" by George Adam Smith, page 132).

"On his death bed, he (H. Drummond) said to Sir William Dawson: 'I am going away back to the Book to believe it and receive it, as I did at the first. I can live no longer on uncertainties.'" From "The Last Word of Great Scientists on Evolution" by J. J. Sims, page 8.

The late Marcus Dods was Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College, Edinburgh, and his son has published a number of his father's letters, in which are many expressions which show anything but peace of mind or spiritual optimism. Here is one extract: "I am a backslider, I used to enjoy prayer, but for years I have found myself dumb" . . . "There will be a grand turn up in matters theological, and the churches won't know themselves fifty years hence. It is to be hoped some little rag of faith may be left when all is done. For my own part I am sometimes entirely under water and see no sky at all."

Yet another case which shows us plainly the sad consequences of turning away from the Truth of God is that of George John Romanes, the distinguished biologist, a friend and co-worker with Darwin and

like him led away from the orthodox faith into evolution. (See "Thoughts on Religion," page 180).

For twenty-five years he could not pray. . . . He wrote a book entitled "A Candid Examination of Theism" publishing it under the assumed name "Physicus." In this book (see page 29, "Thoughts on Religion") he says: "When at times I think, as I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of the creed that once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it, at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible."

The above extract is part of William Jennings Bryan's undelivered speech who after quoting Romanes' words, went on to make his own comments upon them, as follows:

"Do these evolutionists stop to think of the crime they commit when they take faith out of the hearts of men and women and lead them out into a starless night. . . ."

"The world needs a Saviour more than it ever did before, and there is only one name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

Yes, Bryan was a Fundamentalist who put first things first, but he was ever ready to help in the cause of moral reforms, and he was a great champion of prohibition, and zealous for peace among the nations. Even those who differed from him yet acknowledged his honest sincerity and his ability as an orator. With regard to his book, "In His Image," when it was published, H. L. Pangborn in the New York Herald wrote: "This book is an event of importance. . . . Mr. Bryan has the courage of his convictions and realizes that revealed religion must rest squarely upon the validity of its revelation."

It was indeed a challenging book. But there are those who have counted its author as an enemy to religion and science, and who even regard his death as a blessing to Christianity.

The following is from the editorial page of "The New Outlook," Toronto, August 5th, 1925:

"And thus for the past half dozen years at least Mr. Bryan has done what he could to divide the great Christian Community of the United States into hostile and actively antagonistic camps, over an issue that has no possible relation to real religion at all. We say it is a tragedy; but does it not also come dangerously near to being a crime?"

Professor Machen writes "Presenting an issue sharply is indeed by no means a popular business at the present time. . . . clear-cut definition of terms in religious matters is by many persons regarded as an impious proceeding." See "Christianity and Liberalism" by J. Gresham Machen, chapter I, page 1).

Creation According to the Scriptures

Gen. I, 26, "God said, let us make man."

Gen. I, 27, "God created man."

Gen. II, 7, "The Lord God formed man."

Isa. XLIII, 7, "I have created him for my glory, I have formed him; Yea, I have made him."

Isa. XLIV, 9, "Shall the clay say to Him that fashioneth it, what makest thou?"

Isa. XXIX, 16, "Shall the work say of Him that made it, He made me not? or shall the thing framed say of Him that framed it, He hath no understanding."

John I, 1, 3, 10. Heb. I, 1, 2, 10. Eph. III, 9. Col. I, 16. Isa. XL, 12, 18. Heb. XI, 3. Job XXVI, 7. Isa. XL, 12-14, 22, 26, 28. Job. XXII, 14. Psa. VIII. Psa. XIX, 1-6. Deut. IV, 19. 2 Pet. III, 5-7.

IN comparing the findings of science with the Biblical record, Sir William Dawson, being a good Hebrew and Greek scholar had an immense advantage over the majority of scientists. In the course of a conversation, he urged that any one who aims to interpret the first chapter of Genesis should know something of what is there described, and the exact meaning in the original of the words used.

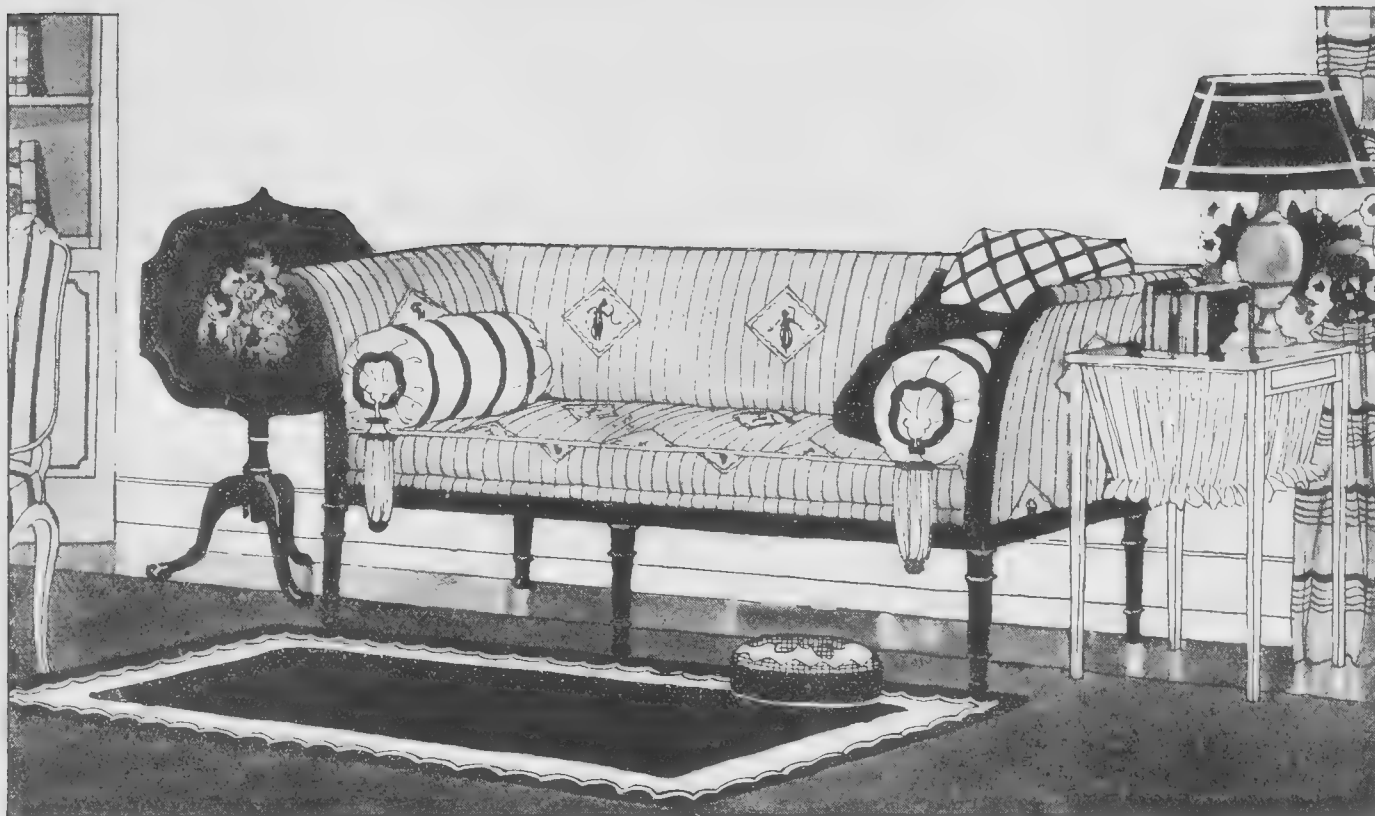
"Is there any real discrepancy between science and the book of Genesis?" Sir William was asked.

"In my judgment, none. I maintain that, so far as an inspired record can be compared with what is at best a record we work out for ourselves, the correspondence between the two is marvelous. To my mind the first chapter of Genesis, in the way which it has anticipated discovery and still holds the ground as something that cannot fairly be cavilled at, is itself a remarkable proof of the inspiration of the Bible. Those who attack Genesis either do not understand it or wilfully misrepresent it."

"What is your belief as to the origin of man?" he was asked.

"I know nothing about the origin of man except what I am told in the Scripture—that God created him. I do not know anything more than that, and I do not know anybody who does. I would say with Lord Kelvin that there is nothing in science that reaches the origin of anything at all. That man is a product,

Continued on page 87



Get Your Effect With Stripes

DO you want a background for a room that, whilst not actually plain, will nevertheless give you a setting against which you may carry out whatever you have in mind in the way of decorative pattern, gay design?

Do you want to bring to life a too-still effect—to introduce a feeling of vitality, vigor?

Do you want to use colours that are almost crude in their strength—and achieve your object in a most pleasing, harmonious manner?

These, and other things, you may do if you will study the possibilities in stripes. You are probably doing all of them now, even though you are unconscious of the fact. We introduce stripes here, there and everywhere, without realising that we are doing so. Look about you at the present moment. If you are in your living room, you can probably pick out several of them in a minute. The lines of the wood trim—baseboard, molding, panelling and so on; the broad or narrow striping of your floor boards, if you have a hardwood or a painted floor; the rows of books, red, blue, yellow, brown and green, upon their shelves; the very beadings and moldings on the furniture! Other rooms will reveal the same thing—the straight band of color on the dinner service or the gold line on the plain little white china teacups; the close lines in the pique or dimity bedspread; the stripe is everywhere, even in some of those things we should have casually considered plain.

The same thing is in a measure true of certain other conventional patternings, such as the check, the circle, the dot. These simple markings are so inconspicuous, in many of their uses, that they may be repeated endlessly without much danger of becoming monotonous. But the stripes, whilst sharing this sort of universal quality, has other attributes that make it much, much more valuable to us when we are faced with the ever-present question of further beautifying our homes.

There are two distinct kinds of striped fabrics which we find useful. First, we have the quiet, unassuming stripe that will drop into the background without a murmur of protest, leaving the spotlight to the gay bit of pattern which we have chosen to give the room its accent. Then we have the gay stripe which, given a plain background, will just as willingly take the centre of the stage and give the necessary life and action to the picture. And to tell the whole truth, these two, the self-effacing and the gayly dominating stripe, may be actually one and the same, for a piece of striped material will change its character according to the surroundings it is given; if there is an absence of other pattern, the stripes will take on added vigor, will stand out against the plain surfaces around them and achieve any decorative effect you ask of them; if, on the other hand, you bring a bit of gay design into the picture—a colourful printed linen chair covering, a joyful cretonne or vivid chintz, watch your stripes slip back towards the unpatterned fabrics and help to give prominence to the new arrival in the most unselfish way.

This dual personality of the stripe is probably one of the reasons that it has won for itself such a warm place in the hearts of interior decorators, everywhere. They know that they can count on it to play the leading part, to retire to the background or to fill in between the two.

*They Will Help You to Sound
Almost Any Note in the
Decorative Harmony*

By Katherine M. Caldwell

THE striped materials that come to us through the house furnishing stores and departments show a multitude of treatments. Sometimes they are in two-tone effects; again, they will show four or five richly blended colors; sometimes the colour values will be equally distributed; at others, there will be a decided ground colour, striped with broad and narrow bands of colors, distributed with a nice regard for the strength of each; one fabric will be strongly accented by a stripe of some given color; another will be a soft blending in which one is scarcely conscious of the individual colors that make it up.

So we pay our penny (a large or a small one, as we please, for stripes come in everything from the most inexpensive cottons to the loveliest products of the silk mills) and take our choice. With almost a minimum of experience or even taste to guide us, we can feel fairly safe about the effects we shall achieve through this simple and helpful medium.

Let us consider, for a moment, the striped wall. There is just one good argument that may be used against it, if you are thinking of a striped wall paper; that is the wall itself. If your plaster is smooth and even, without any of the bumps and curves which we occasionally encounter in plastered walls, then you may go ahead and stripe it to your heart's content; but if there are any irregularities in the wall's surface, then you will be well advised to forego a striped wall-paper, for it would emphasize every little uneven place you have noticed and show you many more; use, instead, some small all-over pattern, keeping it as shadowy and indistinct as you please, if you want a rather neutral and unobtrusive background; it will disguise the uneven surface thoroughly and will at the same time give you a splendid background against which to use some striped materials in curtains, furniture coverings and so forth.

If you have no difficulty such as this to contend with, you will find a good stripe very satisfactory as a wall covering. There is one point to watch in making your selection; guard against the tendency to dazzle, that is a property of certain narrow stripes. Take ordinary ticking for instance, such as the housekeeper uses to cover her pillows, you know how dazzling it generally is. The same characteristic is sometimes evident in the so-called satin-stripe papers, so it is well to be on the watch for it.

The striped papers come in self-color and are particularly pleasing in the ivory tones, in pale grey and soft pastels. Sometimes the stripe is floral and it may be slightly irregular—the upward trail of a soft-hued garland. These are principally found amongst the bedroom papers. The more formal papers will use the stripe in achieving the most dignified effects, by holding to the strictly conventional design.

It is in the world of fabrics, however, that the stripe comes truly into its own. Here we find every advantage taken of its adaptability, its fitness for a multitude of treatments. We can find it in colors subdued or

gay, strong primary colours or soft, subtle harmonies, surprising combinations, sometimes, or the most commonly used tones of the most commonly used colors, combined with completely satisfying effect. Is it any wonder, then, that to the home furnisher who seems to have reached an impasse, we say, "try a stripe," and feel that nine chances out of ten, she will solve her problem?

LET us look, for instance, at the room that has been carefully planned, with a nice eye to balancing its plain and patterned surfaces. The walls are practically solid colour, a satisfying fawn or grey or taupe, perhaps, that make an excellent ground for the fairly bold design of the chintz chair covers; but what shall the curtains be? The same chintz? Too much, you may say, of that rather assertive pattern. The plain fabric used on the big couch and which tones in with the carpet so well? Perhaps—but wouldn't that make a great deal of that rather sombre color? Well, then—what about introducing a striped material at the windows, combining the plain tone with one or two of the colors used in the chintz? It will have more life than the plain dark color, and can still be kept entirely below the chintz in interest.

Again, we bring a striped upholstery material into good use by covering perhaps a chair or two with it; we can be quite clever about stressing the one colour in the stripe that we want to accent, by tossing a plain cushion in exactly the right tone, across its striped arm; or we may use our stripe to blend the colors we are using in various masses; the rather large expanses of taupe and blue, for instance, in walls, rug and chair covers, are brought together in a striped fabric at the windows and in one or two pieces of furniture—stripes of the taupe and blue, with terra cotta added, perhaps, or a warm golden tone and maybe a touch of violet and rose to give life to it; or a fine rich red may enter, with the blue, soft green, etc., all on a deep cream ground. You can add as much or as little vigor as you like, when you go into stripes. Richness, too; you have probably noticed the little feeling of luxury when two or three pieces of furniture are covered with a broad black and dull gold stripe? It does something quite noticeable to a room that is done in quiet rich colors.

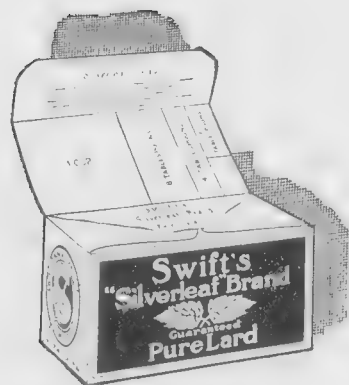
That is one of the pleasant things about striped fabrics. You can bring them into your composition any place and any time that you see the opportunity to do so advantageously. The single chair that requires a new cover—whether of the permanent or slip-on variety; the new side curtains; fresh cushion covers; the new chesterfield—or the comfortable old sofa or the narrow camp cot that is about to assume a disguise and so bring its share of coziness and comfort into the family living room this winter. When you feel that to put a piece of fresh blue alongside that which has already given a season or two of good service would be unwise, or you do not want to use more of the fade-proof material than you have in the room already—consider a piece of sun-proof striped cotton, linen, silk or mixed material; its effect on the older fabrics in the room will probably be to improve them; it will be most unlikely, if they have retained any claim to respectability at all, to act on them in a discouraging manner.

Continued on page 80

*"Best to buy
for bake or fry"*



WHAT a variety of tempting pastries can be easily made with Swift's Silverleaf Lard. It makes crusts that are so delicate and flaky, so crisp and tender, they seem to melt in your mouth. But more than this you'll want it also for the fine flavor it gives to biscuits, muffins and the like, and to all sorts of fried foods.



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The England of Today

Ellery Sedgewick, Editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" Gives His Impressions of England, in the London "Spectator"

THE "Spectator" is good enough to ask me for a brief summary of impressions gained during a recent visit to England. Since the only interest in such impressions comes from the candour of the record, I take it for granted that I may speak without conscious reservation. My feeling for England is too genuine to admit of offering offence, and when none is meant none should be taken.

Gone, it seems to me, is the old buoyancy of England. A less coherent confidence has taken its place. The Englishman still swears by England's future, but in his asseveration there is a touch of the irrational optimist. The American asks where British markets are to come from. He points to the portentous decline in the key industry of coal. He mentions the steady contraction of her natural resources. He cites the appalling cost of Empire, not in pounds sterling, though that is heavy enough, but in the costlier export of administrative capacity. That sentence of exile which the generations annually pronounce on the ablest graduates of the Universities, condemning them to administer the destinies of alien peoples and to neglect their own, is the heaviest tribute a nation ever paid. These are the young men England herself most needs. To such persistent inquiry there is no formulated reply. The Englishman is merely constitutionally hopeful. "In some way we'll muddle through."

"Muddle through!" What an archaic shibboleth for the world we live in. It belonged to the era when volunteers won wars and science in industry was a shadowy surmise.

Not while I was in England, though I frequently read Parliamentary reports, did I hear any serious insistence on the be-all and end-all of essential reform—unsparing, pitiless economy. Men talked of the extension of the Insurance Act as if a purely abstract question of desirability were under debate. The grim prospect of Britain's shouldering another thirty million pounds or so annually hardly entered into the question. The papers heavily discussed the incidence of the expense and the prospective shares of employer, employee, and State just as if every penny's burden must not in the end fall on the tax-payer. The truth is that when for years billions have filled men's mouths (though not their stomachs or their pockets) mere millions have an airy, unsubstantial sound.

Discussions like this set the visitor wondering whether the bankers' policies (keeping Britain's credit high, her sterling at parity, cost what it may in flat deflation and in taxing to the limit of endurance) will in the unrolling struggle prove the folly of Germany's method of organizing industry and letting credit go hang. Honesty as well as tradition have guided British policy. Can they save British trade? All honor to the experiment. Will it be paid in any other coin? Come good, come ill, these policies are the perfect expression of a public courage which has not, I imagine, been greatly surpassed since Roman times. Every American takes his hat off to this universal equanimity in times of stress. There is an "of course" in men's attitude, a complete lack of emotion which stifles action in the observer. The sense of weary cheerfulness, if I may say so, hovering about it all is quite unmatched.

If I were to name another quality salient as English courage, it would be English lack of prejudice. You see it in the colleges, where the cranks are left in peace and a boy (or a don for that matter) may be as odd as his Maker intended him to be. You watch it daily at Hyde Park Corner. You notice it in London clubs when no one starts a pogrom in the Election Committee if a Jew comes for membership. You hear it at anybody's table when Bolshevism is discussed as a political theory rather than as a crime. Even the case for France presented by a Frenchman is accorded a decent hearing, and the Germans are very seldom "Huns."

It is a curious thing that while tolerance is the cornerstone of democratic theory, Britain alone among democracies really regards it as a virtue.

Of the twin birthrights of an Englishman—horse-racing and politics—only the former keeps its ancient estate. Politics are become too political. Free from the taint of economics they have lost prestige. Here and there even—ominous omen—someone remarks that politics are the scum on deep waters. Still the tradition persists of politics for politics' sake, and you watch the daily Parliamentary phenomenon of further partition of England's wealth when it is obvious that there is not enough at present to go round. I do not wish to speak slightly of this, for I believe a passion for justice is rooted in English character. What I would emphasize is the lack of insistence on the undoubted fact that if all Englishmen are to be well paid then England's patrimony must be increased. Division may be just, but it is an imperfect remedy for the lack of food, housing, and the things which make life pleasant.

The fountain-head of politics, Parliament itself, lacks its old distinction both intellectual and personal. On both sides of the water political Death loves a shining

mark, and men of eminence content themselves with other careers. It is hard saying, but the House of Commons does not strike the observer as a more remarkable body than our own Congress.

Even the most cursory comment on England today must touch upon beneficent social improvement. Drunkenness is declining. Slums are receding. Crime itself grows visibly less. Only gambling, a more virulent humor in the blood than perhaps the English realize, is increasing through all ranks of society. Yes, it behoves the American critic to think increasingly of the order of his own house. The sins and blots of England's civilization are on the ebb, but her vital throbbing forces—are they, too, near the turn of the tide?

No fair-minded American disputes the intellectual predominance of England. It is a superficial observation, with just enough truth to leave a sting, that in my country half the population talks of nothing but dress, and the other half of nothing but business. In England (except on Derby Day) one feels intellectual currents running at high voltage. More grossly ignorant in the masses, the classes have the advantage of us. English writing is far better than ours (though the newspapers by and large are not); English thinking is more diversified, more intense, more fruitful, and more unselfish. Only the arts of painting and architecture (the last with glorious exceptions) lag behind.

In the central ugliness of Trafalgar Square the American listens at the heart of an organism mightier than anything his nation has conceived. Stand quiet a moment and the thrill is tremendous. Here still is the very centre of the world.

National Characteristics

"A.R." in the "Manchester Guardian" Says England's Democratic Neighbors Cannot Understand the Actions of Her Elite

THE American press has been hailing us as democrats because our King shakes hands with a tourist from the States. The French have been dismissing us as aristocrats because our King rides on a toy railway at Wembley. What a slap in the face is here for the pessimist who says that the world is standardized and that the Babbits of London and Paris have just the same ideas as their brother in New York! For, reading the American and the French comments on these two incidents, one finds it impossible to decide whether the praise or the blame gives the false picture of English ideas. The American papers talk as though King George's handshake was a self-conscious, democratic "gesture," a recognition that all men are the same whether they wear crowns or Stetson hats. Whereas the truth is, as all Englishmen and apparently no Americans realize, that the King was polite not because he is a doctrinaire democrat, but because he is a gentleman and dislikes scenes in public. Had he snubbed his handshaker there might have been a scene, so his subjects, who would rather die than be guilty of a pushfulness that in the English view is appalling bad manners, feel that he did the right thing, while feeling at the same time no particular resentment against the American, who is excused as intending no offence and as acting up to a quite intelligible code accepted in his country but not in ours. So much for our being democrats as the term is understood across the Atlantic. We must refuse to be decked with that particular laurel wreath. Are we to accept instead the cap fitted on to us by our critics across the Channel?

They say that the King may wander about the Exhibition and Admiral Jellicoe slide down a spiral toboggan because we are a caste-ridden nation. The gulf between our classes is so deep that nothing our leaders do can lower them in the eyes of the people. Our officers can play football with their men, but when the game is over the gulf remains. Marshal Foch, if he whisked down a waterchute, would find that he had left his baton at the top. His dignity would have been lost, and in a democracy like France a great man dare not compromise his dignity without running the risk of losing his office.

Our classes, it is true, strike the eye even of a foreign visitor. There are no institutions in France that stamp a man so obviously as do public schools. But when one has granted that, one has stated the only accurate thing in the French analysis of the Wembley exploits of our rulers. The real reason why Admiral Jellicoe mounts a toboggan and Marshal Foch mounts nothing less impressive than a warhorse is that the English sailor enjoys fooling while the French soldier does not understand it. If M. Poincaré knew that he could increase his popularity by disporting himself at Neuilly Fair he would only do so as a painful political necessity. If Mr. Baldwin knew that his Ministry would fall if he were seen amusing himself in a frivolous manner he might very well slip off incognito and chance being found out by the photographers. Apart altogether from how their antics appeal to their countrymen most middle-aged Englishmen are fond of a rag, and all middle-aged Frenchmen have never

heard of such a thing. Like dogs, Englishmen keep young at heart when they are old in years, but, like cats, Frenchmen give to each age and rank the behavior to which it is entitled. While they are kittens they gambol, and when they are mature they keep up an appropriate dignity. But this difference between us and our neighbors is not to be explained away as a class distinction. It goes far deeper than that—it has its roots in the beginnings of our two histories, and it accounts for more important matters than the Amusement Park at Wembley.

The shortest cut to making this clear is a flat reversal of the French verdict, a declaration that we have never had a caste system and that the French have always had one. Up to the Revolution (only five generations ago) they supported a rigid caste which had come down to them without a break from the Middle Ages, which was hedged about by the sternest formality, and to which we have experienced no parallel. Our ruling caste has always been fluid and open to new blood. At no time in our history was it not being enriched by the sinking of some of its members and the addition of others from below. Even in normal periods this process was at work, and crises like the Tudor Reformation and the Industrial Revolution acted as social earthquakes. So our classes were too much subject to a "circulation of the elite" for them to become static and to have their privileges legally recognized, as happened in France. The oddity that French critics have just noticed about them has traditionally puzzled Europe.

The relations between our officers and men in Armada days perplexed the Spanish dons, and the Georgian squire of the Western type who could get drunk with his farmers without losing "face" was unique outside, perhaps, Germany.

As soon as the Revolution swept away their aristocrats the French fell instantly under another caste system, that of the bureaucracy which the Republic set up and which remains to this day meticulously tenacious of its privileges to an extent that in England would provoke a revolution. But this fact that France has always acknowledged a caste and that we have never done so is a symptom and not a cause of our attitude towards personal dignity. The French are the oldest civilized people in the West. Their culture traces an unbroken descent from Rome. And this settled way of life has flourished in a stable agricultural land where comfort was easily accessible but sudden prosperity was out of reach. The French, therefore, have traditionally been accustomed to making the most of what they had without gambling to increase it. Each one of them has always been perpetually conscious of the status he possessed. Honors have sat gracefully but not lightly upon them. Our own experience has been precisely opposite. We had hardly finished assimilating our various stocks and clearing our island of its primitive forests and adventuring on the Continent when the New World was discovered and geography had rushed us into a fresh adventure. Circumstances have incessantly led us to tackle new tasks. We have never sat down to sip the flavor of our achievement and to regulate our lives on a systematic pattern. Looking back regretfully towards the past and distrustful of the future, we have nevertheless been hurried forward. Had we the French past behind us we might have their decorum. But we have gambled through the centuries and have had no leisure to pick up a single fixed theory. Our rulers are not ashamed to join in ordinary amusements because they have no theory of the dignity of rank. They seize, indeed, all the practical advantages they can from it. They are proud, but they do not stop to analyse or to decide just what are all the theoretical implications of their pride. On the whole this seems the wiser plan. Rigidity such as is bred out of an ancient, stable society like the French needs a shock to make it move with the times. Our fluidity moves naturally. So before a French caste can be moved a revolution has to be staged, while we have never had a real revolution. It is because they shun waterchutes that the rulers of France have sometimes to face barricades. It is for the same reason that France stands today a lonely, dignified figure seeking to revive a settlement of the world that we with our indifference to formality know to be dead. It explains why Paris and not Oxford is the true home of lost causes.—A. R.



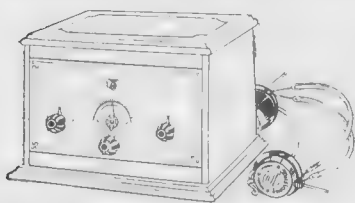
GRACE
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1925

The NEW RADIO

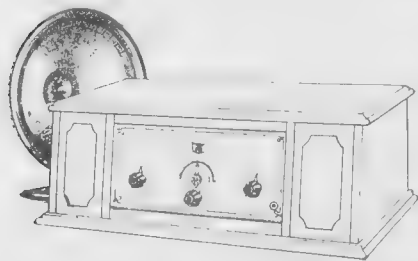
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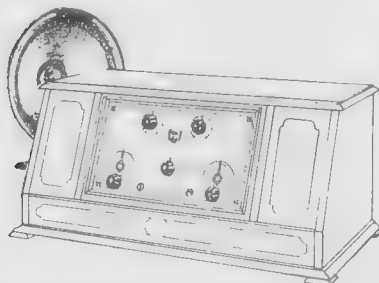
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R-2—A two tube receiver utilizing a coupled circuit tuner, regenerative detection and one stage A. F. Amplification. Mahogany cabinet. \$55



R-3—A three-tube receiver employing a coupled circuit tuner, regenerative detection and 2 stages of A.F. amplification. Unusually selective. Mahogany cabinet \$84



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HERE is the NEW RADIO—the achievement on which three of the most successful organizations in the industry have been working. Sponsored by outstanding names in radio inventiveness and productive skill. Designed and built in Canada expressly to meet Canadian conditions. Bringing a new conception of tone, of beauty, of completeness, of simplicity and efficiency.

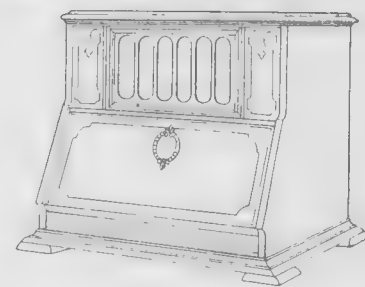
Take Model R5, depicted above, as typical. Gone are all the "squeaks", "howls" and "hisses". It instantly gives the studio programme, clean and clear, with life-like realism. Gone is the uncertainty and guess-work—you can "log" this set with precision, getting a station at a fixed point on the scale every time, and "tuning out" unwanted programmes with ease.

Gone is the untidy mess of wires and exposed batteries, the ugly black panel, the mechanical look. Instead—a compact unit, bat-

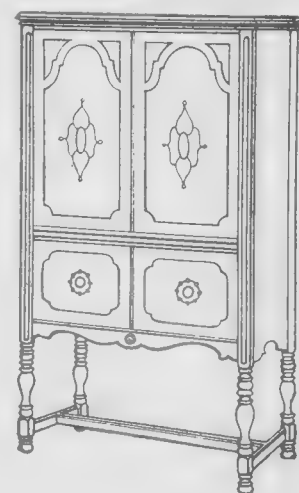
teries and tubes all enclosed in a beautiful cabinet fashioned in two-tone mahogany by Canada's finest furniture craftsmen. A dull satin-black panel from which the indicating marks gleam like burnished gold.

To such refined completeness, such delightful tone, such unfailing precision and simplicity Radio had to come. And, in attaining it, DeForest & Crosley engineers have established a standard of dollar-for-dollar value never before available in Canada.

All DeForest & Crosley prices include Westinghouse Radiotrons, "Musicone" headset, grid leak and phone plug. The only necessary extras are batteries and aerial equipment.



R-5A—The same special type of five-tube tuned R.F. Circuit as in the R-5 cabinet. In selected walnut. A special type of loud-speaker unit built in. \$275



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Name
Address

Education and Its Costs

"IF there are neither soul, nor heaven, nor hell," said Martin Luther, "it would still be necessary to have schools for the education of the people, for the sake of things here below in this world, as the history of the Greeks and the Romans plainly teaches." There cannot be enlightened public opinion without education. The question is. How far are our schools and colleges and universities successful in fulfilling the measure of their possibilities in providing enlightened public opinion. Nearly one in every four persons in Canada is in attendance at a school or college or university, according to a review of the educational activities of the Dominion which has just been issued by the Bureau of Statistics at Ottawa. The total annual cost is set forth in this official bulletin as \$112,672,000. In the face of these figures, it cannot be claimed that Canada is neglecting its educational responsibility. So great an outlay means considerable sacrifice on the part of those who have to provide the money. Many people are asking whether the cost is not too great, and whether the best possible results which should accrue from so large expenditure are being secured in full measure. These questions are heard in the Provincial Legislature, they are raised by public speakers on many occasions, they are discussed in letters to newspapers and in newspaper editorials. There are no public questions more important. All other public questions are, in fact, subsidiary to these questions. When the best results possible are secured, from the best possible educational systems in schools, colleges and universities, there will be a fully enlightened public opinion to see to it that all other public questions are dealt with rightly. Of all public expenditures, the money rightly spent on education is the money best spent. And in no other public expenditures is it more important that for every dollar spent there is the best obtainable value secured.

Unraveling the Fathom

WHO has not experienced the sensation of awakening out of a dream in which there was an illuminating explanation of some problem—an explanation, alas, which vanished with the dream! For a few moments before you are fully awake, the wonder and glory of the great solution which came to you in your dream seem to shine vaguely before you on the edge of consciousness, to be succeeded by a momentary feeling of confusion and puzzled regret, and then, when you are wide awake, inability to remember definitely what the great solution was. In a recent book the story is told of a writer who fell asleep in his chair, woke up suddenly, looked around him in a bewildered way, and then wrote down immediately a sentence which in his dream had seemed to be the summing up of all wisdom. He had dreamed that he was writing a book which kept getting wiser and wiser, more and more profound, more and more wonderful in its solution of the problems of humanity, until it came to that marvelous closing sentence; "Thus we have unfathomed the ravel, and unraveled the fathom." By the time he had written these words down he was thoroughly awake. He looked at them again, and began to laugh. The wonderful sentence which had had such a profundity of meaning in his dream and had seemed so full of illuminating wisdom, was nothing but a meaningless jargon. Strange things go on when we are dreaming. When we are awake we see things in a clearer light. But sometimes, even when we imagine ourselves to be most widely awake, we may think for a moment that we have unfathomed the ravel and unraveled the fathom.

Kingdoms, Dominions and Colonies

IN a recent address, the Governor-General, Lord Byng, made the suggestion that the name of the Dominion be changed to the Kingdom. That was one of the names considered by the Fathers of Confederation when the Dominion was being established. Sir John A. MacDonald who was afterwards the first Prime Minister of the Dominion, originated the suggestion that the name Kingdom be used. He explained in a letter that the idea was given up to avoid "hurting the feelings of the Yankees." Professor Trotter, whose book entitled "Canadian Federation" is one of the latest authoritative books on the Constitution of Canada, suggests that the term Kingdom of Canada was intended to denote "a national status in the Empire," and adds that "Lord Stanley suggested that this monarchical term might offend the republican susceptibilities of the United States, and accordingly another title was found in the old word Dominion." There is a tradition that after giving up the term Kingdom, the Fathers of Confederation, having in view the approach of the time when the Provinces of Canada would span the continent, took the term Dominion from the eighth verse of the 72nd Psalm: "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea." Recently a change was made in London, by which there is to be hereafter a secretary of State for Dominion Affairs. Until now the Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs, or Colonial Secretary as he has been termed for short, has been the Minister in the British Government who has had to do with the relations between Great Britain and all the overseas parts of the Empire. After this there will be a Minister charged with the relations between Great Britain and the self-governing Dominions; his colleague in the Cabinet, the Colonial Secretary will attend to affairs in connection with the many Crown Colonies within the far-flung Empire.

The Philosopher

About Laws and Life

ON the editorial page of one of the Winnipeg newspapers the following editorial from the St. Paul Pioneer Press was quoted one day within the past fortnight, without any comment:

Eleven thousand murders in the United States in 1924. And not one in 200 of the perpetrators paid the death penalty. Probably two-thirds of them went free. We are a sentimental people. We are strong for mercy. Mercy for those who kill. And by our mercy for the guilty we encourage the slaying of 11,000 innocents in this country in a year. We make countless laws. We regulate personal conduct to the nth degree. We make possession of empty whisky bottles a crime. And then when we catch a murderer and convict him, lacking a rational excuse for leniency we invent a new kind of disease, solemnly say he has it and so save his precious neck. We cover the pages of our statute books with unenforceable acts, give our people a liberal education in contempt for all law, cram our jails full of petty violators, and then when confronted with the logical consequence of the whole mess we free our murderers and armed bandits in herds.

It is strange that the St. Paul paper had no other comment to make on the facts set forth than the remark that the people of the United States are "a sentimental people," which the Winnipeg paper used as a headline for the foregoing extract. Surely there is more to be said about it than that. Surely there is an obvious comment to be made, which has its application in due degree in our own country as well as in the States. It is true, as the St. Paul paper says, that there is an endless multiplicity of laws in the States. The rapidly growing complexity of life causes that. Just as with the traffic on the main thoroughfares of a great city, so with human life. The more complicated it becomes, the more traffic regulations there must be. But the safety and welfare and progress of humanity can never depend on laws. They can be made secure only by the desire and capacity of people to govern themselves from within and live rightly. This is the only foundation that can endure. If there is not this solid foundation, the whole structure of laws is built upon shifting sand, and the higher and more massive it is built, the greater is the danger of its crashing down in disaster. The constantly increasing strain of modern life can be met not with laws but by self-control of our inward lives. That means real education and real religion. These are the only two forces that approach life not from without, as laws do, but from within. Humanity has gone pretty nearly far enough for a while in controlling and using the powers and forces there are in the physical world. The greatest need now is control of our inward lives, which is what religion means. Laws are external. The desire to live justly and make the baser part of our nature obey the spiritual part is internal. This inward development is the greatest need in the world today.

Human Sounds and Animal Sounds

IMITATION by one animal of the beast made by another is a thing unknown. Among birds such imitation occurs only in the mocking birds and their relatives and in parrots. The parrot is the only creature which imitates the sound made by human beings. Their art is similar to that of the ventriloquist, who somehow manages to produce human sounds in an unhuman way. Only an exceptionally gifted human being can imitate a bird or a beast as closely as a parrot can imitate human speech—how, and why, the parrot does it is a mystery to science. Most of our human imitations of the sounds made by beasts and birds are very poor imitations, indeed; but they have become so established, after generations of use, that we think we hear them from the beasts and birds themselves. We have only to use our ears to realize that a dog doesn't say "bow-wow," or a cat "meow," or a duck "quack-quack," or a rooster "cock-a-doodle-doo," or a cow "moo," or a crow "caw," or a sheep "baa." In this connection it is interesting to note that in French the sound made by the rooster is "cocorico," and the gobbling remark made by the turkey is "glou-glou." In Italy the way to repeat what the cat says is "gnau," or, as we should spell it approximately, "nceow." The dog barks not "bow-wow," but "ow-ow," if you listened to the modern Greeks (who in this follow the ancient Greeks) and the Italians and the Germans. The fact is that the dog cannot make a "b" sound, nor can the cat make an "m" sound. The Philosopher has heard Ernest Thompson Seton imitate the chuckling notes of the ground lark and also the notes of many other birds admirably, as well as the sounds made by several animals. Moose hunters, with the aid of birchbark megaphone, imitate moose calls well enough to deceive the moose themselves. But ordinarily the attempts made by human beings to imitate animal sounds are crudeness itself. In most cases we merely substitute human sounds for animal sounds, in a way which the animals we try to imitate would probably regard with amused contempt.

A Distinction and a Difference

SURELY a measure of the civilization of a people is furnished by their general attitude towards dumb animals. In all right-minded, really civilized persons the deliberate infliction of cruelty upon a dumb animal causes horror and indignation; it is something which they will instantly do everything in their power to stop. In discussing this subject recently, The Philosopher had it said to him that certain animals are cruel to other animals. But is this the truth? Is a cat cruel to a mouse? Before this question can be answered, we must have a clear idea of what cruelty is. The word "cruel" is quite commonly applied to the infliction of pain, the causing of suffering, without consideration of the question whether there is a guilty mind determining it. A writer describing an icy blast blowing from the north in midwinter, will say that the wind was "cruelly cold." That is a figure of speech. The wind cannot be really cruel, in the sense of having a deliberate intention of inflicting cruelty. In the same way a cat, or a tiger, may be called cruel; but it is probably not true to make such an assertion. These animals take pleasure in playing with their prey, as they would with an inanimate ball, or a mechanical toy. There is no reason to believe that they are conscious that they are inflicting pain, or that they take pleasure in inflicting pain. There is not the same excuse for human beings who disregard the pain they cause, whether to other human beings, or to dumb animals, in the pursuit of some all-absorbing and consuming purpose. It may be due more to lack of thought than to lack of heart. But that is not a valid plea in defence of cruelty.

Different Kinds of Truth

A GREAT deal of digging into old records in London is now being done. Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London, who died five hundred years ago, was never a poor boy, it appears now. He did not set forth from his native village penniless, with only his cat to keep him company; and the legend that he was losing heart and was about to turn back when he heard the bells of a church chiming "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London," is only a legend. But The Philosopher, for one, is sorry to have the truth about Sir Richard Whittington, instead of that old familiar legend; and in this The Philosopher is sure he is far from being alone. There may be a few people of the tribe of Mr. Gradgrind, who will rub their hands cheerfully over the destruction of another legend, the banishment of another illusion. Such people are to be pitied. They are the ones who want to have the Santa Claus done away with. They would deprive childhood of much of its happiness if they could. But, fortunately, they cannot. As for the story of Dick Whittington and his cat and the message he heard in the chime of the church bells, it will continue to be believed by generation after generation of children. Matter-of-fact truth is only one kind of truth. There are others. After we have grown out of childhood into mental maturity, we realise that there is truth of science, and truth of religion, which is the deepest truth; and that truth of science does not become truth of religion until it is made religious. The man who prefers to wear the blinkers of materialism can never see a real truth in its entirety.

A Warfare Which Never Ceases

THE endless ways in which the lives of animals and plants are interwoven with the lives of other animals and plants, often obscurely and unexpectedly, came home to The Philosopher recently when he saw the care with which a good housewife made an examination to see whether moths had got into winter garments which had been stored away. The grub of the clothes moth, which can work such havoc in woollens and in furs is a very small animal. And wheat rust is a fungus, an exceedingly small plant which causes havoc to the extent of very many millions of dollars worth every summer. Man has carefully taken a number of animals and plants and cultivated them during countless generations as food-givers, as sources of clothing and other materials useful to him. But he finds that an immense number of other creatures, including very many tribes of insects, and of plants, too, with exactly the same self-seeking habit, make use of him and of his animals and plants which he cultivates, and do so with a complete disregard of his convenience, treating him and his arrangement as so much available "food stuff," and showing not an atom of respect for him as "the lord of creation." The warfare against these hostile animals and insects and plants man has been carrying on with increasing skill and knowledge from the earliest times of which we have any record. In recent decades the increase in that knowledge has been rapid, especially the increase of knowledge about the microscopic germs of disease. Between the larger depredators, among which the rat is highly important, on the one hand, and the microscopic depredators, including disease germs (of which some are so minute that they are beyond the reach of the microscope as yet) and the bacteria and mould-producing spores (to which putrefaction is due and without which it would never occur) there is an innumerable host of small troublesome creatures belonging chiefly to the group of animals called insects—beetles, moths, flies and bugs—which give man incessant occupation in warding off their attacks on his food, his clothes, his furniture, his buildings, his crops and fruit trees and his domestic animals. This is a warfare which never ceases.

What radio set shall I buy?

WITH radio as an industry taking solid form, with radio research and engineering agreed on fundamentals, with values of radio products definitely established, frank statement runs no risk of misinterpretation or of becoming a disorganizing factor in a new art.

In this message to the public the Canadian General Electric Co. will endeavour to pierce some of the clouds of exaggeration and conflicting claims which have been surrounding the sale of radio receiving sets.

It will attempt, simply and frankly, to answer the questions uppermost in the mind of every prospective radio purchaser.

Of these, the first and most important question naturally is

"WHAT RADIO SET SHALL I BUY?"

The essentials of a perfect radio set (so far as perfection is possible) are four:

1. **QUALITY OF TONE**—reproducing the human voice and instrumental music without mechanical impairment.
2. **SELECTIVITY**—enabling the user to choose broadcasting from any station without interference from another nearby station.
3. **VOLUME**—bringing in the program you select, full and clear.

4. **DEPENDABILITY**—achieved by standards maintained day by day, under every condition, and upon every occasion—assuring you all these qualities, plus long distance reception, and uninterrupted enjoyment as long as the set is in use.

Of the millions of owners of radio receiving sets, not a few will probably admit that a constantly sustained perfection on all four points may not yet be possible.

But the owners of radio sets are reasonable.

They are willing to accept the miracles of the modern receiving set, thanking heaven that they live in a period when even those from the simplest and most remote homes, can enjoy front seats at the opera, an arm-chair at the ring-side, reports from the football or baseball field, and a little more of the Bible than reached them before the advent of radio.

Although the Radiola of today marks a tremendous advance over the instruments available two years ago, the first Radiolas are still the subject of complimentary references in the correspondence received by this Company.

For, after all, in buying a Radiola, of any type or at any price, the purchaser has the assurance of becoming the owner of a product in which the highest form of scientific research and engineering has been combined with quality of materials and manufacturing skill.

Radiolas by C.G.E. chosen by *Brunswick*

The Brunswick-Balke Collender Company of Canada, Ltd., after conducting a thorough investigation coupled with a series of experiments in their own laboratories, selected C.G.E. Radiola equipment to the exclusion of all other radio receivers for use in their combination instruments.

The Brunswick Company's experts saw in the C.G.E. Radiola Super-Heterodyne a fundamental and basic principle of radio reception, permanent in value and not likely to be superseded by an overnight development.

This endorsement coming from a concern so highly respected in the talking machine industry, speaks volumes for C.G.E. Radiola equipment.

When shall I buy a Radio Set?

The radio art has progressed to a point where famous scientists are willing to say that it is doubtful whether any basically better reception circuit is apt to come from the laboratories.

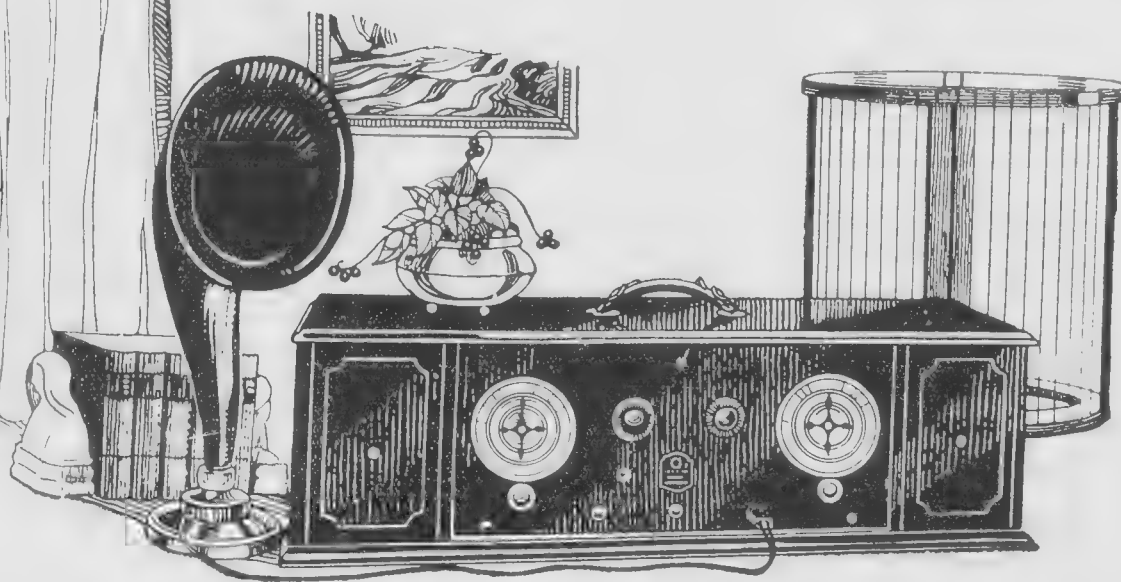
Fundamentally, the SUPER-HETERODYNE marked the location of rock beneath the sand and gravel. It is the foundation on which future Radiolas will be built.

And there are other good Radiolas—Radiolas requiring aerials, but which bring the full miracle of radio into your homes—selling for as low a price as \$35.00, and the reputation and skill of C.G.E. are behind them.

And so we say, buy your Radio Set now.

Provided it is a Radiola on which the name of the Canadian General Electric Company appears, you run no risk of disappointment.

RL12A



Radiola



A Canadian General Electric Product

With the Doukhobors in Western Canada

Reminiscences of a School Teacher

By Merle K. Hutcherson

SINCE hearing of the tragic death of Peter Verigin, leader of the Doukhobors, my thoughts have been travelling back to the little Doukhobor settlement of Glade which lies on the Kootenay River in British Columbia. It would be in Brilliant, the community headquarters, that the more accurate information would be obtained regarding their movements, but if it were possible to return I would go back to Glade.

For I am filled not so much with curiosity as with wonderings. Of what are the men talking who stand in groups

I learned that the Doukhobors did not approve of the playing of musical instruments. Later I found that they do not eat flesh, nor do they join in war or take the life of any living thing.

As we crossed the river I heard singing and was reminded, due perhaps to nervousness regarding the ukulele, of a childhood story of children being taken across a river to the Dark Forest where unknown dangers awaited them but where sweet yearning voices sang a welcome.

downstairs a huge kitchen and a front room, barely furnished with tables and long wooden benches. At meal times all gather in the kitchen to eat the food that has been prepared by two women of the village. These women are selected each week to take their turn in the community cooking. Upstairs are some half dozen sleeping rooms which are occupied, for the most part, by elderly couples whose families are grown and away. Here the young girls also have their pretty immaculate bedrooms. In the rear, on the ground floor, are a series of rooms enclosing a grass court and here the families with little children live. There are seldom more than two or three children in each of these families but on these children the parents lavish a care and pride that would surprise many a Canadian father or mother.

Some distance back of the villages and standing on the highest shelf of land, is the church. It is huge in structure, painted a bluish-grey and stands lonely and mysterious in the mists that rise from the river towards the mountains, spreading a quiet influence over the homes below. It is an emblem of the devout and earnest faith of these people. I was too tired to appreciate the church on the night of my arrival. All the friendly little welcoming ones had evinced fear of the last stretch of our journey, so with many farewells and good wishes we were left to finish our way alone. There were many stairs to climb before reaching the second floor where neatly furnished rooms for housekeeping had been supplied to the teachers. Here we lived. There is a verandah around the entire building at this floor where we slept for many a night with the stars and mountains for company. This was a habit on our part that the Doukhobors found it hard to understand.

In the huge room below we taught school. A wooden partition had been built which gave a little privacy to each of the class rooms. This could be taken down each Friday night in preparation of the Sabbath service held in the early hours on Sunday morning. On Saturday came a flock of women and little girls, laden with pails and scrubbing brushes, to bring further order to the place. They



There they sat kerchiefed, long skirted and old-fashioned

on the little cable ferry or gather in the ferryman's shack in the evenings? What are the calm-eyed mothers telling their little ones now that their great protector on earth has been taken away? What are the young people thinking and saying; the boys who were dressing so carefully and speaking English so well and the girls who were wearing their hair in a bob and shortening their full skirts when I left a few years ago? And most of all I am wondering about those bright eyed, joyous little boys who came to school and who covered our English curriculum in such an eager sweep. Some of them will be taking their place in the work and thought of the settlement now. We teachers have held a great faith in those little fellows as future citizens of Canada.

In looking back I do not think that there have been any two years of my life quite so filled with laughter, tears and golden memories as those two years of school teaching spent in Glade. In the first place there was my entrance to the place. I had heard very little concerning the seat of my new school but held an impression that it was quiet and unexciting, and it was in expectation of this that my ukulele was taken along to help wile the hours away. It would not have been so bad, no doubt, if it had had a covering, but it did not. I got off the Kettle Valley train one lonely night and looked bravely about me, my suit-case in one hand and my ukulele in the other.

Arrangements had been made for my teaching companion, who had already taught for some time in Glade and was greatly beloved by the people, to meet me. She had come up the day before to prepare for my coming, as it were, but I was hardly ready for her welcoming greeting. "Put that thing under your coat, quickly," she shouted from the distance, trying meanwhile to spread herself enough to hide me from eager eyes on the platform. Luckily I felt insignificant enough at that stage of my teaching career to obey without protest and concluding hastily as it was impossible to get my suit-case under my coat, that the ukulele must be the offending article, I quickly shoved it out of sight. With warnings not to let it fall she led me down the steep river bank to the ferry landing where we found the ferry, the only means of ingress to the settlement, arriving under the guidance of Nick Hadikin. Nick was a person of importance indeed. Upon his good will depended much of our freedom in passing to and from "the outside world." Thus it was

Then dimly through the blue of the moonlight came the bobbing of numerous white clad forms. I thought of ghosts, but stepped courageously on dry land. Whereupon came surprises indeed. There were happy greetings and soft exclamations. My suit-case was laughingly quarrelled over. A warm little hand was tucked into one of mine and my only fear was that another eager hand might possess itself of the main prop of that ukulele.



Essentially clean are these people as may be noticed by the snow whiteness of the kerchief and dress

Glade itself is not so old nor so large as Brilliant, which is the main settlement of the Doukhobors in British Columbia, but it lies not many miles distant. It has no red brick buildings; no jam factory. The very station of Brilliant is commodious and houses a resident agent, while at Glade the station lies across the river and is a very small affair. We used to spend many a long hour there at night vainly holding our hands against the lantern to warm them while waiting for a belated train or for the sleeping or suddenly deaf Nick to hear our entreating "hoo-hoos" and bring the ferry over.

THERE are eleven villages in Glade, standing about a quarter of a mile apart on the river bank that rises in richly soiled shelves of land to the mountains. Each village has two main houses. These are two-storey buildings, containing

swept up the floor with odd little hand-made brushes of twigs and branches that must have made their backs ache as they went over that immense space. The senior classroom had the regular authorized school desk, very comfortable indeed, and the pride of their owners. My classroom was equipped, however, with three or four long wooden tables at which all my little Petes and Mikes and Bills sat on hard little backless stools for weary hours at a stretch. I was tempted to give them frequent recesses and exercises which could not be done. Sometimes someone's stool tipped over backwards, followed by a joyous uproar. In the first days of school we used to outline letters and figures, written on the desks in chalk with sunflower seeds and I was appalled at the scanty number that remained to be collected after each lesson. But I had

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Icelandic Pioneers of 1875 Golden Jubilee at Gimli, Manitoba

By Margaret Jessop

THIS Golden Jubilee of the Icelandic people of Winnipeg and Gimli marks the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the first Icelandic colonists west of the Great Lakes, in October, 1875—the first non-British born settlers admitted to the country by the Canadian Government.

Of the original party of 250, a few remained in Winnipeg, the nucleus of the present colony of 6,000, while the majority proceeded to the site of their settlement—a strip of land 42 miles long and 1½ miles wide at the widest point on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg, set apart by the government for 20 years with exclusive colonization rights.

Landing was made at Gimli on October 21, 1875, in flat-bottomed house-boats, following a hazardous journey of five days from Fort Garry (as Winnipeg was then named); the leader being John Taylor.

The first cabin 12x16, went up on October 23, and belonged to Fridjon Frederickson. It was made of unhewn logs, chinked inside and out with clay and moss and thatched with clay and straw. There was no flooring available and all furniture was rudely improvised.

Everyone built in feverish haste against the winter, which set in early and

A word as to the racial origin and historic background of the Icelandic people is not amiss here.

Late in the ninth century, Harold the Fairheaded, then king of Norway, was forcing the landed proprietors and leaders of the people in the various districts into vassalage and subjecting them to such taxes as he might impose on them. The more straight-laced of the nobles would have none of it. When too hard pressed by the King, they embarked in their Viking galleys with their families, "household gods", retainers, goods, chattels and kine, and set sail for Iceland—a virgin island, known to lie north and west and partly within the Arctic circle.

From these Viking chieftains of Norway and their hardy retainers has sprung the Icelandic race. They found a land surprisingly moderate in climate, richly verdant and surpassed by none for startling scenic beauty.

Education was adjudged to be the key of all well-being and constitutional reform—the desirable means to political autonomy. Accordingly, Iceland has had no illiterates for the last 150 years, and has, in the last half century, stepped from an obscure colony to sovereign power as a state under the Crown of Denmark.

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Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.



Now!—A new way to lighten cloudy teeth

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DULL teeth; "off-color" teeth, gums that are softening, lacking firmness—modern science has made important, new discoveries in overcoming them.

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Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

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It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Why cling to old methods when world's authorities urge a better way?

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The pioneers' celebration, held August 22nd, gave reverent homage to the fifteen aged survivors, in their eighties and nineties

stayed late. Suffering was intense that first winter from cold, malnutrition, scurvy and homesickness, and many babies died. Yet leisure and heart was found for self-improvement. Hoary fathers of families attacked the intricacies of the English language, along with their boys and girls, and mastered its rudiments.

After the scurvy and the smallpox which ravaged the settlement for six months and took a toll of 100 lives in the following year, many families of settlers departed, some locating on the plains west of Winnipeg and others founding settlements in Dakota.

Those who were left went about the business of the little colony again, shaken and weary, but unafraid. Provisional municipal councils were formed and by-laws framed by the settlers themselves. Some of these are characteristic. They provided for roadmaking; for "adequate provision" for widows and orphans, and for the appointment of sanitary and fire inspectors in the community.

Each year saw the arrival of fresh immigrants from Iceland, and to all the hand of welcome was extended. Over and over again the stores of the early colonists were depleted to assist the newcomers.

To Sigtryggur Jonasson belongs much of the success of the early colony, and to these earliest colonists must go much of the credit for the subsequent successful colonization movement of Icelandic settlers in Western Canada. They mothered the newcomers, cheered and welcomed them and "tided" them over.

Unremitting efforts on the part of Icelandic statesmen, and the broad reform policy on the part of the Danish Government has made such a change possible.

Today there are nearly 30,000 Canadians of Icelandic origin located in various prosperous settlements, mostly in Canada's "golden west." They are prominent in all walks of life and hold with credit, positions of trust and honor.

As a people—as Canadians—as Icelanders, they have redeemed Lord Dufferin's faith in them, and his "personal pledge" to the government that they would make good.

When Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada, was led by his interest in the new settlers to make a personal visit to them at Gimli in 1877, he said among other things:

"I trust that for all time you will cherish the heart-stirring literature of your nation—that from generation to generation your little ones will continue to learn in your ancient 'sagas' that industry, energy, fortitude, perseverance and stubborn endurance, have ever been characteristic of the noble Icelandic race.

"Not only will your future prove bright and prosperous but it will be universally acknowledged that a more valuable accession to the intelligence, loyalty, patriotism, industry and strength of the country has never been introduced into the Dominion."

The reunion and celebration held August 22, 1925, at Gimli, when a vast crowd of 5,000 drawn from all over Western Canada and the United States, paid tribute

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Science has discovered that the giant "Carnauba" Tree, which grows in the tropical forests of Brazil, produces a hard, brittle wax unequalled anywhere in the world as a floor beautifier.

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Girl Life in the World's Far Places

By Francis Dickie

The Girl of Bali

THE picture illustrating this little sketch of the girl of Bali has so remarkable a story connected with it, and in one way so epitomizes the lives of the girls, that it seems worth while telling.

The girls were all of high caste. Some twenty-five years ago these girls became part of the harem of the Sultan of Bali. The religion of the country is Hinduism, which includes as one of its tenets that when a man dies his wives shall be burnt on his funeral pile. However, at the time the picture was taken, the Dutch rulers of the East Indies had received a promise from the Sultan that sutteeism (which is the name given to the custom of putting to death the wife or wives of a man at his death) would cease. But when the Sultan died, the promise was not kept, and all those young lives were ended. As a result of this happening the Dutch took over control of the island, putting a stop to the general carrying out of this terrible practise, though in some places it is still done secretly.

The picture therefore has a historical interest of very high value. Also this is the first time it has ever been available for publication. It was obtained recently by a noted traveller, Mr. Frank Burnett. While visiting the island recently he got in touch with a former court photographer who related the story of the picture, which he had taken in the magnificent courtyard of the palace shortly before the Sultan's death, and the burn-

Many strange stories are related of such happenings.

The Bali girl is a great chewer of betel nut which blackens the teeth. But this is not considered to mar the appearance. As can be noted by the picture the girls have pleasing features, and healthy, vigorous bodies, with well-fitted, attractive clothes. In addition to chewing betel nut the girls smoke cigars. These are their only bad habits—that is from our point of view. They are not so considered in Bali.

When a girl marries she is surrounded by a very rigid set of rules. The most imperative of these is that she must not accept any present from another man. The penalty is death. In connection with this rule, and how rigidly it is enforced, the following story is of much interest.

Some years ago a young Englishman took up his residence in the interior of Bali and married a high caste girl. One day an old boy friend of the foreigner's wife met her alone on the road, and handed her a bouquet of flowers. This was seen by another man who at once reported the matter to the authorities. The following day the Englishman was astonished to receive a visit from the official executioner who came armed with his sharp kris. He was about to kris the young woman quite as a matter of course. But the Englishman after listening to the relation of the incident of the flowers sent the executioner away. In a few days, however, the Englishman received a summons from the Sultan.



A dance in the courtyard of the Sultan's palace, by wives of a former Sultan of Bali. In accordance with their religious belief, all these young lives were ended on the death of the Sultan

ing of the young women which caused the ruling line of Sultans to be deposed. After some hesitation the old court photographer consented to part with the picture, and thus for the first time it is shown.

The island of Bali is one of the Dutch East Indies, only a mile from Java at their nearest points. One of the favorite pastimes of the girls of lesser caste, a combination of pleasure and work, is to go along the highways and in the forest carrying long slender sticks near the end of which a few twigs have been left. The end of the stick and the twigs are heavily smeared with a sticky mixture bird-lime. With such a weapon the girls catch hundreds of immense dragon flies, touching the flies' wings as they alight. The dragon flies are eaten with onions and preserved shrimps fried in oil. The girls also gather the larvae of bees and wasps which is also used as food.

Among the Balinese exists the belief that certain human beings can turn into animals at will. Some girls are supposed at times to turn into crocodiles in order to devour some one they dislike.

who was very angry when the Englishman still refused to allow his wife to be kris for this terrible offense. But a few days later the offending wife, as she opened the door in answer to a knock, was stabbed to death by an assassin. Thus was the rule of Bali enforced despite the Englishman's stand.

An Irish Incident

There is no end to the queer happenings on the borderland of the Free State and Northern Ireland. A little while ago the Halle Orchestra gave a concert in Belfast and travelled the following morning to Dublin. At the frontier the custom authorities viewed with grave suspicion the strangely shaped instruments, and it was only after the conductor, Mr. Hart, himself an Irishman, had signed a special form that they were permitted to pass the inspection. But there was a final stumbling block in the bassoon. The officials were certain that a Lewis gun was concealed in the case, and Mr. Camden was obliged to demonstrate on the little keys before their enquiring minds were set at rest.

In Cloudland

By John Maclean

WHEN Chief Medicine Calf died, we buried him in a buffalo skin lodge, placed on the top of a hill according to the custom of the Cree and Blackfeet Indians of the far western plains. No more fitting place could be found for heroes than on top of a mountain, above the clouds where the gods hold high carnival in their primitive. St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey are worthy places for the great dead of the British Empire, but the Norsemen of the olden time and the brave warriors dwelling under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains found their last home in the hills where earth and sky meet in the fellowship of nature and of life and death. Lofty souls with spiritual aspirations and the abiding instinct of the soul for climbing, erect tall spires upon their temples of worship as an expression of their desires and aims, while common folks, blest with a fine humility are quite content to consecrate by their presence the clods of earth in Bunhill Fields and Greyfriars' Churchyard. The monastic period found expression in building monasteries in places made sacred by great events in Christian history, or on high cliffs and inaccessible mountains far removed from the common thoroughfare; a great idea, beautiful in its simplicity, as man is made for God, and should ever be climbing toward the skies. The parish priest of Austerlitz stands condemned in an age which has no vision, when all things are reduced to a common level, and the glory of the mountain is lost in the sameness of the plain, and yet in the high moments of life we hie off to a quiet retreat beyond the dusty road, where the bustle and din of the crowd may not distract our thoughts, as we hold communion with nature, and that which speaks of innocence, purity and power.

When a few hundred settlers came in, and the village of Macleod grew into a small town, "Old Glad," who had spent many years in the open, betook himself to the mountains, where he built a log shanty and lived with his family, and when asked for the reason for his quest for isolation remarked with a smile that he could not stand civilization, and he remained a contented solitary till his death. Strange, beautiful and solemn thoughts have come to me, as I climbed Mount Mackay, near Fort William, in the Province of Ontario, and sat in the oratory, half way up the mountainside, in sweet meditation, becoming for a while a monk of a new era, on a pilgrimage for a day.

There is a strange fascination about lonely spots, which seizes the minds of busy men and women, and compels them to choose for their final resting place the solitudes of nature far from the haunts of business, or the resorts of pleasure-loving folks. The weirdness, the awful grandeur, the dignity, the stillness and even the roar of the storm, beckon the weary soul to find a home, undisturbed by the chatter of human voices and the din of the struggle for existence. Surely it is more than a passing fancy which bids the sailor love, the sea as his last abode, as a brave Viking of the olden time, and the mountaineer chooses the clear heights

of the mountain, or the depths of the forest glade. Religious feeling built the pyramids, as it still puts the Indian lodge on the top of a foothill wherein reposes the deceased warrior at the close of his fighting days.

Seldom, if ever, do we find men choosing a place for their home in a deep mine or the recesses of a dark and secluded valley; while the mountains are favored spots, and the uplands are choice locations for cities of the dead. The great watch towers of earth are the homes of revelation, where sacred associations linger through the centuries, free from the contamination of sin. The criminal flees to the valley where he may hide himself from the gaze of his fellows:

the saint climbs the mountain to hold communion with his God. Sinai, Horeb, Mont Blanc, have tender memories for noble hearts and it is no wonder that some of the great ones of the earth have desired to repose on lofty crags where freedom dwells, and purity and power.

What a vision comes, as we read Mrs. Alexander's "Burial of Moses," on Nebo's lonely mountain, where the world's great statesman and poet was buried by the angels and the great procession, without sound of music, swept silently down the mountainside.

There is a picture in another land awaiting the touch of the poet's soul to make it immortal. In the hospice of Little St. Bernard, on Mont Blanc, there ruled for fifty years the Abbe Chanoux, saint and scholar, whose name is revered in many lands for his piety, learning and charming benevolence. This son of the moun-

tain and snow and sky, found his vocation among the solitudes above the snowline, where he cultivated flowers and studied theology, became an expert in meteorology, and charmed the birds and chamois which in the stress of the mountain storms would partake of food from his hands. By day and night, with his faithful St. Bernard dogs, he plodded through the deep snow to rescue belated travelers, and nursed them in the hospice back to life. By his desire he was buried at a spot which commands a view of France, Italy, Mont Blanc, and the hospice which he loved, where his spirit might dwell amid the poetry of mountain, snow and sky. On those lofty heights there stands a noble monument, representing the Abbe with his white beard and his long robes, fluttered by the mountain breeze, a piccozza in one hand and an Alpine flower in the other. The inscription in French on the pedestal reads: "Here for fifty years the Abbe Pietro Chanoux, rector of the Maurician Hospice, worshipped God in the poetry of sky, of snow, and of flower; meditated and labored with ardent amiable soul for Science and for Charity. His spirit keeps watch inseparable from the Little St. Bernard."

The intrepid spirit of the Master of Rhodesia lingers on the Matoppo Hills. The rough-hewn man of action could not rest content to abide in the valley, where his hut stood, for he was wont to go on long and lonely rambles among the hills where his sepulchre may now be seen. The grave of Cecil Rhodes on the Matoppo Hills is a sepulchre cut in the granite of

Continued on page 79



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These you'll find—these new shaving joys, these comforts unknown before.

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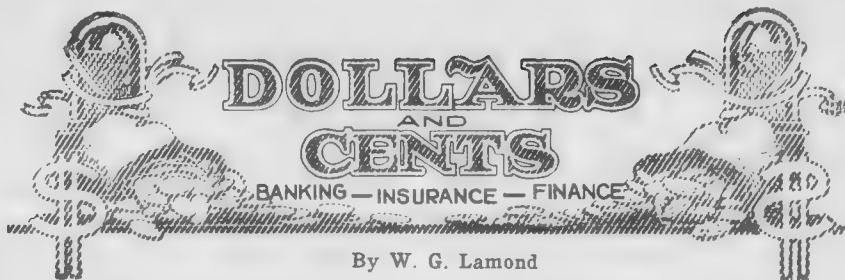
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More Meat for U.K.—Canada Wants Lower Freights for Cattle

EXPORT of Canadian live cattle to the United Kingdom continues to increase. The latest official figures show that for the year 1925 up to July 16 a total of 47,225 head of cattle were shipped. This is a marked advance on the two years preceding. In 1924 for the corresponding period 39,299 head of cattle were exported to the United Kingdom and for 1923, 33,156 head. It would appear probable that this year the Canadian exports of cattle will pass the 100,000 mark. The one obstacle to the rapid development of the trade is the high ocean rates charged by the North Atlantic steamship companies. The ocean charge alone amounts to \$20 a head, and, curiously enough, the water rate is greater than the railway rate. If a reduction in these charges could be obtained there is no doubt that Canadian exports would mount up rapidly.

In the years preceding the passing of the Fordney Tariff in the United States Canadian cattle were shipped across the boundary in large numbers. It was not unusual for these exports to reach the total of 500,000 head in one year. Canada is still producing cattle, but is unable to find a market for them. English buyers frequently advise the Canadian breeders to improve their herds and send their cattle forward in a more finished state. In some districts this advice is being taken to heart, notably in Ontario and Quebec, but it must be remembered that the bulk of Canadian cattle are raised in the West, where there is unlimited ranging facilities and where the cattle must be taken off the grass and marketed.

Trade figures for the first three months of the present fiscal year, which started on April 1, indicate a steady recovery in business in Canada. Imports have increased by \$9,000,000 and exports are higher by \$6,000,000.

Canada's Latest Power Scheme

THE opponents in Canada of the policy of permitting the export of hydro-electric power on long-term leases to the United States, which was backed by influential Ministers at Ottawa, and was only checked after strenuous debates, are finding ample justification for their attitude in some interesting developments since midsummer.

The Aluminium Company of America, which is controlled by the Mellon and Davis interests of Pittsburgh, U.S.A., and includes among its largest stockholders Mr. Andrew Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, were credited with great activity in pushing this export scheme at Ottawa, and its check-mating is held to be responsible for their decision to transfer a substantial proportion of their manufacturing activities to Canada. For the scheme of their Canadian operations they have selected Chute à Caron, on the Saguenay River, which, flowing southward, falls into the Gulf of St. Lawrence some 200 miles below Quebec City. The boat trip through the dark gorges of the Saguenay has long been a favorite excursion with tourists, but the value of the vast power resources of its rapid waters is now being realized.

Some years ago a corporation called the Quebec Development Company, which was the fruit of an alliance between Sir William Price, a pioneer of the pulp and paper industry, and Mr. J. B. Duke, the multi-millionaire American tobacco magnate, obtained from the Provincial Government of Quebec on very generous terms a concession for the water powers at Chute à Caron, which are estimated to be capable of developing 800,000 h.p. They had very ambitious plans, but they were halted by the death of Sir William Price, who was killed in a landslide a year ago, and it is now announced that the company has sold its rights at Chute à Caron through a subsidiary to the Aluminium Company of America.

The Canadian subsidiary of the Aluminium Company has already several hundred men employed in clearing the ground for its plants and a townsite. It proposes to develop at least 700,000 h.p., and contemplates an immediate expenditure of about 50,000,000 dollars. When the land has been cleared for the actual plants, work will be started at once on a model city which will be located near Jonquieres, but will be given a new name; houses will be built at once to accommodate 5,000 people, and within five years a population of about 30,000 is expected.

The Aluminium Company of America today produces about 90 per cent of the world's finished aluminium products, its plants having an annual capacity of 175,000,000 lb. Of this 20 million pounds are being produced each year from a plant at Shawinigan Falls in Quebec, and it is evidence secured there of the lower costs of production in Canada that is responsible for this huge new enterprise. The company has in operation four plants in the United States for the reduction of ore into aluminium, and in addition has wire and cable mills at Massena, N.Y., aluminum bronze powder mills at New Kensington, Pa., fabricating plants at New Kensington and Toronto, Ont., and rolling mills at Niagara Falls and Edgewater, N.J. A lot of its ore is mined in Kansas and semi-purified at East St. Louis before being shipped to the reduction plants. But the Company has now much greater resources of ore in South America, and when mined this will be shipped to the Chute à Caron plant. The metal produced will be used to supply the United Kingdom market to which the present Canadian plant applies the surplus not needed for local consumption, and to fill the needs of other foreign countries, but a substantial proportion will be sent to the United States for the purposes of the manufacturing plants.

The Aluminium Company has an outstanding capital of \$19,000,000 common stock, in addition to a substantial bonded and preferred stock indebtedness, but it is able to pay common stock dividends at the rate of 12½ per cent; it has in some years paid dividends as high as 500 per cent, and its \$100 shares are now quoted at \$850 on the New York market.

For the purposes of the new enterprise a fresh flotation of stock on a large scale will be necessary, and in a new company which has been formed Price Brothers will receive \$4,090,000 worth of cumulative 6 per cent preferred stock, plus 36,800 shares of common stock of a par value of \$5 for their one-quarter interest in the Quebec Development Company.

Engineering firms in Canada and corporations like the Canada Cement Co. expect to secure very large contracts in connection with the work now begun at Chute à Caron, and a welcome fillip should be given to the industrial life of the Dominion.

New Western Financial Firm

THE Western Canadian Mortgage Company, Limited, whose incorporation was mentioned in the Monetary Times of last week, has an authorized capital of \$300,000, with shares of the par value of \$50 each.

The head office of the company is located at Winnipeg, and Rupert Carr, director of the Northern Canadian Mortgage Company, is president. Other directors of the company are Thomas L. Hartley, vice-president and managing director of the Northern Canadian Mortgage Company, and Frank W. S. Crispo, of the Union Bank of Canada.

The primary objects of the company will be the carrying on of a business of loaning on mortgages on revenue bearing city property and to purchase at a discount equities in agreements for sale.

Talent gets paid every Saturday. Genius often has to wait years.



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This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

PROBABLY no other phase of our modern social structure has come so far to the front in the last year than the marked revival of work in the building trades, and probably no subject is of greater importance to the person connected with the building trade than the ascertaining and protection of all rights for work performed and services rendered in the construction of houses, stores, barns, etc. When a contract is entered into, say for the construction of the dwelling house, rights come into existence not merely between the owner and the contractor but also between the owner and all those who in any way give their labor, time or materials to the completion of the contract. He who excavates the foundation or carts the sand or lime, the bricklayer, all have a direct or pecuniary interest in the due fulfillment of the contract. For their protection the legislatures have in their wisdom created the Mechanics Lien Acts which ensure to a workman or a supplier of material or a contractor a certain measure of security for the payments of all moneys earned.

A Mechanics Lien was unknown at common law. It is entirely a statutory creation unknown in England and owing its birth to American Legislation from which country it in time was carried into Ontario and Manitoba in 1873, into British Columbia in 1879, into the North West Territories in 1888 and in some of the other Provinces at various dates. The act does not create a lien, but gives every person so entitled an opportunity of creating a lien which takes the form of a security upon the land on which the work was done and a further right to have the land sold to answer for the amount due.

The procedure by which advantage may be taken of this right is roughly as follows: We say "roughly" because it is impossible in the scope of this article to set out in detail the different times within which and the places where the lien should be filed.

Unless an express agreement is signed to the contrary any person who performs any work in respect of, or builds or furnishes any materials to be used in the construction of buildings, mines, piers, wells, sidewalks, bridges, etc., is entitled to a lien for the price of such work or material. The claim for the lien must be registered in the proper office, usually in the Land Titles or Registration Office of the district in which the lands are situate.

The claim must be supported by an affidavit setting out certain facts such as the name and residence of the claimant, a short description of the work or service done, material supplied, the sum claimed, a description of the land, the date of expiry of credit, if credit has been given. The claim is then registered as an encumbrance against the land. It must be registered within a certain number of days after the labor has been done or the goods supplied or the contract completed. In Manitoba and Saskatchewan the time for registration is 30 days; in Alberta 35 days. Then within a specified time after the claim has been filed the lien holder must take steps to enforce his security. This takes the form of a Statement of Claim issued out of the appropriate court, and the trial is held to determine the claims of the claimant and to award him whatever judgment he is entitled to.

If the owner does not satisfy the judgment, the court will order the land to be sold and the claimant paid out of the proceeds. If sufficient moneys are not realized out of the sale the claimant may then sue the owner for the balance

as an ordinary debt. The lien created takes priority over all judgments, executions, attachments, mortgages, agreements, etc., issued after the right of lien arises. If the work or improvements are put on mortgaged premises the lien takes priority over the mortgage to the extent of the increase in value of the mortgaged place by reason of such work or improvements. If the land is held under an agreement for sale and the purchaser has no title in his own name, and still owes a portion of the purchase price, the purchaser is deemed to be a mortgagor and the seller mortgagee, and the lien holder can exercise the rights as if the premises were mortgaged.

To protect himself against a dishonest or defaulting contractor or sub-contractor an owner is entitled, until 30 days after completion of the contract or the supplying of materials or the doing of certain work, to withhold a certain portion of the price agreed to be paid. This sum is usually 20 per cent., but varies, and is sometimes 15 per cent. where the value of the work is over a certain sum. All payments up to 80 per cent. or 85 per cent. (according to the value) made by the owner in good faith before any notice in writing by any party claiming a lien operate as a discharge pro tanto of the lien created.

Answer to Inquiries

Q.—I arranged with a Teaching Institute to pay for lessons as I received them, as I was doubtful whether I could master them. I only sent in two lessons for examination. The contract calls for lessons and tuition. I told them that I was unable to keep up the course. I kept on paying them until about two years ago. I did not hear from them until I received a letter from their lawyer demanding immediate payment. It is impossible for me to pay for I have not the means. The Institute is an American firm. Can they collect from me?

A.—The Institute can collect if it is registered in Manitoba. If it is not registered you have an absolute defence to any action which they might take. If you have no property and no assets collection of the account would be very difficult even if judgment were obtained.

Q.—I have some property in Canada and some in England and I would like to know whether on my death my will will then be common property for inspection here. I would also like to know whether you would have to pay succession duties here.

A.—Your will becomes public property in that, when it is satisfactorily proved the will as probated is then deposited in the Public Records of the Court and on payment of the ordinary fee any person can examine both the will and the schedule of the property as filed with the Probate. There is no other publication than this preservation in the court records.

Both the British Government and the various Canadian Provinces require payment of succession duties on estates over a certain amount. The amount of the estate which is exempt from duty varies in the different jurisdictions. Duty is paid in each jurisdiction according to the proportion of the estate which is situate there. Because of the rather unsettled condition of the law on succession duties, persons who hold mortgages or agreements for sale of land are sometimes called upon to pay succession duties both where the land is situate and the owner of the security resides. Usually no duty is payable on any moneys on deposit in the bank except in the jurisdiction where the deceased resides.

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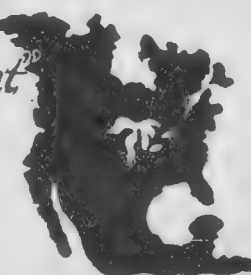
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NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

"Solid as the Continent"

Head Office—Toronto, Canada



By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Questions Answered

A CORRESPONDENT at Arnes, Manitoba, has been written to personally in connection with his enquiries concerning courses in evening schools.

A Neepawa reader has been furnished with addresses of institutions engaged in technical education and also with the addresses of provincial and Dominion government officials who supervise this form of education.

The titles and publication addresses of three books on practical English have been sent as requested to a correspondent at Tisdale, Saskatchewan.

A reader at Taber, Alberta, has been provided with information concerning possibilities in aviation as a career.

Our readers will see from these inquiries that subscribers to the W.H.M. are taking advantage of our standing offer to provide young men with information that may prove of value to them in problems involved in the choice of a career or in connection with their daily occupations.

The Young Man and His Bible

ARTICLE No. 1.

The Hon. James Bryce, in speaking before London University, said:

"It is with great regret that one sees in these days that the knowledge of the Bible seems declining in all classes. Looking at it from only the educational side, the loss of the knowledge of the Bible and of all the Bible means, would be incalculable to the life of the country. It would be a great misfortune to the country if generations of children grew up who did not know the Bible."

Just now there seems to be a tendency to substitute scientific theories for biblical instruction. The study of science is really a searching after truth, and this the Bible encourages. But the Bible is not a scientific textbook; it is a guide to righteous living and it should be studied as such.

Perhaps one of the reasons for neglected Bible study is the small print and unattractive arrangement of many Bibles. Every young man should own a Bible and he is more likely to read it regularly if he secures one of the modern editions with clear type and study helps. The Authorized Version should be selected.

A correspondent of the Moody Bible Monthly quotes from Psalm 119, Verse 11: "Thy word have I hid in mine heart," and then points out four points of view with regard to the Bible.

1. The Bible in the home—Respectability.
2. The Bible in the pocket—Profession.
3. The Bible in the head—Intelligence.
4. The Bible in the heart—Salvation.

With reference to the first statement, it is said of the great preacher Spurgeon that he wrote:

"The Bible is in every house, but in many the dust on it is so thick that you might write on it: Damnation."

"I am of the opinion," wrote Sir William Jones, "that the Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written."

A series of articles is planned under the heading of this paragraph and next month some suggestions will be given on the matter of making a selection from the many editions of the Bible that are before the public today.

In the meantime, the following is submitted as a text for young men:

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."—2 Timothy: 2.15.

Doing Better

I HAVE just received a letter which says that the writer of it wants to send me a booklet which explains how in the same time that I am now working I can accomplish four or five times as much in actual results. The letter is very frank. It tells me that "Usually we find in our investigations of individuals that they are only twenty per cent efficient. In other words, your natural ability qualifies you to do five times better than you are doing."

The last line is somewhat vague. Does it mean, for instance, that if I am a plumber, I shall be able to connect pipes five times better than I have in the past? Or if I am a lawyer, shall I be able to win five times as many cases as I have won in the past? Or if I am a farmer and have been getting thirty bushels to the acre, shall I now be able to get one hundred and fifty?

Perhaps I am meant to understand that if I am receiving two thousand dollars a year, I shall by sending for the booklet learn to get ten thousand dollars a year. It is very tempting, but—

Choosing Your Life Work

ARTICLE No. 1. In the September issue, announcement was made of a series of short articles under the title "Choosing Your Life Work."

Subsequent articles will deal with specific vocations, but this is an introductory article for the purpose of settling the attention of young men on the very important matter of making a choice of a life work. Such a choice is not easy. A young man needs time to "find himself" but, while a variety of vocational experiences may be valuable, he should not drift too long.

"Today, in industries," says Holmes W. Merton, "trades, arts and professions, none but efficient men and women are vocationally secure."

"The unskilled, the inept, the fair-to-middling, the faithful but inefficient, are being pressed and gradually vanquished."

"Right choice of vocation is the natural basis of efficiency."

"Let a person of intelligence get in the right vocation, even without specialized training in the vocation, and give him a chance to become familiar with its requirements, time to overcome the handicap of unpreparedness, the chances are two to one in his favor that he will make good."

In addition to special preparation for a selected form of work, the young man should remember that much depends upon the way in which he can meet requirements based upon qualities of character. Some of the qualities that are emphasized may be gathered from the following questions which are part of a series of eighteen asked in the fidelity guarantee of a bonding company.

1. Do you know or believe that the applicant is of good moral character and integrity, and to be living within his means?
2. Do you know him to be of sober and correct habits, and diligent in the discharge of his duties, or the contrary?
3. Has he to your knowledge ever been suspected of fraud or dishonesty?
4. Has he to your knowledge ever been suspected of or charged with dishonorable or improper conduct in business?

Article No. 2, in November, will deal with business occupations.

Why Do We Read

"WHY do we read?" asks Arthur Brisbane, and then supplies an answer in these words. "We read, first of all, to make ourselves think. Good reading is to the brain what good food is to the muscles, nerves, and blood supply. A man is what he thinks. What he thinks depends on what he reads and hears and on the impressions that the world makes on his mind."

We read to think first of all. We read to learn. We read to stimulate thought. We read to obtain information. We read also to obtain inspiration. Reading is valuable because it makes you think. What really counts is what goes on in your own mind."

Mr. Brisbane's suggestions are appropriate to this season of the year and it is to be hoped that many of the young men of the West will take time for some helpful reading during the fall and winter. A list of recommended books will be sent to any who feel the need of guidance in the selection of reading matter.

System Bible Study

IT is reported that the great statesman, William Ewart Gladstone, said:

"I have known ninety-five great men of the world in my time, and of these, eighty-seven were all followers of the Bible."

The Bible will not yield. The most popular book of the year does not approach the Bible in the number of copies distributed. But some people say that the Bible is hard to read and harder to understand. For them and for those who seek fresh treasures in the world's greatest book, there will be interest in the announcement that the System Bible Company, 209 South State Street, Chicago, has had prepared by a group of eminent Bible scholars a handbook of Bible helps. It is clearly printed on thin but strong paper and, although it contains nearly thirteen hundred pages, it forms a remarkably compact volume and is very convenient to handle.

The first of its features is an historical digest, alphabetically arranged, which gives the most important known information concerning every country, place, event, subject, and person mentioned in the Bible. Then follow valuable charts, modern illustrations and specially prepared maps.

Miracles, answered prayers, prophecies and their fulfillments, and the sayings of the angels, are each provided with specially arranged and interesting sections.

A very valuable feature is the section given to the laws of the Old Testament, immediately followed by the comments of Christ and the apostles, but perhaps the most arresting division is the plan whereby the four Gospels are presented, first in parallel form, and then in an interwoven form.

Other features include the most important and most loved verses in the Bible arranged under such headings as Ambition, Charity, Character, Faith, the Golden Rule, Temperance, Wisdom, Young Men, Zeal. Lectures by Dr. Campbell Morgan, well known to many Western Canadians, on How to Study the Bible; The Promises of the Bible; Memory Verses; the Teachings of Christ in Subjects, being all His recorded words arranged in subject form.

The final section deals with character building and moral philosophy and it is interesting to note that the Rev. Dr. J. L. Gordon, the former editor of this page, has contributed many paragraphs to this section. One of these reads as follows;

"If I were twenty-one again, I would give the flower of my youth to Jesus Christ. I would begin life with Him. I would not wait until my hair had grown white in the service of sin and then offer to the world's Redeemer the ashes of a misspent life—I would begin with Jesus. I would take him for my hero, my ideal, my peerless one, my soul's partner, my secret fellow, my heart's joy—nothing less than that."

"Youth! Thou art the time for Sentiment, the time for Love, the time for Dreams, the time for Visions, the time when the Voice of Conscience is heard in the Corridors of the Soul."

The publishers of this book will send a descriptive circular and pamphlet upon application. The volume is one that is almost certain to command and hold the attention of the reader and it is so arranged and indexed that it is valuable for casual reading as well as for serious research.

Sincerity

IT seems to me that industry is suffering today from lack of sincerity. Workmen, employers and employees alike, perform their tasks too superficially. Tasks are accomplished without sufficient regard for the quality displayed in the accomplishment. The old sincerity and striving for perfection in work, whether it be in painting a picture or painting a house, or running a business, is missing. If the time comes that this quality becomes again general, many of the problems of industry will no longer exist.

Let young people in industry bear this in mind: If they put their hearts in their tasks, work honestly and definitely to accomplish something worth while, be patient and persist, an ample harvest of success must inevitably be theirs. And let them remember the advice of Cassius to Brutus—

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Michael Friedsam

Riches

THE greater our wealth, the greater our dangers.—Aristotle.

When a poor man is suddenly enriched he becomes luxurious.—St. Anthony.

It is the mind of man that makes him rich, and not his purse.—Sibbes.

Riches are acquired with difficulty, enjoyed with trembling, and lost with bitterness.—St. Bernard.

He who is not inflated by wealth, nor rendered angry or covetous by misfortune, knows how to accept both riches and poverty.—St. Gregory.

Mackenzies in Canada's History

A Western paper says that "Sir Alexander Mackenzie, one time Premier of Canada, was grandfather of the present Premier." It is true that an Alexander Mackenzie was Premier of Canada from 1873 until 1878, but he never wore a "Sir" in front of his name, nor can the present Premier trace any family connection with him. There was a Sir Alexander Mackenzie, explorer and fur trader, who in 1793 made the first overland journey across this continent to the Pacific. But the present Premier of Canada cannot trace any family connection to him either. The grandfather of the present Dominion Premier was William Lyon Mackenzie, who was a leading figure in the rebellion in 1837, which preceded the downfall of the Family Compact in Upper Canada (now Ontario) and the establishment of responsible government throughout all the Canada of that time. Such is fame! And, perhaps we might add, Canadian history is worth knowing better than some Canadians know it.—Montreal Standard.

The Party Platforms

IN order that our subscribers might know just where the three parties in parliament stand on important questions, we wrote the leaders asking them for brief statements. Mr. Forke's statement is printed below. Mr. King and Mr. Meighen were in the country, and it was impossible to get anything in time for publication. However, the reports in the daily press indicate their attitude on some of the problems. It is for our subscribers to judge which leader of the three has the soundest policy, and which one is most likely to enforce it if he has the opportunity.—Editor.

THE Progressive party came into existence as a protest against unjust economic conditions, taking the stand that the prosperity of the basic industries is of first importance, and that when this has been realized, the development of other industries would naturally follow.

Opposed to protection as such—believing that it confers special privileges upon some industries at the expense of the people as a whole, and places the heaviest burden upon those least able to pay.

Space does not permit me to enumerate the different planks of the Progressive platform. But constituency autonomy may be mentioned: the public ownership of Canadian National Railways, free from political interference, as far as possible; the reform of the Senate, probably upon an elective basis. This is not a simple question.

In the Western Provinces there has existed a belief that the policy essential to the development of this great agricultural empire was not likely to be carried out by either of the old parties. Such a policy would not only benefit the West, but would make for the prosperity of the whole Dominion, and would be in the interest of the mass of the people.

The primary producer, the professional classes, and the consumers as a whole, are interested in the policies advocated by the Progressives.

It is being stated by political speakers that "The Progressives have failed to get reforms, or to give the people a clear understanding of national requirements, owing to a class or narrow outlook."

Perhaps it is true that the Progressive movement gets its greatest support from those who are dissatisfied with present economic conditions; but the policies advocated are national in their scope, and in the interest of the people of Canada as a whole.

The spirit of Progressivism is as strong today as it was in 1921, and has a mission to fulfil—not in the interest of any particular class—a protest against extreme partizanship, seeking the triumph of those ideals which inspired the movement, and which will ultimately be carried into practice.

Mistakes may have been made by Progressive representatives, but much has been accomplished to better conditions, and what has been gained in the past gives promise of what will be the reward of future endeavor.

ROBERT FORKE.

Prairie Winds

Wild winds,
With eager feet of dawn
Dancing on the uplands,
Tossing high the spray
Of crimson and of gold,
Drop not away!

Sane winds,
With one swift breath
Blow tower and crag
And waterway,
The wavering wraith
Of the wild mirage,
Before the path
Of the honest day.

Strong winds,
Flattening the defiant fields
That rise triumphant
When you pass;
Scavenger,
Whirling the useless chaff,
Messenger,
Bearing my heart, alas,
Die not away!

—I. M. C. Thompson.

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The Chrysler Six actually rides more comfortably and solidly than many two-ton cars—due to scientifically distributed weight and a low center of gravity; to the Chrysler-designed type of spring mounting, which does away with side-sway; to balloon tires and Watson stabilizers, the finest device of its type to

eliminate the shock of road inequalities.

To the superiority of its unsurpassed performance results, the Chrysler Six joins a complete freedom from mechanical worry. An air-cleaner keeps all dust and road dirt out of the engine. The Purolator filters the crankcase oil as the motor runs. Thermostatic heat control keeps the motor always at the most efficient working temperature. Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes insure a wide factor of safety.

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Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires.

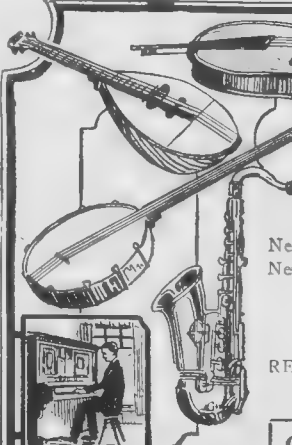
There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

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FORM

Kindly give information as to where I may obtain the following goods:

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Name

Address

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I AM no longer so sure that the game of "eeny-meeny-miny-mo" is not as good a way as any other of coming to a decision in the matter of selection. The other day, I was poking among the books that littered a library table quite unable to make up my mind which to choose. None of the authors were known to me, I did not remember having read a single review of any of them, and the titles did not intrigue me. "Eeny-meeny-miny-mo," said I, and grasped the book whereon my finger had alighted.

Not many hours later I was deeply engrossed by the fortunes of the Farthing family as narrated by Catherine I. Dodd in "The Farthing Spinster" (Jarrolds, London), which book had fallen to my lot by the simple method of selection as explained in the foregoing paragraph.

Some novels are like ice creams that one enjoys at a gulp. But not "The Farthing Spinster." This is more like a pot of flowers that gives pleasure for a long time; and long after the last leaf has fallen from our hands, there is the memory of beauty, and there is the fragrance that clings.

"The Farthing Spinster" tells of the women who bear the name of Jellis and the curse that was upon them. Through five generations we, reading this novel, live and move and have our being. A wonderful achievement surely. A chronicle of modes and manners from the time of the French Revolution to the present day. No easy task to mirror faithfully the change that took place during this period in clothes, in education, in manner of speech, in social behaviour, in that indescribable atmosphere we call "mental attitude" and by which we mean the graph drawn by a veering and progressive point-of-view on the chequered fabric of life. How great is this change has been brought home to us by the author in a very striking manner; for we witness the youngest Jellis dancing with her lover at the Savoy during tea time, and in their company is great aunt Jellis who is a spinster (for was her lot not pre-ordained by the curse?). But this young Jellis has broken the curse. She refuses to be a spinster. Has she not a lover, Teddy, and will they not soon be married? The abandonment of their dancing proves that the curse is broken. And as Great Aunt Jellis watches them moving rhythmically to the music, she thinks:

"There is something most appealing about the young people in these days, but I shall never understand them, they seem so pagan, so confident, so unashamed." Why even this dancing Jellis did not marry—is a matter you must discover for yourselves.

I think I could go on and on talking about this remarkable novel, which in many ways reminds me of the lovely Middle Border Chronicles by Hamlin Garland. But I want to tell you something about the author, Catherine I. Dodd whom I had the good fortune to meet a day or two after I finished reading her novel. Londoner's luck, I call these meetings which so enrich a reviewer's life.

One of the most alluring passages in "The Farthing Spinster" describes a garden in Paddington in the year 1789. Therefore I was not surprised to find that Miss Dodd (who lives not very far from the Paddington of 1925) is the proud possessor of a charming old world garden and a beautiful greenhouse right in the very heart of London. Her house bears the pictorial name of Prior's Patch and in it are such things that delight the beauty loving soul. China, pewter, old oak, exquisitely bound books, and Joanna! Joanna is a very valuable Blenheim Spaniel who has reached the great age of fifteen. Outside the house live Jennifer, Josephine and Jessica. These ladies are hens and I apologise if I have named them incorrectly. Our introduction was hurried. I am sure of one thing—all the names begin with J! Talking of names, Miss Dodd has compiled for her amusement, a most original birthday book. She has succeeded in finding 365 male and 365 female names (no duplicates), to each of which she has been able to append a quotation from literature. We can all think quickly of Adam in "Adam Bede;" of Becky; of Dora in "David Copperfield;" but over seven hundred names, and the quotations are drawn from literature with a big L, and not from the minor authors! And to think that the germs of influenza were responsible for this inspiration and its achievement. There will be many in Canada, particularly those connected with the Havergal Colleges of the east and



west who will know Miss Dodd, not as a novelist but as one of England's foremost educationalists. Miss Dodd has had a remarkable career. She was for many years Principal of Cherwall Hall, Oxford, a training college for Secondary Teachers. She was Head Mistress of Milham Ford Secondary School and Examiner for the University of Manchester. No wonder that the teachers who flit through the generations in "The Farthing Spinster" are so cleverly and convincingly portrayed. This also is the secret of Miss Dodd's success in being as much at home with the Victorian gentlewoman as she is with the modern flapper. She has both taught and studied educational methods for a noble period of years. And now, at the height of her mental activity, with a brain seething with experiences and original viewpoints, she is turning her attention to fiction. We who love a finely wrought novel are fortunate.

"...By Any Other Name"

A BOOK, if we dare adapt Shakespeare, by any other name—would be the same! This profound thought came to me a few moments ago when I saw in my note-book, "The Noblest Frailty." For this is the title of a novel (his latest I think) by Michael Sadleir (published by Houghton, Nuffin, Boston). And there is an interesting little story about this title. I had just chosen from a circulating library "The Noblest Frailty" and was looking around for another novel that sounded interesting.

"Do you know anything about this?" I asked the Librarian, picking up a copy of "Obedience" by F. E. Connold. "Nothing," she replied, "except that Michael Sadleir had called his novel 'Obedience,' but when he found out that this title had been used, he changed it to the one you have now, under your arm—'The Noblest Frailty.'"

I looked inside the cover and noted that the pages bore the title "Obedience" but the cover itself carried the much more original and fine sounding phrase "The Noble Frailty."

"Love's the noblest frailty of the mind," said Dryden and around this theme Michael Sadleir has woven his novel.

Perhaps I expected too much. Some of you may remember my enthusiasm for this author's "Privilege." Naturally I hoped to be equally enthralled by "The Noblest Frailty." Well, I wasn't. Frankly, I was a bit bored. The archaic style, the sentiment, the atmosphere seemed so unreal. The girl did not seem like flesh and blood but a character out of one of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels. The lover was such an ineffectual creature. The brother disgusting. The father ridiculous. Oh most boring. And yet, I'm a bit doubtful in my mind as to whether I have appraised this novel justly. Might it not be that Michael Sadleir chose an archaic style, an obsolete setting, an old-fashioned state of affairs, because he was dealing with love. Modernity, in speech, in manners, in staging, in its ideals and in its mental attitude perhaps has, for Michael Sadleir, nothing whatsoever to do with the most noble frailty of the mind.

Amende Honorable

READING "The Rector of Wyck" by May Sinclair (Canada, The Macmillan Co.) one wonders if she is making the *amende honorable* for having created that never-to-be-forgotten Bishop in "The Cure of Souls." For John Crawford is a Rector to respect, to love, and to pity. May Sinclair does not encourage young men to become Rectors nor girls to marry them! What a dreary existence she pictures. The daily round of duties grinds to dust the aspirations shared by John and Matty when they first married. An intelligent, high-idealized, healthy, normal couple who planned to pursue their intellectual activities, to travel abroad, to make of married life a great success. But, alas! John's time was fully occupied by grappling with sin and bills; Matty's

days were devoted to parish poor, to mother's meetings, sick-visiting and so forth. Then, too, there were the children, Milly and Derek. They were trials. Derek so naughty and Milly so good; and later Derek trying so hard to be a man and Milly so hideously selfish and callous. Unlike so many of May Sinclair's novels, there is real, lasting happiness in this story although, from what I have already said, you may find this hard to believe. But there is. There is that lasting happiness which transcends all material comforts and compensations—the love between John and Matty never wavers. It burns as steadily at the end as on the day the flame was lit. It would not be a May Sinclair novel, were there not those clever, penetrating bits of mental analysis that make a humble reviewer's spirit fall down in worship! Of such a type of cleverness is May Sinclair's portrayal of Miss Minchin the parish worker. She will join the Bishop, along with other immortals from the pages of Miss Sinclair's great novels.

What is Sprackness?

READ "A Saturday Life" by Radcliffe Hall (J. W. Arrowsmith Ltd.) and then you will discover that this queer word probably means alert, intelligent, shrewd. Its context leads me to this belief.

What is "A Saturday Life?" Again I must commend you to this weird novel, with its psychic atmosphere, for an explanation. I think, if I'm not mistaken, the explanation is to be found mid-way.

Have you a troublesome child? Read this book and congratulate yourself for having escaped being the mother of Sidonia Shore.

Horrible enough, I should think, to own an infant prodigy. Particularly one that escapes in its nightie in the dead of night and plays, at the age of three, an original composition for a complete orchestra! But what more awful to contemplate than the fate of Lady Shore whose daughter Sidonia, at the age of five, insisted upon dancing, in the nude, so that she could better express herself. Who at the age of ten (the exact year doesn't matter) finds that she is a piano genius; a few years later, unable to dance a step, or play a note, she is modelling feverishly.

A little later she is painting, wins a scholarship, goes with it to the continent, paints not one cow nor tree, nor even a dead lobster lying beside a moribund duck! In fact she is no longer a painter, she has a marvellous voice. I can't remember if she develops violinitis or not, but I know she marries a very ordinary country squire and becomes a mother without a single talent of any kind!

Tea-Time Chatter

I WAS visiting a friend who lives at Hook, Hampshire, the other day. During the conversation I discovered that this locality could claim some of the glory that had befallen young Mollie Panter Downes who at the age of sixteen astonished the world with her novel "The Shoreless Sea." The aunt of this brilliant young writer lives at Hook, and Mollie herself often visits this relative. Had I been at the village Church the previous Sunday I might have come face to face with the youthful author, for she was among the worshippers. "The Chase" is a rattling good story, amazingly clever when one considers the age of the author but it bears none of the marks of genius that characterised her first, "The Shoreless Sea." "The Chase" has none of those flashes of deep insight, that poetic diction and rich symbolism which made "The Shoreless Sea" a distinguished piece of work. Nevertheless it is well worth reading if only for the pleasure of meeting the Puck-like Nick.

For Canadian Philatelists

FOR the first time in my life, I dipped into a book written for stamp collectors and to my surprise the first thing that caught my attention was the name

of Marcus Hyman, who is secretary to the Winnipeg Stamp Club. So now I hasten to tell you of this little book, as obviously it contains matter of interest to Canadian Philatelists. It is "The Stamp Collectors' Annual" for 1925 (Harris Publications, London) and is edited by Fred Melville the one philatelic journalist who can make stamps interesting to the laity. This I have learnt on good authority. In this handbook you will find an account of the romance of the Ferrari collection and sale which is, of course, of world-wide interest. There are over three hundred societies mentioned and due prominence is given to Canadian ones.

A Sorry Tangle

UNFORTUNATELY I read the review of "The Virgin Wife" by John Carruthers (Joanthan Cape Ltd.) before reading the novel. I say unfortunately, because it led me to expect what I did not find, and I am annoyed with myself for not being able to agree with so capable a writer as Hubert J. Foss. This reviewer makes much of the fact that John Trevena in "The Virgin Wife" was a publisher. To me his avocation is a mere incident. He had to be something. He might have as easily been a chartered accountant. His work doesn't matter at all, seeing most of his time is occupied with attempting to gain the love of his wife, trying to avoid further liaisons with other women, and finally running away from his work with a housemaid! Furthermore, the author has made it quite clear that John Trevena became a publisher by a mere fluke. Had his father-in-law suggested it, he would have become a fishmonger, anything rather than agree with his wife's (the virgin wife's) father. For John Trevena is a contrary young man, or shall we say "difficult." And this brilliantly written novel is a chronicle of his sex life, and of the sex life of three other women and two men.

Now the title of this book is "The Virgin Wife," and therefore we must pay some attention to her, although the husband, John Trevena, his friend Macleod and the women with whom they are entangled really have the stage. In his portrayal of the emotionally unaroused woman, Mr. Carruthers has achieved a masterly piece of work. If he wished to make his readers angry with and contemptuous of this virgin wife, he has failed. One is very sorry for the woman who chooses the wrong man for her mate, because she does not understand her own physical nature, nor the psychology of married happiness. Yes, one is also a little sorry for John Trevena. But, then, he can turn so easily from his wife to his housemaid with whom he had been flirting in a train prior to his marriage.

Strange, isn't it, how in a book in which sex plays such an absorbing part, the characters so seldom do an honest day's work. The little housemaid is really the most normal and praiseworthy person. Even her hysterical devotion to John Trevena does not prevent her remembering to fill the water jug!

A Book of the West

FEW men know Canada and its history from coast to coast more thoroughly than the author of this valuable work, Howard Angus Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy has long been prominent in the life of the Dominion and as a writer and journalist enjoys the highest reputation. For many years now he has lived in the Western provinces and has given very special attention to all problems that are pressing upon them. In this new work he shows that thoroughness of understanding that can only come to those who have been for long in intimate touch with Western conditions.

The interests of the residents of the Western plains dominate the whole book. For the student it presents necessary information in an impressive form, and with a directness and simplicity that can be readily comprehended and remembered. While this is so, it is not for one moment lacking in human interest, and this is really one of its marked features. It begins with the early explorers, the gold seekers, the fur traders, the people of the plains, the forest, and the Pacific Coast, and presents the thrills of their experiences from the very foundation of development. In short, this book of Mr. Kennedy's should find a place in every home interested in Western history and conditions.

Dominion

Linoleum



The Very Floor for Bachelors' Hall

Left to his own devices, man is naturally untidy. He can't help strewing the place with cigar or cigarette ash, tobacco crumbs and odds and ends of paper. The floor gets all or most of it. What of it, though, if the floor is a Dominion Linoleum Rug!

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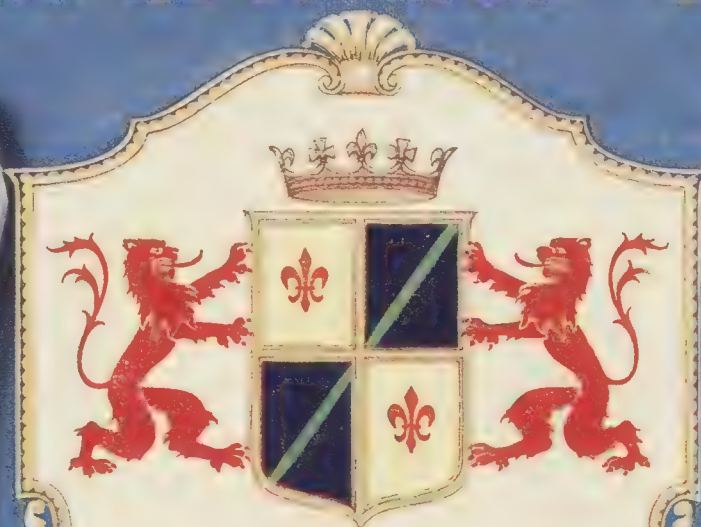
This rug is Design No. 6542, available in three different colorings.

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Stainless Steel Blades that are impervious to rust, stain and tarnish

And the silver finish is part of the steel blade itself; its beauty remains unimpaired throughout its years of service.

Once you have seen these new knives in the magnificent Hampton Court Design, you will not be satisfied until your table is equipped with them.

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AT YOUR JEWELER'S

\$15.00 Set of Six

HAMPTON COURT

The



Design

COMMUNITY PLATE

Lalli, Wife of Genta Singh

Continued from page 14

latent challenge. Her dress was long, almost to the ground, and she wore a voluminous veil wound around her head and the lower part of her face. A cape covered her body almost completely. But her feet were bare, and as she moved along, the tinkle of innumerable silver bangles sounded continuously.

Immediately from the crowd sprang forward newspaper men, and half a dozen people with cameras. She eyed them coldly, standing very erect. She eyed Beta coldly, too, so that he dared not do what he had at first intended: impersonate Genta. There was not the hint of recognition in her large eyes. She had learned to know Genta well from his photographs. Therefore Beta advanced cautiously and with many salaams, offering to take the bag she carried and the shawl.

"Honored lady," he began, in his best Bengali, "I am sorry that your lord is a little sick and could not come to meet you. He has sent his poor friend and humble servant to take you to a place of safety."

Lalli paled a little and her head drooped. She was very much disappointed and a little shocked. It was inconceivable that a stranger should come to meet her in place of her lord.

"He is not very sick?" she asked in consternation.

Her eyes were very large and soft, and her lips were very red. They showed like a crimson rose behind her veil. Beta looked at her through his eyelashes, afraid lest his expression should betray his unholy desire.

"Just a little fever," he explained in his gentlest, most honeyed accents. "In a few days he will be better. He asked me to take his lady to a hotel until he can come to her. If the lady will give me her checks and come with me, your servant will arrange that there shall be no trouble or delay. It will be necessary to hurry a little, I implore."

The newspaper men were at his elbow, and the click of cameras sounded everywhere. Beta began to be anxious for the success of his scheme. He thrust his elbow into the ribs of the nearest reporter, who accepted the rebuff good-naturedly. And he frowned blackly at the whole circle of curious onlookers. Lalli was no less anxious than he to get away from the dock.

He took her to a taxi and left her for a few minutes, while he gave orders in regard to her luggage. When he returned he sat beside her, and discoursed to her most eloquently of Genta's virtues. He lied glibly, and with a great show of humility of how he had assisted Genta in various ways, enlarging upon the magnificent qualities of the green and white china clock. He was rewarded by several troubled smiles from Lalli's soft eyes. It was beginning to get dark when they went through Chinatown and stopped in front of a two-storied, flat-faced house in between a couple of malodorous shops in the windows of which could be seen through the dirty glass the hanging brown strips of fish and meat, dear to the Chinese palate, and some anaemic-looking cakes and pastries.

They went by a narrow door into a dingy hall inadequately lit by one electric bulb. And they climbed two flights of stairs. On the first landing, a woman with her hair in curl papers, and holding a greasy dressing gown around her stood, grimly taking stock of them. Lalli shrank from the gaze of her evil eyes.

"This is a very good, nice room," Beta Kan explained, as he ushered her into the bedroom. "Tonight you will rest here, and tomorrow maybe Genta will be better and come and fetch you."

His manner had changed perceptibly. He was becoming elated with the success of his bold design, and showed it visibly.

The "good, nice room" had a small square of carpet on the floor, a bed with a counterpane that had originally been white, a washhand-stand with some cracked china, a very much scarred dressing table and a window, the blind of which had been pulled down. It was a close, shabby unclean place, and Lalli stood in the centre of the square of carpet, drew her cape about her and shuddered.

"I will not stay here," she said to Beta Kan, "not for one night. Rather would

I sleep out of doors where it is clean and sweet." Then her voice broke. "I want to go to my husband, to the little house he has told me of. It is right that I should take care of him. If you will not take me I go alone."

Beta Kan showed his white teeth in a smile. "How can you find your way, lady, in a strange place? The police will arrest you for wandering alone." Terror sprang to her eyes. He nodded. "It is not safe. You are too beautiful."

Then, seeing she shrank from the words, and his hot glance, he went on feigning sadness. He played his trump card. "Besides I have sorrowful news for you. I dared not tell you at first." He pretended to wipe his eyes on his coat sleeve.

"What," she cried, fear in her voice, "Is my lord then very ill? Has something terrible happened?"

Again he nodded, "Alas, alas. Poor lady."

"Is he—is he—dead?" She pressed her hands to her breast. The color left her lips.

Beta Kan bowed his head. "He died one week ago. From fever. And the little house is sold."

The Sandpiper

By Clara Hopper

*See that small piper piping there
Without kilts?*

*He preens and pules and wades all
day
On his stilts.*

*He envies not the flashy gulls
Their gay lives,
Seeking larger fish and fry
With high dives;*

*Plumbing, breathless, deeply
daring
Gelid joys:
High adventure and keen striving
For the buoys.*

*He loves the shallows warm and
safe
By the shore;
He's quite content to dabble snails
Evermore.*

*Man is nothing like a 'piper—
He will wail.
Soon as he has caught a minnow,
For a whale!*

A LOW, soft wail broke from Lalli's lips. She dropped her arms to her sides in a gesture of abandoned despair. The cape slipped from her. One moment she swayed there her head on her breast. Then she fell in a little heap to the floor.

Beta Kan sprang for the water jug. He lifted her head. With eager fingers he unwound the veil from her face, and muttered foolishly at the sight of her loveliness, the curve of her cheeks, the dimpled chin. The touch of her skin was velvet soft. But he laved her forehead diligently and presently she opened her eyes.

Instinctively she sought to cover her face. But he held her arms. "Dear lady," he said, his voice a little thick, "do not be afraid. Do not hide your face from me. At the last Genta Singh said to me: 'Beta, dear, kind friend, I leave Lalli to you. Wed her and be a good father to her sons.' Rest you—"

But despair and horror lent Lalli a sudden return of strength. She thrust him from her and sprang to her feet.

"No!" she cried, "never shall I wed you. If my dear lord is dead—oh, let me die too."

Splendid and beautiful she looked in her grief. Bare-throated and bare-armed, her bosom heaving, her scarlet lips trembling, tears in her soft eyes. For a few minutes Beta Kan must lower his own eyes, because of his overmastering passion.

She pushed her hands through her long hair, loosening it, and it fell in a cloud to her knees. She buried her face in it,

and stood there moaning pitifully. Beta Kan started toward her, and then, afraid of the tumult of his feelings, decided to leave her and go out and get something that would put more courage into him. He spoke to her in a trembling voice.

"Your servant is heart-broken to be the bearer of such bad news. You hate him for it now. But later you will forgive him. I shall come back."

She heard him go, the key grate in the lock. But she had no thought of fear for herself. Her heart was breaking with sorrow. There was no room for any other feeling.

She spread her shawl upon the dirty counterpane, braided her hair over her shoulders, and lay flat upon the bed, her hands clasped on her breast. Not long surely could one endure such suffering. She prayed that death might come to her quickly. Now and then a dry sob shook her mercilessly. In an hour's time she drifted into a stupor that was half sleep.

When Beta Kan returned his breath was hot with whisky. It was this she noticed when first consciousness began to return. This and that his face was close above hers, and his hands caressed her.

Lalli was like a lioness then in her strength. A very little while and Beta Kan lay groaning on the floor. She fled to the door. It was locked. She stared about wildly. The key lay on the carpet close beside Beta Kan. When she stooped to get it, he stumbled to his feet. When she had unlocked the door he was near enough to snatch at her hair. Some of it she left in his hand. He followed her out to the landing, calling her to stop. Near the top of the stairs he stumbled. She heard the thump, thump of his heavy body as it fell the whole flight.

The street was deserted. Scarcely a light showed in Chinatown. It must be long past midnight. But the air was cool, refreshing.

She knew where his ashes would rest. She had seen the white man's cemetery in Madras, all marked with pointing fingers of white stone. But she had no idea which way to go. She prayed briefly for guidance as she ran. Leaving Chinatown she passed many buildings; some set amid great trees and flowering shrubs she took to be temples. Now and then a motor car sped noisily by her. Once when a group of sailors hove in sight singing and laughing, she crouched in a hedge and did not dare to move for a long time.

She took up her walk again and was soon within sight of the water. That would be the sea, she thought. And English people always buried their dead near the sea, because the sea was home to them.

The sky was very full of stars and the moon was rising. The heavens were much more familiar to Lalli than this strange land, where trees and shrubs were so different from her own country, and even the perfumes were unnamable. Presently she came out upon a high road which wound around the shore, and she saw the sea, blue and silent, reflecting the stars. Beyond it the hills rose in shadowy splendor, like her own loved Himalayas.

Steadily, patiently, always looking up and ahead. Up hill and down dale. Now the moon was higher, flooding the sea. The green hedges on either side of her were overlaid with the gold of Scotch broom.

The land curved into a bay, where the waves broke on the sand in a silver fret-work, and beyond, beyond—

Lalli strained her eyes to see and then began to run.

Gleaming white and clean-cut in the moonlight, the white pillars and crosses of the cemetery stood out against the sky.

If it were only a few days ago the funeral pyre would be easily recognizable.

She avoided the graves, keeping to the outside of the enclosure. There was no fence. Everything was quite sharply distinct.

Presently she thought she found what she sought. Down in a hollow was a great stone table, blackened with smoke. It had not been used for years, but Lalli could not know that. A pile of new ashes were beside it where the caretaker had been burning some debris. Lalli paused

Continued on page 38

TRENELLA
PURE WOOL REGD



One of the noticeable style features for fall is the flare. This combined with the long tight sleeve when made up in Trenella gives the apex of style.

All the new Persian Colors are shown in Trenella, Mosul, Kazak, Khiva, Dozar, Kabistan, Shirvan, Kermarshan, and many others.

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BILLIE BURKE
DRESS COMPANY
LIMITED
TORONTO

Lalli, Wife of Genta Singh

Continued from page 37



Jonathans and McIntosh Reds

October's best—yes and they're good until Christmas easy! They make good pies and sauce, and they bake well, but young and old alike want them every day to eat out of their hands. As in other varieties this year they're scarce—buy yours now and buy plenty.

ASSOCIATED GROWERS OF
BRITISH COLUMBIA
Limited
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There's a variety for every need

there and clutched her hands over her panting breast.

But she did not weep. She had suffered a great shock and a great shame, and outraged nature made its claim in a sudden investiture of intense weariness. She looked up at the friendly stars and out upon the sea. Tomorrow she would make the sacrifice. But just now she must rest. She moved over to some long grass that grew in a little hollow, which still retained some of the warmth of the sunshine which had filled it during the day. There she lay down and blessed sleep came to her.

WHEN consciousness returned to Genta Singh, it was quite dark in the cottage, and he did not know where he was at first. He groped about stupidly, stumbled to his feet. Felt about him. Then his hand touched an electric button. He turned it.

At once realization came to him. Beta Kan had doped him, robbed him and fled. He rushed to the table drawer and unlocked it. But his papers and money were intact. He felt in his pockets. Nothing missing except his identification papers. Then the horrible truth flashed upon Genta. Once again Beta meant to impersonate him. This time to rob him of his wife.

The shock and the poisonous stuff he had eaten made him violently ill for a little while. He tore off his turban and coat and shirt. Held his head and body under the cold water tap. Presently the nausea left him. He felt better, much better. On fire suddenly with strength.

He backed his motor truck out into the road and in less than a minute was on his way to Sanna Singh's boarding house.

Sanna was asleep. He slept like a log. It was difficult to arouse him. But once aware of the desperate peril of the situation he was as eager as Genta. Together they sprang to the seat of the van; and raced the car along the deserted streets, turning corners with the speed of a fire engine, and making as much noise. Windows were opened here and there as they fled by, breaking the stillness of the night with the roar of the racing truck. Genta bent over his wheel and Sanna leaned out at the side peering ahead.

Suddenly down from a side street came a policeman on a motorcycle. He dashed after them. Signalled them to stop, by blowing his siren fiercely. He thought they were mad. Just one glimpse he had caught of their set faces, their black beards, their white turbans. They must be drunk or mad, perhaps both.

Through Chinatown they went, the policeman in close chase. They stopped with a grinding of brakes before the narrow, flat-faced house, and blinds were pulled back and faces peered out on both sides of the street. Genta pounded on the door. "You tell the policeman," he cried to Sanna, as the officer ran up beside them. He was sure of instant sympathy and help from the white man.

The door was opened a crack by the greasy-gowned woman in curl-papers. Genta shoved the door wide, pushed her back against the wall, and started up the stairs.

She screamed after him. She called him all the names in a vast vocabulary of dreadful epithets. Then, as the policeman entered with Sanna, she shivered into silence as sudden as that which follows the smashing of a tray of crockery.

Beta Kan was moaning and groaning on the bed. In two strides Genta had crossed the room and taken him by the throat. He shook him as a dog shakes a rat. Then, when his eye caught the glint of a silver bangle lying here by Beta's arm, he dropped Beta, snatched up the trinket and stared at it with distended eyes. It was an open bracelet, delicately chased.

"I fell down stairs—I fell," whined Beta Kan. "I am dying—dying—some body help—"

Genta grabbed him again. "Where is she? Where is my wife?" He held him by the throat, so that Beta's tongue lolled out, and his eyes seemed to start from their sockets. "Let him go, Genta," advised the policeman, who had come into the room with Sanna, followed by the woman in curl papers,

"he can't answer you while you're choking him."

"I'm dying," groaned Beta, falling back on the bed. "I fell downstairs, all the way, bump, bump," his bleary eyes sought the policeman, "I am a good friend to Genta Singh. I gave him a green and white china clock. Now he wants to kill me. Oh, oh!"

Genta's eyes were blazing. "Where is she? Where is Lalli?" he cried through his set teeth. And he leaned over Beta, pinning down his arms. "I don't know." Beta could not see anything now but Genta's terrible eyes. "I—don't—know—oh! She said—she wanted to find the graveyard. Somebody said—oh, oh, that you were dead. No, not me. Oh, oh, don't let him kill me. She ran away from me—to find—the graveyard—oh, somebody, somebody save me. Genta was sick and I went to meet her, and—she ran away. Oh, Genta, remember the flowers—I gave you, and the lettuces. Don't, don't—remember the china clock. Oh, don't, Genta. Oh, somebody save me. He's going—to—kill me."

Perhaps Genta might have killed him, but Sanna pulled him back, and the policeman got between him and Beta Kan.

"You go look for your wife, Genta," said the officer. "I'll take this fellow in charge."

So Genta and Sanna hurried from the room, Sanna holding tightly to Genta's arm. They thrust past the woman in the doorway who took the opportunity to tell them hissing that they were "dirty heathen niggers." And very soon the truck was flying madly through the streets again and out toward the sea.

As soon as they drew near to the cemetery, Genta stopped the motor. "Maybe she will hear it and be scared," he said. "You stay here, Sanna, I'll go on foot." His voice was hushed. He was afraid himself of he knew not what. But it was not many minutes until he had found her. She had avoided the graves, walking in the long grass which was heavy with dew. He could follow her trail. The moon was shining and the grass was parted showing where her little feet had pressed.

He saw her lying in the hollow, her knees drawn up slightly, one hand under her cheek. Her long hair lay about her like a mantle. At first he thought she might be dead. He fell on his knees beside her. Drew back the soft hair from her face. She was only sleeping. Her bosom rose and fell. Her red lips were parted. He choked, back a sob, and called her name softly.

"Lalli, my little flower. Lalli, my wife."

When she opened her eyes she believed she saw his spirit. But when his arms went around her, and his cheek touched hers! Ah, then!

THE MEADOW LARK

I waken very early
As another day is born,
And through my chamber window
Glimpse the glory of the morn.
The air seems full of music,
But sweetest note of all,
To break the hush of dawning,
Is the meadow lark's clear call.

In the busy mornings
And all throughout the day,
I hear him calling, calling,
And always blithe and gay.
Yes, even when it's raining,
And I am dull and blue.
It seems to me he's saying,
"Oh chee-er up, oh do!"

Sometimes, perhaps you know them,
We have our harder days.
He seems to come the closer,
And this is what he says:
"I have a little family,
I'm busy just like you;
Mine, too, are always hungry,
Oh, chee-er up, oh do!"

The first to herald morning,
The last to say good-night,
I bid you merry welcome,
You happy little wight!
I wish I might be like you,
And when the world seems dark,
Give forth a cherry message
Like the little meadow lark.

- Irene Armstrong.

"Vote For a Change"

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That will supply Canada's greatest need—people. The Mackenzie King Government has no immigration policy except that of maintaining an expensive, inefficient immigration department. They have allowed hundreds of thousands of Canadians to leave this Country—in fact, the Mackenzie King Government policy has forced them out.

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Only possible through Economical Administration of the Nation's Business, Balancing the Budget on the right side, Reduction of the National Debt and an earnest effort to carry on the affairs of government and public service within the revenue obtained by equitable and reasonable taxation according to the capacity of the People to pay.

A Rational Railway Policy

Operating our national system economically, free from political considerations by a Board knowing the necessities of the country and fully appreciating that further additions to our railway debt mean the ultimate destruction of the system or worse. It can no longer be so operated as to be the millstone around the neck of Canada.

Be a Canadian—Help Canada

At no time in the History of Canada was the Loyalty of every Citizen more urgently demanded to help restore Normal and Prosperous Conditions. It is imperative that a policy and Administration of Public Affairs are needed to give Confidence, to encourage Immigration and Capital Investments, keep our own People in Canada and steadily improve business conditions so as to ensure Stability and Prosperity which will in turn attract desirable Immigrants from Abroad. Only the policy of the Mackenzie King Government has stood in the way of the return to Canada of Good Times, long overdue. From all parts of the Country come reports of a pronounced feeling for a change of government and policy. The people will welcome an opportunity to put a new government into power with a new policy of progress and development.

Vote and Work for Your Conservative Candidate

Election Date, October 29th—8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Conservative Victory Committee

401 Somerset Building, Winnipeg, Man.

The Web Spinners

By Ewald Schild

in "Scientific American"

WHEN Kipling declared "the female of the species is more deadly than the male," he might well have been thinking of the spider. In the whole realm of nature there probably is no husband more afraid of his wife than is the spider spouse. Frequently the lady shows her disdain for the gentleman by killing and eating him.

Under the circumstances, the first approaches of the male spider to his lady love naturally are bashful. Often for hours he waits upon her doorstep before summoning up enough courage to enter her home. To attract her attention to the door, he timidly jerks the spoke-like threads of her many-sided structure.

Should his advances be scorned, he may, if he happens to be one of the jumping variety of spiders and, therefore, resplendently dressed, display his colored stripes, iridescent patches and plumes, like a strutting peacock. He goes through the most remarkable antics before her, just as roosters and pheasants display their attractions before their women folk.

Such is the courtship of the supreme artist of the animal world.

We long have been accustomed to look upon the spider as a ruthless and cunning creature, inspiring in many of us a feeling of repulsion and even of fear. The truth of the matter is, however, that if we knew her better we could not help but admire her really wonderful traits—her patience, her industry, her resourcefulness, her skill. With the intricacy and beautiful craftsmanship of her web we are all familiar.

The family, or more scientifically, the order of spiders has representatives in all climates. One of the best known groups includes the web builders; it is found everywhere. On a twig or in the corner of the ceiling, the little weaver excretes through openings, almost microscopically small, in her weaving glands, a clear liquid which hardens at once when it comes in contact with the air, and so forms the familiar thread of the web. The glands from which is secreted the substance of which the web is spun are located in the spider's abdomen.

When the thread is long enough to swing in the wind it sticks to some other object in the vicinity, for it has not hardened too much as yet to lose its stickiness. Now the spider swings out into space, paying out her rope as she goes, until she lands on the spot she has chosen. Securely fastening the web, she climbs aloft again and repeats the process over and over again, thus forming the outer enclosure of her web.

Somewhere near the centre of the framed space she attaches a little silk-like tuft. To this the diagonal or ray-like webs are to be fastened, forming a hub. Round and round she goes now with infinite patience, spinning the principal parts of the web until it is complete.

So the eight-legged lady builds the parlor into which she invites the fly to step. As an efficient animal trap it has never been excelled by anything any man has ever invented.

No Affection Wasted on Children

As a mother the spider shows no more sentiment than she does as a wife. She wastes no affection on her children. She does, however, give her eggs plenty of protection, literally building a wall around them. Perhaps you have seen little round or oblong clots, looking like dried mud or wax, clinging to blades of grass or stones along the roads, just as if they had been scattered there by a motor car as it splashed past.

Maybe they are mud. Just as likely as not, however, they are spiders' cocoons. Try cutting one of them open carefully with a knife. A silken cocoon may become apparent. In the centre will be the spider's eggs, softly bedded and protected from prowling ants and grasshoppers by their hard casing. When one considers that these casings often are larger than the mother spider that builds them and that frequently they are completed in a single night, one is inclined to think that, after all, the reputation for doing all the hard work in the insect world shouldn't go to the ant.

An interesting type of web is the hemispherical one, resembling nothing so much

as a canopied dance floor. Beautifully woven of sheer silk, with a tent-like net supported over a soft silken floor, and anchored securely to low twigs or grass blades, it is the home of one of the American spiders, a native of Texas.

Begun in much the same way as the common kind of web, it is given its dome shape and is drawn taut by strong threads leading to the twigs above. Above the tent is the spider's nursery, or rather incubator, where the tiny egg cocoons are stored.

But the spiders are by no means all of them dwellers above ground. Some build marvelous tunnels or passages, closely woven and practically impenetrable to light. These tunnels attain a length of several inches. The owner usually rests near the entrance, out of sight. Woe to the poor bug led by fear of other enemies or prompted by mere curiosity to enter this dark cave. The waiting spider will make easy prey of her unsuspecting victim.

Other spiders are regular miners. They burrow in the ground, their finished homes generally being lined with a soft, fluffy silk. Some of them build a trap door to make the enclosure of their home complete.

Possibly the most interesting of all are the under-water spiders. Often they live in bogs and marshes. Long before man was man they invented the diving bell. The dome-like net, closely resembling a diving bell, is built near the bottom in shallow waters and is anchored solidly to some of the surrounding plants.

After the shell has been constructed painstakingly, the spider proceeds in a most remarkable manner to fill it with air. Her body is covered with numerous fuzzy hairs. When she arises to the surface of the water the spaces between these hairs dry out and become filled with air. Watch her closely when she dives again and you will see that she appears to be encased in a shining droplet like a gem. This is a quantity of air she is carrying down into the water with her, on the same principle as that of a fluffy cloth which, when you first immerse it in water, often carries air along in its strands and at first refuses to become wet.

A Submarine Nursery

When the diving spider reaches a position beneath the bell of her underwater dwelling, she shakes off this air. It rises quickly in the bell. This slow and laborious process is repeated again and again until the entire bell is filled with air, the water, or course, being expelled as the air accumulates. The comfortable home is now ready to serve as a trap for the unwary, as a storeroom for provisions against hard times and as a nursery for the water spider's numerous progeny.

Some of the spiders, on the other hand, fly aloft in balloons, so to speak, and drift for miles through the sunny air of the autumn days. One of these aeronautical spiders chooses some elevated spot, such as a stone, anchors herself firmly to the ground, elevates her spinners and proceeds to emit a continuous thread of silk into the breeze.

When this waving kitemstring reaches sufficient length the breeze exerts considerable tension on it and soon the spider lets go and is lifted into the air. Thus adrift, the little creature traverses many a mile of countryside until the breeze slackens and allows her to fall to earth again.

Sometimes, however, the breeze is too strong when first it is sent out. Then, instead of being blown aloft, the web is blown out parallel to the earth, striking the grass and failing to balloon. Some morning when you go out of the house before the dew has evaporated and find the ground bound by a vast network like gossamer, you will know that the ballooning spiders have just been trying by the millions to fly their kites, but that the wind was too strong for them and their kites fell to earth.

Thus we see that not all spiders are builders of the common flat, circular web, as many of us have believed. Some of them, indeed, build no webs of any kind, domed, submarine or otherwise bizarre. The hunting spiders, for example, earn their livelihood by running about and

Continued on page 66



Nerve-Worn Women
Gain Strength and
Vigor by Using
**Dr. CHASE'S
NERVE FOOD**

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"I can run my Bulldog furnace steady for fourteen days in normal weather conditions on the actual cost of fifty cents," so writes F. R. Redetzke, of Cleveland, North Dakota, and he adds: "Hard to believe is it? That's what some of my neighbors thought until I showed them! We have an unlimited amount of grain screenings in this country. That's the fuel I am using."

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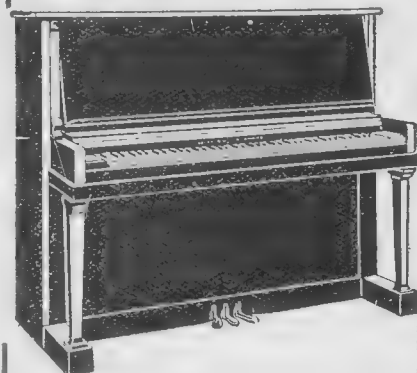
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When writing advertisers please mention
The Western Home Monthly.

Icelandic Pioneers of 1875 Golden Jubilee

Continued from page 27

to the memory of the brave members of this party who have laid down the burden and gave reverent homage to the fifteen aged survivors who, in their eighties and nineties, occupied the well-earned place of honor in the proceedings of the day.

It was the greatest reunion of old timers ever witnessed in any Icelandic community.

In the parade the central float was the "houseboat," the replica of the originals in which the settlers came down the Red River in 1875 and into Lake Winnipeg. In no way did it suggest the noble-powered galleys in which their Viking forefathers roamed the Baltic and the shores of the North Sea in the Viking age.

This "barque" was 18x12, box-like and anything but a speedy looking craft. It was gaily decorated and bore on both sides banners with "Pioneers 1875-1925." Inside rode the pioneers.

In the procession on foot the juvenile choir from Arborg, clad in white uniforms, was the outstanding feature. The adult and junior choir, which, with the Riverton band, occupied seats in an artistically decorated three-sided open stand with 200 raised seats in it, sang and played at intervals throughout the proceedings both English and Icelandic airs.

A unique honor was accorded Mrs. S. G. Stefanson, of Gimli, in the appointment by the committee to the post of official hostess to receive all comers and welcome them to the quaint log cabin—quaint to all the younger population who came to see it and its crude appointments, but to her very realistic. It was an almost perfect model of the first log cabins hurriedly put up by the men of the party when they landed in the face of a blinding snow storm in the fall of 1875, one of which was her own first home in Western Canada.

Many of those who called to pay their respects were persons who in their pioneer days had enjoyed Mrs. Stefanson's hospitality such as those difficult days permitted. Some of the callers Saturday were in their eighties and nineties and had not met her in nearly fifty years, having migrated to other districts. Others were comparatively young folk who had spent a night under Mrs. Stefanson's roof as children or paid a visit with their parents. In this latter class who called were Arni Eggertson, Carl Goodman, and Mrs. S. P. Bardal of Winnipeg.

The cabin was finished with a rough table, a bunk fashioned from the trunks of small trees, a "No. eight" cook stove; a fancy "chest" or trunk with "1874"—the year this party left Iceland—lettered on the side.

Mayor Elmar Jonason made the address of welcome, speaking on the experiences of his people during the past fifty years in this land. Government greetings were extended by Hon. W. R. Clubb representing Premier Bracken. Felicitations from the crown of Denmark were extended by A. C. Johnson of the Danish consulate.

"I cannot ask the older man who knows Iceland, who was born there, brought up in its traditions, steeped in its literature, full of its national consciousness, to cast out from his soul the very fibre of his being. We who are born in this country are in a different position. To us Canada is our native land, here we live and have our opportunities; here our children are born; here we expect to die; here there can be but one choice between Iceland and Canada, and that choice is Canada. The spirit of national consciousness is a jealous mistress brooking no rivals."

This is one of the striking passages in a forceful address on Canada delivered by Joseph T. Thorson, dean of the Law School, Winnipeg, in which he dealt with the growth of the soul of Canada as a nation, closing with the contribution Icelandic settlers have made, are making and may make to the characteristics of that soul or "national consciousness."

Dean Thorson deprecated the dependent form of Canada's status under the British North America Act, but declared life goes ahead of the law and that the "husks of the law do not conceal the ripening kernel of Canadian nationhood."

Canada of the Vikings

Written for the fiftieth Anniversary of the coming of the Icelanders, August 22, 1925

Thou Who o'er all dost single sceptre wield,
Ruler Supreme, our Sovereign and our God!
Cherish and favour each Canadian field
Whereon the feet of Viking folk have trod!

On lakes and rivers Western waft Thy light!
O'er leagues of water went the Viking band
That onward strove and ever sought the sight
Of scenes unknown amid an alien land.

That vanguard host has vanished from our ken,
And all their sons will soon be called to go;
Of all the struggles of those stalwart men
And steadfast courage few will fully know.

Yet some there were who closed their trying quest
And crowned their lives with all their heart's desire
And in this land they found their final rest
And o'er their barrows burns a beacon fire,

To blazon forth to all upon the earth
That here did Manhood wage a worthy strife,
And valiant mortals without wealth and birth
Bettered and rendered blest their lot in life.

And some here strove yet never saw the sight
Of sun-fair conquest nor found any peace,
Yet for their sons there shines a starry light
When gloom surrounds: the gallant lives of these.

Why should this land for which the Vikings sought
And found and claimed as theirs beyond the foam,
And which their scions, sweating blood, have wrought
To be for them, not fosterland, but home.

E'er cease to be the sacred heritage
Of hardy Norsemen till the end of time?
Dear Canada, be thou from age to age
For Viking sons acclaimed in every clime?

For of what worth are all thy vast domains
And wealth unmeasured that thy haunts endears.
Unless thy people evermore maintains
The pristine virtues of thy pioneers?

When for thee lately blood of heroes bled,
Of thy brave Vikings War took fearful toll;
Still does the voice of thy living dead
Stablish how men should serve the state's great soul.

So, land Canadian, may we love thee well
And live to foster what our fathers taught;
If we but do our duty, who can tell
The blessings all wherewith thy fate is fraught?

Skuli Johnson



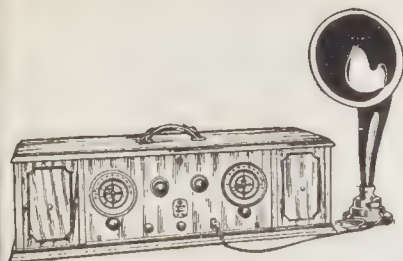
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What a Radio Manufacturer Thinks about Radio

Editorials

By S. D. Armour

WE are particularly glad to publish the attached article by Mr. Armour, because his opinions coincide to a great extent with those held by the Western Home Monthly.

When broadcasting first started, and KDKA commenced to fill the air with song and story, the general idea of the radio receiving set was more or less a miscellaneous collection of condensers, transformers, etc., harnessed through the kindly aid of various publications which specialized in hook-ups for the convenience of their readers.

Without meaning in any way to disparage the good intentions of these publishers, who, without making any charge whatever for the service, went to a great deal of trouble and consumed much time to oblige the first generation of fans, the Western Home Monthly for some time past has felt that there is no longer any need for this sort of thing. Radio has long passed the experimental stage.

Manufacturers of reliable receiving apparatus are to be found all over the country. They employ competent engineers who have spent years studying the pros and cons of wireless, and are now in a position to give us the benefit of their researches. No matter how mechanically minded the average man may be it is absurd to suppose that he can go and buy a few odd parts from the corner store and produce a set comparable to one produced by a standard manufacturer. Of course, we all know that home made sets can be made and that sometimes quite good results are obtained, but it generally happens otherwise, and we think that radio has been held back to a certain extent because, very often, the sole result of a built-at-home set has been a succession of screams and shrieks which might easily choke a person off radio for life. We do not attempt to make our automobiles or our talking machines, and very soon we shall not be making our receiving sets either.—Radio Editor.

THE support given to the radio industry by the weekly and monthly magazines of Canada has been invaluable to the manufacturers of broadcast receiving apparatus.

But conditions in the radio industry have undergone some very rapid changes in the past few months and certain features of radio pages, which were formerly very helpful to manufacturers, now have an opposite effect.

The greatest detrimental feature, from the point of view of the manufacturer, is the publication at frequent intervals of items telling of revolutionary developments in the field of radio broadcast reception. These items have a very disturbing effect on the industry and tend to undo much of the work being done by manufacturers to educate the public away from the idea that radio reception methods are going to change overnight.

Radio broadcasting and its reception are carried out according to certain fixed principles which are, basically, just the same today as when Guglielmo Marconi sent his first radio messages across the Atlantic in December, 1901. Briefly, the system used then and used today consists of taking radio waves and rectifying them into audible waves so that they may be heard by means of telephones or loudspeakers. The only changes that have taken place are in the substitution of tubes for filings-coherers or crystals as rectifiers, and in the improvement of the means of tuning and amplification. The radio waves are still the same as they were in 1901 and are picked up in the same way.

The advance of radio can be described as analogous to the advance of the automobile. An automobile in 1901 was propelled by means of an explosion of gas in a cylinder or cylinders, and the automobile of today has exactly the same basic motive power. The motor car has been refined, and so have radio receivers, but these refinements have been carried out without alteration of the fixed basic principles.

This being the case, it is obviously unfair to radio manufacturers and public alike to constantly publish stories about receivers which are described as revolutionary. These stories are misleading and tend to prevent radio sales from

attaining larger proportions, because the public keeps waiting for the revolution which can never come without completely scrapping the whole present-day theory and practice relative to radio broadcasting and its reception.

If a revolution were to be brought about in the principles on which radio now works, it would mean the scrapping of some \$50,000,000 worth of broadcasting apparatus in America alone and would make useless about \$500,000,000 worth of receiving apparatus purchased by the public in good faith.

In spite of the enormous advances made in radio broadcasting and its reception, whose advances have all been in accordance with the fixed basic principles governing the science of sending waves without wires, and a receiver purchased three years ago is just as capable of receiving broadcasts as the latest product of the most up-to-date radio factory.

Another feature of radio pages, which does the reader no good, is the publication of hook-ups and wiring diagrams of radio receivers to be built at home.

It might be argued that by interesting a person in radio reception through the medium of a home-made receiver a prospect for the eventual sale of a factory-made set was being created. It is probably true that most radio fans who have built receivers, according to the average hook-up published in a daily newspaper would like to discard them and buy efficient factory-built sets, but having invested anywhere from \$25 to \$100 in parts, the average man is hardly

in a position to scrap this material and lay out another \$50 to \$350 to buy a manufactured receiver.

Radio fan magazines in the United States, who are generally more interested in the matter of home-built sets than in factory products, admit that 50 per cent of home-made receivers are inefficient and it is an undoubted fact that many people have had their radio enthusiasm killed at the outset because of the poor reception results obtained by sets made according to published hook-ups.

The day of the home-built set is passing. This is very apparent from the fact that the sale of radio accessories—apart, of course, from telephones, loudspeakers, tubes and batteries—which formerly constituted the greatest proportion of the business of the average radio shop, has fallen off to a tremendous extent. A survey of radio stores will show, in most cases, shelves piled high with accessories which cannot be sold even by slashing prices.

As an instance of this, one of the largest radio jobbers in Ontario was glad to take \$1,200 for radio accessories having a book value of \$15,000, and which during the previous season were in such demand that supplies could not be secured quickly enough.

Dyed-in-the-wool radio enthusiasts can get all the hook-ups and diagrams they need out of American and Canadian fan magazines. The general public is not interested in the mechanical side of radio, but in the entertainment and instruction it furnishes. For these reasons, we feel that the publication of hook-ups and diagrams serves no useful purpose and unquestionably does radio a considerable amount of harm.

Something New for Kiddies in CNRW Radio Mystery Bag

YOUTHFUL radio fans found a new interest in listening to CNRW on August 27 when the first of a series of "Grab Bag Parties" was staged with the co-operation of Aunt Aimee, who now presides over the children's half hour, a feature of every programme broadcast from the Canadian National station in

flood of messages went beyond all expectations, and the surprises which went out from the studio by mail after the broadcast were just as welcome to the recipients as those they found in their stockings last Christmas morning.

While it was anticipated that the Grab Bag Party would be a success, the



Santa Claus Is Coming Earlier This Year

the Fort Garry hotel. The party was limited to children under eight years of age, and was the first of many to be held during the next few months. A telephone call or telegram, sent to Station CNRW during the broadcast is all that is necessary in the way of entrance fee, and the initial experiment along this line brought a flood of messages to the studio which kept Aunt Aimee busy for hours distributing prizes to the little fans.

Mysterious packages, each containing something to gladden the heart of a child, filled the bag to overflowing, until it was something like that famous bag which Santa Claus carries down chimneys on

expectations, and as a result it is planned to hold other Grab Bag Parties at the various studios from which the Canadian National Railways make their regular broadcasts. As these stretch all the way from Moncton, N.B., to Vancouver, B.C., it will be easily seen that these parties give an equal opportunity to kiddies in all parts of Canada to participate in them and draw one of the mysterious packages. The dates of future parties will be announced during broadcasts.

A man who has no enemies must be a good man, but the question is, what is he good for?

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In the Westinghouse laboratories, the world's leading radio engineers have developed many of the improvements that make radio an enjoyment to-day. At the start, Westinghouse originated broadcasting and each year offers the utmost that radio affords.

Let the name Westinghouse be your guide to complete radio satisfaction. No matter whether you are buying a two tube set or the Westinghouse Eight Superheterodyne this name is an assurance of supreme value.

There is an authorized Westinghouse dealer near you, specially selected for radio service. He can show you a set just suited to your particular requirements.

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For the first time, this set is now offered at a popular price, on liberal terms. You can now have the genuine Radiola 3-A—four tubes, all equipment ready to set up, for only \$5.00 down and easy monthly payments.

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We guarantee you two weeks' FREE trial in your own home. Put the set up and use it just as if it were your own. Ship it back if you are not satisfied, and we will refund your money. If you decide to keep it, you can pay for it on easy terms.

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telling all about this great offer. Just mail a post card or letter at once, and we will send you full details of this sensational radio opportunity. Remember, this is the genuine Radiola 3-A, made by WESTINGHOUSE, the greatest manufacturer of receiving sets! Write TODAY.

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The Trend of Radio

THERE may have been one manufacturer of radio apparatus who didn't have something new to exhibit at the Radio World's Fair in New York, but thus far he hasn't been discovered.

The colossal Bronx Armory—five times as large as the old Madison Square Garden—where the international exhibition was staged, was crammed to the limit with new products of American and foreign manufacturers. But even the bewildering variety of new sets, loud speakers, loops, transformers, B eliminators and a thousand and one other articles brought out at the beginning of the new season could not dull the clear, dominant keynote of the exhibition—after all is said and done and the imagination of the designers and skill of the

of sets and parts, the main question always is one of sustained operating efficiency.

"A thousand new seasons and a million new designs will not eliminate this question. Whether the fan buys a factory made set or builds his own from standard parts—the biggest question in his mind is not what or how far he can hear, but how well. The foundation of satisfactory broadcast reception still remains, and always must remain, faithful amplification—amplification without distortion. Amplification is the key to radio just as much today as it was when broadcasting was first started. That is why the radio buying public, which is becoming more discriminating every year, applies the acid test of actual performance to every article, and especially the

Radio Stations in Canada

THE season of the year when radio is most appreciated and most used, is rapidly approaching. After the rush of harvest work is over the farmer and his family will be spending long, cozy winter evenings listening in to the radio stations of Canada and the United States. Not all of the stations are in operation during the summer months, but by the time the winter season is upon us there will be a great many centres competing for the attention of radio listeners. This very competition assures the radio audience a good variety of entertainment.

Below is printed a list of some of the broadcasting stations in Canada, showing the wave length which has been assigned to each. Readers will be wise to preserve this for checking with their radio log:

CFAC	The Calgary Herald.....	Calgary, Alta.....	434.5
CFCA	Star Publishing and Printing Co.....	Toronto, Ont.....	356.9
CFCH	Marconi Co., Canada.....	Montreal, Que.....	417.0
CFCH	Abitibi Power & Paper Co.....	Iroquois Falls, Ont.....	499.7
CFCK	Radio Supply Co., Ltd.....	Edmonton, Alta.....	516.9
CFCN	W. W. Grant Radio Ltd.....	Calgary, Alta.....	434.5
CFCT	The Victory City Temple.....	Victoria, B.C.....	329.5
CFCU	Jack V. Elliot Ltd.....	Hamilton, Ont.....	340.7
CFCH	Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd.....	Calgary, Alta.....	434.5
CFCK	D. J. Fendell.....	Thorold, Ont.....	248
CFCC	The Electric Shop Ltd.....	Saskatoon, Sask.....	329.5
CFCH	Westminster Trust Co.....	New Westminster, B.C.....	291.1
CFCH	Victor Wentworth Odum.....	Vancouver, B.C.....	410.7
CHBC	The Albertan Publishing Co.....	Calgary, Alta.....	434.5
CHCM	Riley & McCormick Ltd.....	Calgary, Alta.....	434.5
CHCS	The Hamilton Spectator.....	Hamilton, Ont.....	340.7
CHNC	Toronto Radio Research Society.....	Toronto, Ont.....	356.9
CHUC	International Bible Students.....	Saskatoon, Sask.....	329.5
CHXC	J. R. Booth, Jr.....	28 Range Rd., Ottawa, Ont.....	434.5
CHYC	Northern Electric Co.....	Montreal, Que.....	410.7
CJCA	The Edmonton Journal.....	Edmonton, Alta.....	516.9
CJCF	The News Record.....	Kitchener, Ont.....	329.5
CJCM	J. L. P. Landry.....	Mont Joli, Que.....	312.3
CJGC	London Free Press Co.....	London, Ont.....	329.5
CKAC	LaPresse Publishing Co.....	Montreal, Que.....	410.7
CKCD	Vancouver Daily Province.....	Vancouver, B.C.....	410.7
CKCK	Leader Publishing Co.....	Regina, Sask.....	312.3
CKCO	Dr. G. M. Geldert.....	Ottawa, Ont.....	434.5
CKCX	P. Burns & Co., Ltd.....	Calgary, Alta.....	434.5
CKFC	First Congregational Church.....	Vancouver, B.C.....	410.7
CKLC	Wilkinson Electric Co.....	Calgary, Alta.....	434.5
CKOC	Wentworth Radio Supply.....	Hamilton, Ont.....	340.7
CKY	Manitoba Telephone System.....	Winnipeg, Man.....	384.4
CNRC	Canadian National Railways.....	Calgary, Alta.....	434.5
CNRE	Canadian National Railways.....	Edmonton, Alta.....	516.9
CNRM	Canadian National Railways.....	Montreal, Que.....	410.7
CNRO	Canadian National Railways.....	Ottawa, Ont.....	434.5
CNRR	Canadian National Railways.....	Regina, Sask.....	312.3
CNRS	Canadian National Railways.....	Saskatoon, Sask.....	329.5
CNRT	Canadian National Railways.....	Toronto, Ont.....	356.9
CNRW	Canadian National Railways.....	Winnipeg, Man.....	384.4
CNRA	Canadian National Railways.....	Moncton, N.B.....	312.3
CHIC	Northern Electric Co.....	Toronto, Ont.....	356.9
CJCL	A. Couture.....	1172-74 St. Denis St., Montreal, Que.....	270.1
CKNC	Canadian National Carbon.....	Toronto, Ont.....	356.9
CKCL	Dominion Battery Co., Ltd.....	Toronto, Ont.....	357

engineers have had freest play, the proof of radio is in the hearing, and it isn't alone what you hear, but how well you hear that really counts.

That, in the writer's opinion, is the big lesson of the Radio World's Fair.

Fans are always interested in a new device or novelty through natural curiosity, but their next question is: "How does it work?"—"Does it produce the goods?"

"The goods" in radio, nowadays, more than ever before, is quality.

Herbert Hoover, the Big Boss of Radio, stressed this point when he said: "The dominant feature of the fair must be improvement in service to the listeners."

The question of which is the best radio set will probably never be settled, any more than which automobile is best, because there is one best set or car for everybody—it's a question of taste, individual requirements, cost and many other factors.

But, as Percy W. Mack, Vice President of the Acme Apparatus Company, pointed out in a talk with the writer at the fair, whatever the improvements that have been made in form and appearance

vital parts in their sets, before accepting new products. They insist that transformers must amplify properly not only the middle range of voice and musical instrument, but the delicate over and under-tones which inferior apparatus blurs out. And loud speakers must not only give volume and clearness, but endow the radio's voice with the living, recognizable, individualistic tones of each speaker.

"Many other things in radio are important—relatively important, but fidelity of reproduction is still its fundamental and outstanding problem. No manufacturer today can get away from the fan's main question, whether with local or distant station: 'How well can I hear?'"

"That's why one exhibitor at the World's Fair spent five years and tested 250 experimental models before bringing out a new double, free edge cone-type loud speaker. New seasons will come and go, and innovations will flash across the radio horizon like comets, but the question of quality will remain:

"How well can I hear?"



Northland Five Tube Bernadyne Receiving Set with Apex Dials and built-in Table Speaker.

THIS superior instrument has won over the new radio fans. Its efficiency, simplicity, ease of operation and attractiveness has made it a favorite in homes where those unfamiliar with radio operation are most likely to enjoy its many benefits. With a Northland Superior five-tube set equipped with Apex dials you can receive concerts, market reports, etc., from every large broadcasting station in North America.

The Northland Five-Tube Bernadyne Receiving Set with Apex Dials as shown here can be supplied separate from built-in table speaker, less tubes and Batteries at **\$75.00**

The same set as here only equipped with Bakelite dials at **\$65.00**

The beautiful outfit as shown here, less tubes and batteries but with Apex dials at only **\$123.50**

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Advances in Radio

By Hugo Gernsback

(In October Issue Radio News)

WE have always with us that element which tends to speculate on revolutionary discoveries in radio. As the writer has pointed out many times before, if there are revolutions in radio they surely will not be on the receiving end for some time to come, but will be, rather, on the broadcasting end.

Radio sets follow a close parallel with the phonograph and the automobile, where, to be sure, changes are made every year in minor improvements, but all three remain, roughly, the same. Last year's model, or the model of two years ago, whether phonograph, automobile or radio, will serve just as well this year and the year after. The next few years will see improvements in the physical appearance of radio sets, as well as greater simplicity of controls. The tendency seems to be to have as few knobs as possible, or, if there is more than one control, to greatly simplify the other controls.

But out in the broadcast field great changes are coming about, and we may say that revolutionary changes will be effected in many phases during the next year. To be sure, none of these changes will affect the listener, except that he will have better programmes, and that there will be less confusion than there is today. What radio engineers are trying to accomplish is to do away with confusion and interference. Little by little, we are learning how to overcome a great many natural defects of radio broadcasting. In a very interesting article in this issue, we are reporting on some of Dr. Alexanderson's revolutionary work. He proposes to do away with one of radio's greatest enemies—fading—by using a polarized wave—a brand new thing in radio.

We all know how some of our most popular stations, if we are more than 100 miles away from them, will come in strong one second and will fade out almost entirely the next.

Then Dr. Alexanderson hopes, by a new combination, to do away with, or reduce static, one of the greatest bane of radio today. Sooner or later the secret of "anti-static" will be discovered and we shall then be able to listen to our sets in the summer time without having our reception spoiled by the greatest of nuisances. There is one remedy for static which is almost certain, and that is to bury the transmitting and receiving antenna underground. The experiments of Dr. Rogers, of underground wireless fame, point this way, and the writer has no doubt that sooner or later one of our great stations will have underground transmission, which will make for clearer and better transmission, and will also give an additional range to such a station.

On the receiving side this is not such a simple matter. If you are located in the country and can bury your antenna in a 75-foot insulated duct, the reception will be greatly improved. Unfortunately, such an underground aerial is also highly directive. If it points west, you will receive stations from the east at maximum strength, while those on the north, south and west will come in very poorly. The next best thing, then, would be to have a number of buried aerials radiating to the different points of the compass and connect them all together. This remedies the directional effect, but unfortunately it is too costly an antenna for the average broadcast listener, and besides, he doesn't have sufficient real estate, as a rule, to install such a system. Furthermore, in the city it is practically out of the question. Of course, in the city, even in steel apartments, we can use a loop antenna, but it is found that a loop antenna still picks up a good deal of static, particularly when a thunderstorm is near, and while static is not as serious as with the outdoor aerial, there is still enough to spoil many a good programme.

The tendency of our bigger stations seems toward greater power. Up until

now the first class stations averaged 500 watts, with a few at 1,000 and 1,500 sprinkled sparsely amongst them. During the summer, a number of 5,000-watters have made their appearance, and one of these has gone to 50,000 watts. The latter, WGY, of Schenectady, is now experimenting with this superpower. Several hundred miles away from this station its signals come in as loud as those of a local, but still fade as before. This will probably be remedied sooner or later if the new Alexanderson polarized wave is used.

While superpower may help somewhat when there is little static, yet, even with stations of 50,000 watts or over, an approaching thunderstorm will be sufficient to spoil the programme. What superpower does is to make it possible for the listener within a thousand miles to use a less sensitive set than he would need otherwise. With superpower the intensity of the signals is such that a good 4-tube set does what the super-heterodyne did before. People with crystal sets within a radius of several hundred miles will be enabled to listen in, where heretofore 25 miles was the maximum.

The next important thing with which our engineers are troubling themselves is the crowding of the stations. At the present time it is almost impossible to separate some of the stations on account of this crowding. Engineers are now hopeful of partly remedying this trouble by making the tuning at the sending end much sharper, so that each station will take up less room on the dial than it does now.

As we all know, a radio station has its actual wave, then there are side bands, and it is these side bands that cause heterodyning with other stations that are on the same wave-length. If the transmitting stations did not require any side bands at all and could operate on their exact waves, we should rarely have such a thing as interference from other stations. As a matter of fact, we could operate a great many more stations than we do now without interference. While no actual solution for this has as yet been found, engineers are hopeful that there is a remedy.

Radio Movies Next

BROADCASTING of moving pictures will be the next outstanding advance in the field of radio communication, A. Atwater Kent, of Philadelphia, a member of Secretary Hoover's committee on broadcasting, believes.

Declaring he has been intensely interested in the recent transmission of motion pictures by radio across the city of Washington and their projection on a miniature screen, Mr. Kent said he anticipated the time when "Radio movies" will be shown as clearly and large as canned pictures now thrown on theatre screens. He added:

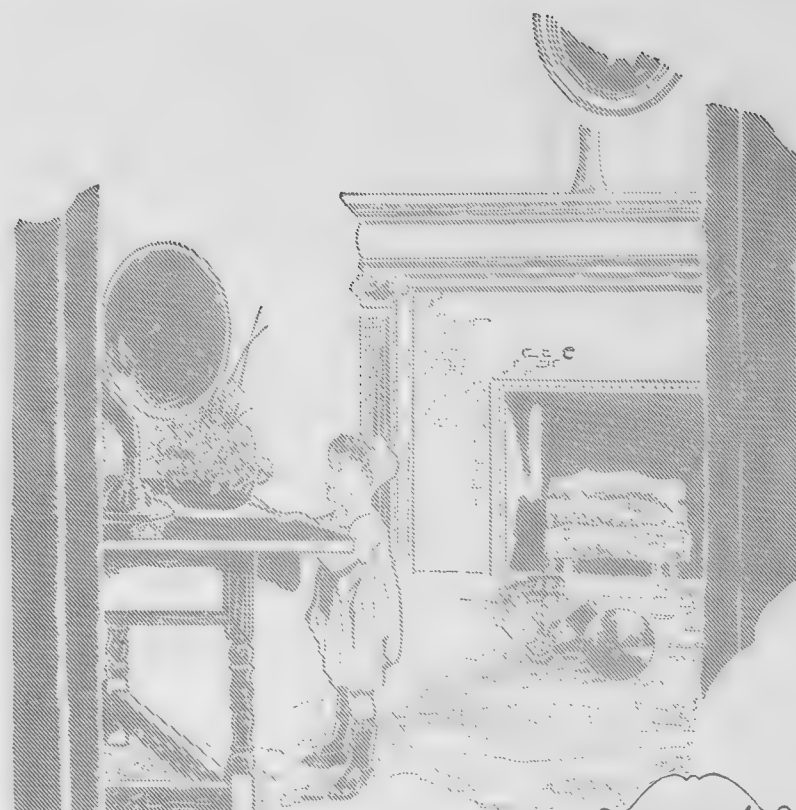
"When it is remembered that broadcasting stations and broadcasting words and music of whole vaudeville shows and operas are achievements of the past ten years, perfection of radio motion pictures during the next few years seems a goal likely to be obtained.

Expects Radio Movies by 1935

"RECENT success in radio vision experiments indicate that by 1935, perhaps even sooner, we can sit at home and watch the playing of a championship baseball series, projected on a radio picture screen, besides hearing the umpire's voice and the crowd's cheers, which the sound receiving set now picks up.

"Possibilities of such apparatus are unlimited. Inauguration of the president, manoeuvres of battleships, horse races and football games could be witnessed by persons all over the nation, at the time they happen, for waves carry the pictures across the continent in less than a second.

"Cost of a radio vision machine for homes is only a matter of speculation yet, but it seems that it could be made as accessible as high-powered sound receiving sets now on the market.



Perfectly natural

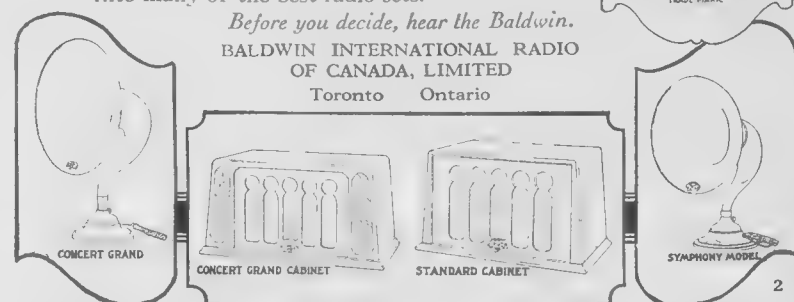
The Baldwin gives you truth in reproduction—fidelity.

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" 11	ETAGAMA	Greenock (Glasgow) Liverpool
" 16	ONTCLARE	Liverpool
" 23	ONTNAIRN	Greenock (Glasgow) Liverpool

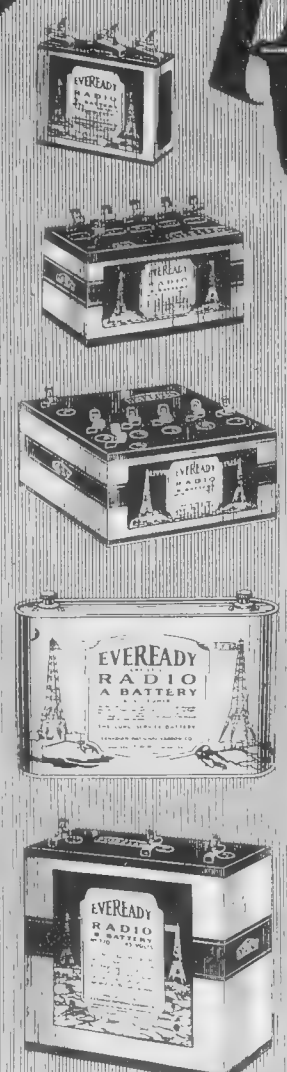
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RADIO

Don't Miss it!



There will be so many interesting programmes broadcast during the Radio season that you and your family cannot afford to miss them. If you do not own a radio go to a Radio dealer's store and select the best set you can afford to buy.

Install it in your home. A new world will open up to you. Music, entertainment, educational lectures, market reports, speeches by famous men and women, are yours to enjoy by simply tuning in the broadcasting stations.

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Hear music with a velvety smoothness of tone, a clarity and a volume you never thought possible. Hear the voice, with a humanness that will surprise you.

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A Modern Utopia—Free From Static

A MODERN Utopia for radio fans, where the heat of midsummer does not bring with it the usual static interference, has been discovered by observers of the Westinghouse broadcasting station KDKA, at East Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A. And that favored place lies practically in the heart of Europe, on the slopes of the famous Jungfrau mountain in Switzerland—a peak of the Bernese Oberland mountains which towers nearly three miles above the surrounding country.

A second snow-covered mountain has also proven unusually favorable for summer reception, a shelf of the Lauterbrunnental peak in the Swiss range yielding almost flawless programmes night after night.

The discoverer of these two static-free spots is Stanley McLatchie, an American electrical engineer, who is living in Stuttgart. Mr. McLatchie is one of a large group of regular observers who report to KDKA on the reception of its short-wave transmissions in every corner of the civilized world.

In writing to the American broadcasting station concerning this unexplainable phenomenon, Mr. McLatchie says:

"I was in Switzerland two weeks in midsummer, and tried reception in various locations in the Alps, some of which where probably no radio set had ever before been. I listened in for five nights at Murren, on the shelf of the Lauterbrunnental, at an altitude of about one mile. Here I found better receptive conditions than I had ever before experienced in summer weather."

All European stations of any conse-

quence were plainly heard, he goes on to state, as well as the Westinghouse broadcasting station at Pittsburgh. "I next listened," he says, "for four nights in Kleine Scheidegg, in the lap of the Jungfrau, at the height of a mile and a quarter. The stations stood out clear-cut against a silent background. It was an almost uncanny experience. I was able to hear Glasgow, Oslo in Norway, and Barcelona as clearly as Zurich."

Reception was next tried on the very tip of Mount Niesen, a mile and a half high, but static there, in contrast to the lower slopes, was as bad as in Stuttgart or in the valley cities. Surprised at this, Mr. McLatchie made efforts to fathom the mystery. He ascribes the absence of static in the two favorable slopes to the influence of the snow-covered peaks which tower more than a mile above where his receiver was set up. Lightning never strikes at Scheidegg, he learned; high potential disturbances are absorbed by the higher peaks.

It was Mr. McLatchie who arranged for re-broadcasting of KDKA programmes from America by the Stuttgart station, the programmes being relayed by the American station's international short wave relay system. He is one of a group of organized observers, most of whom are engineers whose life work has taken them to such places as South Africa, Australia, Turkey, and various parts of South America, not to mention practically every corner of Europe. The experiments are conducted in co-operation with engineers of the broadcasting station, using powerful short-wave transmission.

NOVEL DISPLAYS AT RADIO SHOW

HISTORICAL exhibits took up a large part of the space at the Western Canada Radio Show which was held in the Royal Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg, September 14 to 19, inclusive. The show, which was a great success, was put on by the Canadian Exhibition Company under the auspices of Associated Radio of Manitoba.

Included in the number of interesting exhibits was a coherer receiver dated 1904. This was an antique part of wireless apparatus that had been pushed out into the land of forgotten things by the improvements of the modern radio receiving sets. In the early days of wireless telegraph, the coherer was one of the most important pieces of apparatus in the set. It is rarely used today, save in experimental laboratories.

There was also exhibited an exact counterpart of the emergency transmitter used by Jack Binns at the time of the loss of the "Republic," and which type of transmitter has been responsible for the saving of thousands of lives at sea. This and several others were among the historical exhibits loaned to the show through the courtesy of the Canadian Marconi Company.

Radio Millenium

THE history of the phonograph is now being repeated with the radio. In the beginning in both instances, a few of the

world-renowned artists "tried the thing," just to see how it would go. Then, with a sudden fear of cheapening themselves, they refused to have anything to do with the affair. Finally, they began to see that even they could not withstand the imperative uses of the new invention and allowed their art to go to the greater multitude.

In the case of the radio, they are still doing this in a somewhat hesitant manner, but the pregnant fact is that they are doing it—Dame Nellie Melba, and also Paderewski and Luisa Tetrazzini in England, and a number of them on this side of the Atlantic.

Radio

By Clara Virginia Barton.

Songs of children in the morning—
Dust of camel trains at night—
Gypsy vans—a moonlit garden—
Flickering torch and acolyte—

Beauty comes from far-off places
On my alien hearth to dwell,
Looses here her winged sandals,
Varying endlessly her spell.

Radio, opening wide my portals,
Leads the starry guest within;
And I find each room grown spacious
Where her wayward feet have been.

—From "Radio in the Home."



The home and garden of Mr. Frank Martin at Gladstone, one of the many beautiful cottages which abound in the Province of Manitoba

Musical Opportunities

By Arthur Mason

THE history of music is filled with wonderful stories. But the story of the growth of music's listening public is as wonderful as any. For a very long time interest in music was the possession of only a few outside those who were musicians. Music did not exist for the people at large, or it existed only as a far-off and rather mysterious possession of the experts who wrote it and the experts who performed it. There is not space here to tell the full story of the growth of the music-learning public, but at least this can be said: that whereas music once upon a time was available to only a few people here and there, it is now available to, and is a treasured interest to the majority of the peoples of the world, so that the pleasure attaching to the love of music is one of the best pleasures of hundreds of millions of the human family.

The 18th, 19th, and 20th Century Musical Public

The music now in performance has come to be of its present range and variety because of the public demand. That public demand has been created and has increased because of the variety of music on offer. Supply has expanded demand, and demand has inspired supply. The musician of no earlier than the eighteenth century would be amazed to find his beloved, but comparatively sequestered, art in command of such a vast public as is now available to it, and not even the nineteenth century musician, nor the nineteenth century musical public, could have imagined a world in which music was so illimitably on offer, or such variety, or of so certain an appeal to every shade of musical taste, is it is seen to be at the close of the first quarter of the twentieth century.

The musical opportunities of today are, in fact, without number or end, and no taste in music need go unsatisfied. The familiar sources of our own time and former times—orchestras, chamber-music combinations, operas, choirs, bands, vocalists, the piano, the violin—all the solo instruments—now pour out their music in a volume which even a little while ago would have been unbelievable. But more significant than that, new instruments—instruments that were undreamt-of by our forefathers—have risen so swiftly to the level of artistic efficiency, and command the interest of so many millions of people, that already they are among the foremost musical influences of our time, although they have no more than begun their existence in the musical world.

Wireless

The possibilities of wireless transmission of music are such that this musical medium alone will probably attract to itself as great an audience of listeners as is available to any single source of music. And, valuable as it will be in that regard, wireless music will be still more valuable as a medium of contemporary performances of music that will urge numbers of its hearers to possess in permanent form that which they have heard fleetingly, and have taken pleasure in hearing, as it has come to them on the wings of the wireless magic.

The Gramophone

This opportunity of a permanent pleasure in the music that attracts them is marvellously assured to listeners of today by the gramophone and the player piano. The gramophone's popularity is evidence enough of its power to give listeners almost all they desire. It is now an inexhaustible treasure-house of musical wealth, and it goes on adding to itself fresh stores of music, one inestimable value of which is that it may be heard over and over again, and another is that it demands from its audience neither musical skill nor musical knowledge, but only such a love of music as will induce that audience to listen. More and more the gramophone is an instrument of great music, and of good music, so that already the listeners who once were its only audience—those who came to it for the pleasure of its catchy tunes and the lilt of its rhythms—are rivalled in number and in appreciation by those who love best the greatest music and take from the gramophone some of their most intimate and most lasting impressions of musical art.

The Player-Piano

The player-piano is—at least in this country—only at the beginning of its career as a musical influence. There can be little doubt, however, as to its future place in the affections of music lovers. An instrument which can give forth, at the will of the listener, music of all kinds at the highest level of performance possible to the greatest pianists of our day, or at the level of performance, in the case of light music, possible to expert players of such music, is, obviously, a musical force of the first order. Its appeal to the listener resembles that of the gramophone in these regards: its capacity to reproduce music artistically has improved by leaps and bounds; it owns an enormous repertory of music of all kinds; the artists whose performance it reproduces include the greatest pianists of our time; and it, too, demands from its audience neither musical skill nor musical knowledge, but only their desire to listen to music. In other regards, of course, its offering of music to the listener is a quite different offering from that of the gramophone's reproduction of all instrumental and vocal music. It is a piano, and it plays only piano music and such other music as has been transcribed for piano performance. But when one thinks of the immense mass of piano music, and the splendors of musical beauty such music contains; when one thinks of the variety, the calibre, the range of appeal, which piano music possesses, one realizes the vast possibilities of the player-piano as a musical influence, and as a medium of musical enjoyment.

Musical influences, indeed, abound. These three—wireless, the gramophone, and the player-piano—are merely the new musical influences of our own time. But by them alone the listener of today is offered music at a level of attractiveness unknown to the generations of listeners that preceded him, and has at its ear such a variety of music as cannot fail—whatever may be his musical tastes and fancies—to assure to him all the musical pleasure he desires.

A Spiritual Stimulus

Music of all the arts offers the most direct medium for spiritual stimulus in national life. Other arts—as literature, drama, painting—may appear to have more immediate appeal; but music presents more active possibilities of public art-participation. Music affects concourses and gatherings perhaps less intellectually, but more spontaneously and instinctively. At moments of great public emotion crowds do not join in quoting poems...they sing.

How to Care for Your Music

Is anything more exasperating than to find a page of music missing just at the time it is immediately needed? How untidy frayed leaves do become. In a recent issue of "Musical Standard," London, the following very sensible and thrifty hints were given for the care of music:

1. If you are anxious to keep a new song or instrumental piece nice and fresh, cut down the wide margins somewhat and paste a strip of brown paper up the back.
2. As soon as a tear is made, paste it up with some of the specially-made gummed paper sold in little reels.
3. A pretty portfolio can easily be made from some cardboard and a piece of pretty cretonne. There is no reason why music holders should be ugly.
4. If a title page is missing, a cover can be made of a piece of brown paper to keep it neat, with a label giving contents.
5. When a new vocal score is purchased, a piece of linen should be firmly glued up the spine; this will save it from speedy dilapidation.
6. Small items, like anthems, do best stitched with thread into a little brown paper cover.
7. Corners to be "turned over" may be strengthened with a little triangle of paper pasted over them.
8. Quartet and other parts should always be tied together with tape when not in use. What is more annoying than to find one missing? It is best to number these prominently.



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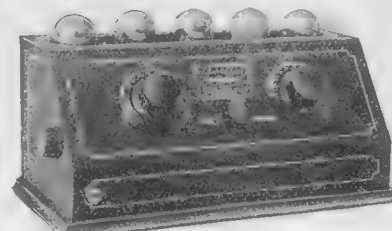
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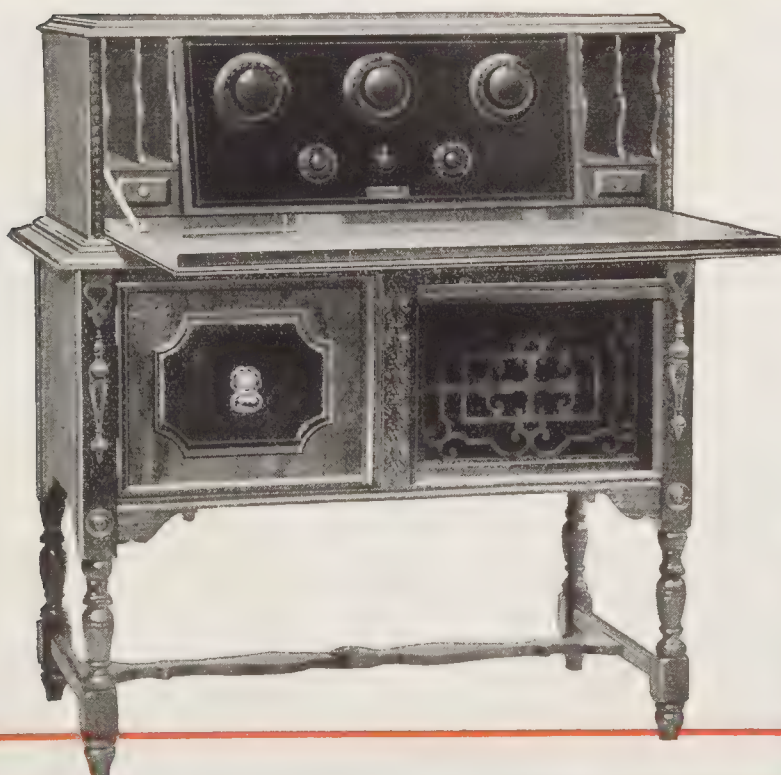
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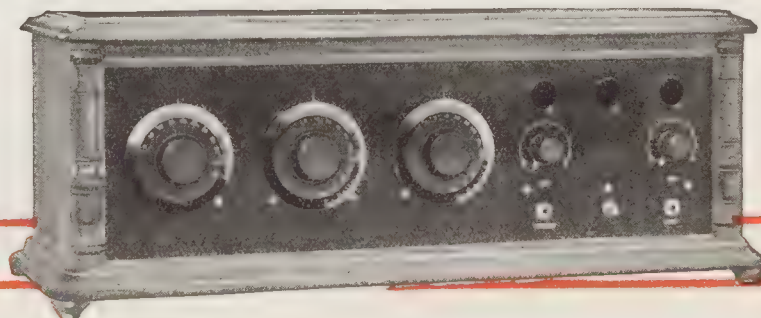


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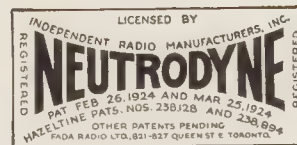
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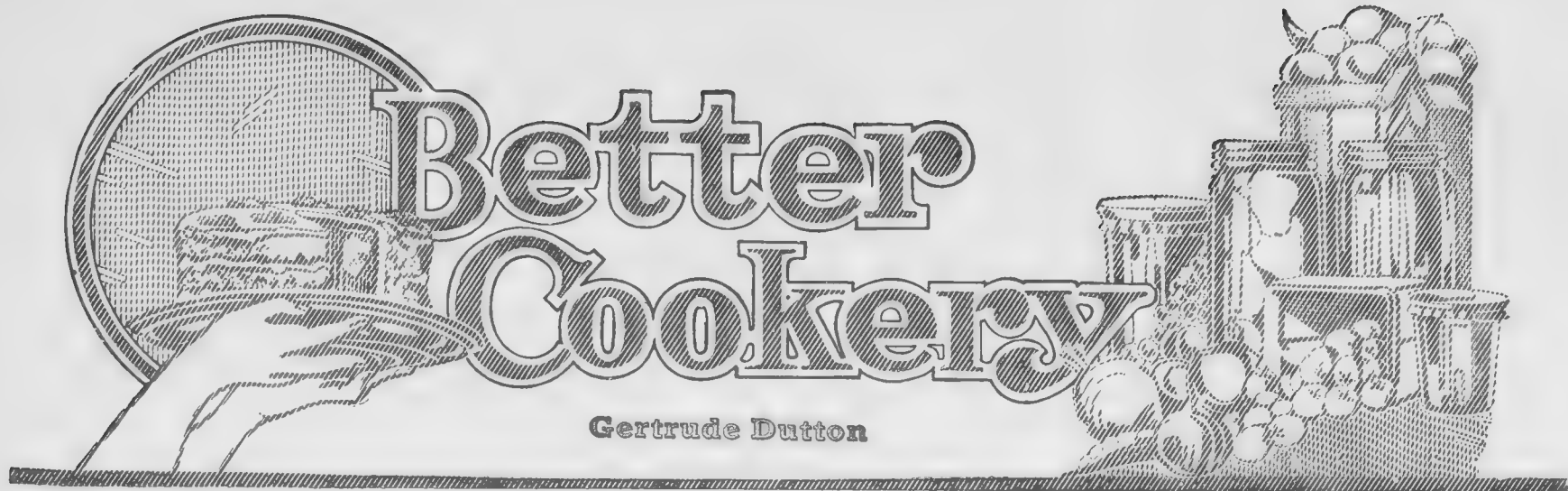
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The Humble Cabbage

CABBAGE is a vegetable we may have during the entire year. It is easily stored in a cool dark place, for the whole winter, giving us a succulent green vegetable when there is nothing else available. It is more easily digested raw than cooked, but if cooked properly can be digested by the majority of people. If boiled vigorously till dark brown, perhaps with salt pork or corned beef, it is not fit for human food.

To Boil Cabbage

Remove the outside leaves, cut the cabbage in quarters, put in boiling water, enough to cover it, and cook uncovered to prevent unpleasant odors, till tender, which will require from twenty to thirty minutes. The color should be a pale green or almost white, never yellow or brown. Drain at once, chop, season with salt and pepper and butter, or serve in any desired way. Cream sauce may be poured over it.

Lady Cabbage

Arrange alternate layers of cooked chopped cabbage and white sauce, in a buttered bake dish. Put a layer of buttered crumbs on top, and heat in the oven.

Cabbage au Gratin

Prepare as for lady cabbage, putting a layer of cheese, either grated, chopped or in very thin slices, on each layer of cabbage.

Cabbage with Pork

Cook salt pork for about three hours in boiling water, add the cabbage cut in quarters, and cook till tender. Put the cabbage on a platter, and surround with thin slices of the pork.

Cabbage Rolls

Remove the leaves without breaking them, from a head of cabbage, allowing one or two to each person. Drop into the kettle of boiling water or soup stock long enough to wilt the leaves. In the centre of each put a spoonful of chopped cooked meat, well seasoned. Roll up and fasten with tooth picks. Put in the kettle of boiling water and cook till the leaves are tender and the meat heated. Remove carefully into a hot platter.

Stuffed Cabbage

Cut a cabbage head in two. Remove the centre, leaving a shell about an inch thick. Pack the cavity with chopped cooked corned beef. Place the two halves together, tie up in a piece of cheese cloth, and cook till tender in a kettle of boiling water. Place the two halves on a platter with the cut side up.

Cabbage and Sausages

Arrange chopped and seasoned hot cooked cabbage in the centre of the platter. Arrange tiny link sausages around it. If the cabbage is a left-over, it may be heated in a frying pan with a small amount of cabbage fat.

Pickled Red Cabbage

Shred the cabbage, sprinkle with salt and let stand over night. Drain thoroughly. To one gallon of vinegar add 1 cup of brown sugar, a little celery salt and any desired spices. Boil five minutes, remove the bag of spices, and pour over the cabbage, taking care to have enough vinegar to cover the cabbage. Store in a cool place in covered stone crocks.

Sauerkraut

Use one pound of salt to forty pounds of cabbage. Shred the cabbage, and put a layer about four inches thick in the bottom of a stone crock or wooden keg. Pound with a wooden potato masher. Repeat till the vessel is full as desired. Place on the cabbage a cover that fits it, after putting clean whole leaves on top. Weight the cover down. Keep in a warm place for

about six weeks, when the kraut will be ready for use. It is not a dish which is to be recommended for persons with weak digestive systems.

Delicate Cabbage

Shred the cabbage and cook till tender in milk enough to cover it. When done, add a little thickening, salt, pepper and butter.

Cabbage as Salad—Cold Slaw

SHRED the cabbage with a sharp knife, and crisp it in cold water, then dry with a piece of cheese

cooked dressing, then lightly toss with it, banana cut in fine match-like pieces.

Red Cabbage Salad

Chopped or shredded red cabbage 2 c.
Chopped apple 1. Minced onion 1 tb.
Chopped celery ½ c. Dressing.

Jellied Cold Slaw

Set a lemon jelly powder, using ¼ cup of vinegar in place of ¼ c of the boiling water, season with salt and paprika, and when beginning to thicken, stir in a finely chopped pimento, and 1 c of finely shredded cabbage, and 1 tb grated horse-radish if the flavor is liked.

Cabbage and Raisin Salad

To cabbage salad flavored with minced onion, add a few raisins.

Cabbage and Meat

Add to cabbage salad cubes of left-over cold meat, and cubes of ripe tomato.

Pumpkin and Squash

At this season of the year, summer squash and vegetable marrow are at their best. While the squash is young and tender enough to be broken with the finger nail, it is not necessary to remove the skin. As the skin becomes thicker, it must be peeled. The seeds of summer squash are not removed.

Stewed or Steamed Squash

Marrow, summer squash or ripe cucumbers may be boiled or steamed. The cucumbers are pared. Cut the vegetable in pieces. Cook over hot water in a steamer, or in a kettle with just enough water to prevent burning, till tender. Drain, serve with salt, pepper and butter, or with a rich cream or cheese sauce.

Mashed Squash

Mash the cooked vegetable, season with butter, salt, pepper, beat in 4 tb milk or cream, and ½ tb flour to each cup of pulp to thicken it slightly, or thicken with one or two eggs. Reheat before serving.

Sautéed Squash

Put one large minced onion in a frying pan with a tablespoon or two of butter. Add a diced summer squash, season with salt and pepper, cover, and cook till tender, stirring occasionally that the squash may brown evenly. The onion may be omitted.

Stuffed Vegetable Marrow I

Peel the marrow, cut in two lengthwise, scoop out the seeds, and fill the cavity with a stuffing of buttered and seasoned breadcrumbs with any chopped cooked meat if available. Bake in a pan in the oven till tender. The two halves of marrow may be tied together to bake, then have the string removed for serving.

Stuffed Marrow II

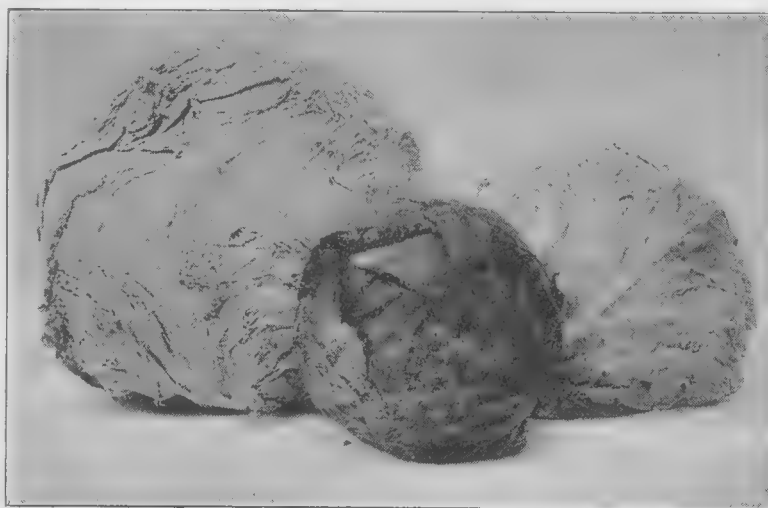
Fill the marrow cavities with a stuffing of ¾ meat to ¼ boiled rice, seasoned with salt, pepper and an onion chopped and browned in butter. Lay slices of ripe tomato on top, and bake till the marrows are tender.

Stuffed Tomatoes

Scoop some of the pulp from large firm ripe tomatoes. Fill with well-seasoned mashed squash, thickened with bread crumbs. Dot with butter, and bake.

Fried Squash

Cut the squash or marrow in quarter-inch slices. Dip in flour seasoned with salt and pepper, and fry in butter.



Different varieties of cabbage

cloth. Over it sprinkle granulated sugar and mild white vinegar to taste. Toss lightly together with a fork.

Chicken or Tuna Salad

Toss lightly together finely shredded cabbage and flaked tuna or stewed chicken cut in small cubes, and a sufficient quantity of cooked salad dressing to moisten it. Equal quantities of cabbage and meat may be used, or a slightly larger proportion of cabbage. Some finely chopped celery may be used in place of part of the cabbage. The dressing should not be too sweet. For special occasions, a few broken walnut meats may be added.

Apple and Cabbage Salad

Toss together shredded cabbage, half as much diced apple, a few nut meats, a few dates stoned and cut in strips, and enough cooked dressing to moisten it. Pile on lettuce leaves.

Cabbage and Beet Salad

Mix together shredded crisp cabbage, one-fourth as much diced beet, and cooked dressing. Garnish with cubes of beet, or sprinkle finely chopped beet on top. Beets which have stood for a little while in vinegar after being cooked and sliced, give a better flavor.

Celery and Cabbage Salad

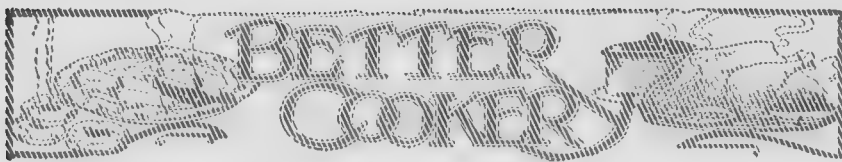
Mix equal quantities of chopped celery and shredded cabbage with salad dressing.

Cabbage and Pineapple Salad

Mix together shredded cabbage, grated or diced pineapple and a rather sweet cooked dressing.

Cabbage and Banana Salad

Mix together finely shredded crisp cabbage and

**Squash Muffins**

Dry squash pulp 1 c. Baking powder 2 t.
Milk 1 c. Sugar 2 t.
Eggs 2 c. Salt ½ t.
Flour 3½ c. Butter 3 tb.

Beat well and bake in muffin tins.

Baked Winter Squash

Cut a winter squash in pieces. Remove the spongy part. Place the pieces in a pan, skin side down, and bake in a fairly hot oven. When done, remove the pulp from the shell, mash, season with salt, pepper, butter, and a spoonful of hot cream. Or, the pieces of squash may be baked with a little molasses or brown sugar in each. Or, to re-heat, pile the

mashed pulp in a baking dish, dot with butter, and place in a hot oven.

Pumpkin Preserves

Wash, peel and cut the pumpkin in one-inch cubes. Steam till tender. In each pound of cooked pumpkin, allow one pound of sugar, two lemons, and one ounce of root ginger, cut in small pieces. Cut the lemon in thin slices, let stand in 1 cup of water over night, simmer next morning until cooked. Make a syrup of the sugar, lemon and water, and ginger, boil a minute or two, add the pumpkin and cook till it is clear. Pack in jars, boil down the syrup till thick and pour over the pumpkin, and seal.

Fruits for Hot Autumn Days—Fruit Salad for Dessert**Peach Salad I**

In a nest of lettuce leaves place half a peach. Fill the centre with dressing and chopped walnut meats.

Peach Salad II

Make as Peach Salad I, but fill the peach cavity with cream cheese. Serve with dressing.

Peach Salad III

Make as above, filling the cavity with chopped celery.

Peach Salad IV

Fill the centres with minced celery and grated pineapple mixed together.

strawberries, sliced peaches, etc. Put more fruit on top, and garnish with whipped cream. Cantaloupe and peaches in equal quantities, cut in pieces, sprinkled with powdered sugar, and allowed to stand for half an hour, covered with a wet cloth, make a good shortcake.

Peach Cake Filling I

White of 1 egg. Water 3 tb.
Sugar ¼ c. Peaches 1 c.
Lemon juice 1 t.

Put the egg white, sugar and water in the upper part of a double boiler. Beat constantly over the fire with a Dover egg beater till stiff. Fold in the peaches

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Squash, pumpkin, and cucumbers for Fall and Winter use.

Cream Dressing

Sour cream ½ c. Sugar 1 t.
Lemon juice 2 tb. Salt.
Paprika

Whip the cream till stiff, beat in the sugar, lemon juice, salt and paprika, and use immediately. If it stands long it may separate.

Desserts of Fruit

I. Sliced peaches with cocoanut and a spoonful of whipped cream.

II. Pack steamed or boiled rice in molds. Turn out on plates and surround with sliced peaches. With fresh peaches use cream; if canned peaches are used, make a sauce by thickening some of the juice with cornstarch, 1 t to 1 c of juice, and adding more sugar if desired. Two or three drops of almond extract may be added if one wishes.

III. Cream Whip

Gelatin 1 tb. Cold water ¼ c.
Egg whites 2. Peaches 1 c.
Cold water 1 c. Sugar ½ c.

Soak the gelatin in ¼ c cold water, soften over hot water. Make a syrup of the cold water and sugar, add the peaches cut in pieces (either canned or fresh), add the dissolved gelatin. When it begins to stiffen fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, beat the mixture till fluffy, and pile in individual glasses. Serve with cream or custard sauce.

IV. Short Cake

Make a good biscuit dough. Make into two rather thin rounds, or in individual biscuits. Butter one, place another on top, and bake. Split and put together with any preferred fruit, blackberries,

and lemon juice, then beat a moment or two longer. Pile between and on top of a plain light cake.

Peach Filling II

Sugar ½ c. Lemon juice 1 tb.
Corn starch 3 tb. Butter 1 tb.
Boiling water 1 c. Crushed peaches 1 c.

Pour the boiling water on the sugar and cornstarch mixed together; cook in a double boiler till thick. Stir in the butter, lemon juice and peaches. Cool and put between the layers of a cake. Put whipped cream on top.

Melon Marmalade

Diced cantaloupe 1 qt. Grated pineapple 2 c.
Diced tart apple 1 qt. Sugar 8 c.
Diced peaches 1 qt. Lemons 3.

Use the grated rind and juice of the lemons. Mix all together and cook till thick and clear. Seal in sterilized jars.

Watermelon Conserve

Watermelon rind 2 c. Sugar 2 c.
Orange 1. Grape juice 1 c.
Lemon, juice of 1. Walnuts ¼ c.

Remove the red portion of the watermelon, and the green rind, using only the white part. Cut in small cubes before measuring. Chop the orange. Cover the melon rind with cold water and salt, using 2 tb. salt to 1 qt. water. Bring to a boil, and continue boiling till the rind begins to soften. Drain, and cover again, with clear cold water, and continue cooking till perfectly tender. Drain and add the chopped orange (peel, juice and pulp), lemon juice, sugar and grape juice. Cook till clear, add the nuts, and pour into sterilized jelly glasses. When cold, cover with paraffin.

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Food for Hungry Children

By Barbara Brooks

SOMEONE has said that a child is just one long exaggerated appetite. This statement will be heartily endorsed by many mothers. It needs only an appetizing odor from the kitchen to lure the children to the door begging for something to eat because they are "simply starved."

And they are hungry. If they go to bed at the right time, they are up early, and after breakfast play so energetically that by mid-morning when the crisp, brown cookies are done they cannot wait another minute for a taste. Do you remember how good your own mother's cookies, hot from the oven, tasted to you? You have only to close your eyes to recall their flavor.

Some children, too, are of a more nervous temperament than others and need food at more frequent intervals. This type should be fed oftener, but not in such amounts as to spoil their appetites for the next meal. With all children care must be taken to give them simple food, which is easily digested and not too sweet. For this reason the jar filled with wholesome cookies is a real help to mother. Another good between-meal food is ready-to-eat cereal. This can be eaten dry without danger of over-eating. Especially in hot weather is a bowl of cornflakes a welcome filler for the child whose legs seem to be hollow.

The following cooky recipes are nourishing. They are neither too rich nor too

sweet and the fruit and coarse cereal give them extra health value.

Concordia Bran Cookies

1/3 cup sugar	Rind of half an
1/4 cup butter	orange, grated
1/4 tsp. salt	1 cup flour
1/2 tsp. vanilla	1/4 tsp. soda
1/4 cup sour milk.	1 cup all-bran

Combine sugar, shortening, salt, vanilla and orange rind, beating very well. Sift flour with soda and add alternately with milk. Add all bran. Chill until thoroughly cold, and roll thin. Cut in desired shape. Use as little additional flour as possible. Bake in moderate oven for 12 to 15 minutes. (380 degrees F.)

Fig Newtons

1/3 cup shortening	2 cups flour
1/2 cup sugar	1/2 tsp. salt
1 egg	2 tsps. baking
1 cup all-bran	powder
1/3 cup milk	

Cream the shortening and sugar together and add the egg. Beat well. Add all-bran and sift the flour, salt and baking powder, alternating this with the milk in adding to the other mixture. Put in the ice box and thoroughly chill. When cold, roll in a thin strip, 4 inches wide. Fill one half lengthwise with fig filling. Fold other side over and pinch sides together. Cut this strip in pieces 2 inches long. Brush with milk and bake on buttered baking sheet. (350 degrees to 375 degrees F.)

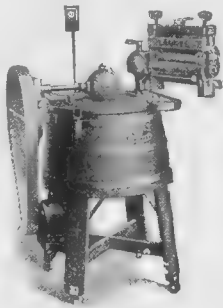


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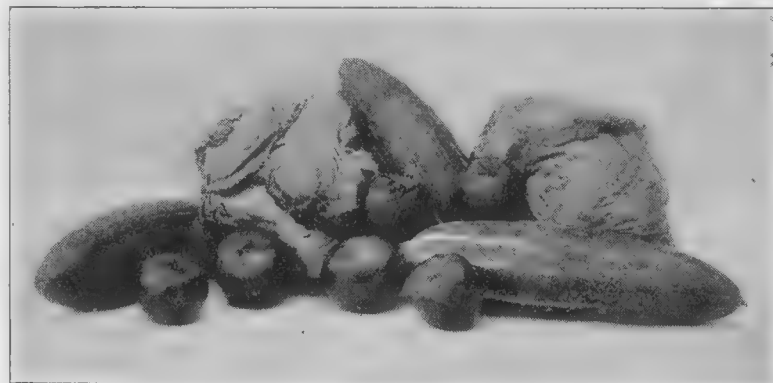
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Including fresh salad vegetables in the children's lunches will assure those necessary vitamins

The Right Equipment to Work With

By Emma Gary Wallace

MEAL getting is one task that repeats itself endlessly. Three meals a day for 365 days in a year, aggregate 1,095 meals in the year, and there are few homes indeed where special lunches and extra meals are not added generously to this list.

When the housewife or her helper starts in to get a meal, she uses the same tools and equipment in part at least, every time—for example, the refrigerator, the range, the teakettle, the kitchen knives, the dining room or breakfast room furnishings, the dishes and silver, to say nothing of the lay-out necessary to clean-up after the meal and to make everything ship-shape in kitchen, dining room, and pantry.

A well-known domestic science expert has estimated that in doing the cooking for an average day in a family of average size, that a kitchen knife is used 129 different times. This would mean 47,085 times in the course of twelve months.

We might multiply statistics regarding other tools and implements, but the point to stress is that true economy of money and effort are best considered when we provide ourselves with what is thoroughly satisfactory, and then take pains to keep it in the very best condition possible.

An old refrigerator may be a real extravagance. If the seams have opened

up, if the doors sag or do not close properly, if the insulation is poor or the construction faulty, if the lining is broken or difficult to keep clean, or if the circulation is such that damp air in places of dry air passes through the chambers, we not only waste ice and use a lot more than is necessary in a season, but food is not kept at its best, supplies are wasted also, and health is endangered. Many families pay for a new refrigerator over and over again while still going on using the old one and thinking how economical they are.

Then a range which has outlived its usefulness, may be a hog for fuel without giving results. Possibly the same equipment could be used if it were cleaned thoroughly, necessary parts replaced, or attachments made of gas vents so as to permit the proper admixture of gas and air for successful combustion.

Dull knives are not only aggravating, but they call for lost minutes and the food cannot be as attractively prepared or served as when sharp blades of good steel are available. There are on the market some very satisfactory sharpeners and some which are of no value whatever.

We frequently find fakirs who are doing wonderful stunts with sharpening tools. Sometimes these people come to our doors or we meet them at fairs or other places

Continued on page 49

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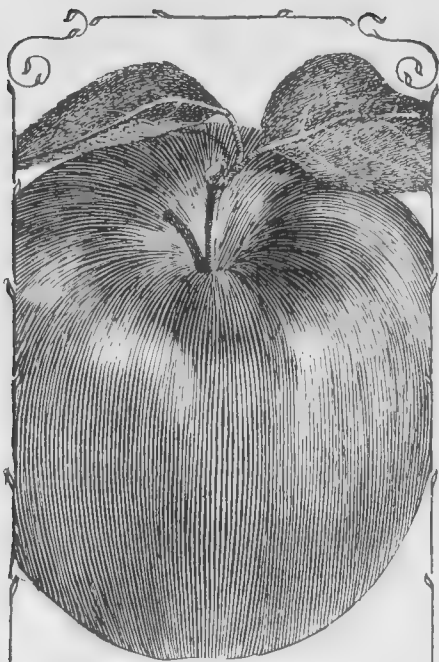
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Take the apple, for instance, one of the most wholesome of all our fruits. Make an Apple Charlotte, and revel in the most fascinating dish you ever tasted. Here is the recipe:

Apple Charlotte—Six Servings

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup boiling water
1 cup sugar Lady fingers or stale cake
1 cup apple or peach pulp
¼ cup cold water Whites of three eggs
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and when dissolved add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly and add peach or apple pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen beat, using a wire whisk, until light; then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold lined with lady fingers or stale cake. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs.

Knox Gelatine recipes are not only so easy to make but they are economical as well—each package makes four different desserts or salads—each sufficient for six persons.

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Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring.



The Right Equipment to Work With

Continued from page 48

where demonstrations are offered. Such devices should be examined very carefully. They may be good, but often they are of a nature which permits the putting on of an edge which only lasts for a very short time.

A tool of this kind if of a high grade, will be carried usually by a reliable hardware store that is ready to stand back of it. There is no advantage in collecting a number of tools which are rarely used because they are unsatisfactory. Such a collection costs money. We hesitate to throw it away, and it has no value in actual use.

Kitchen equipment should only be purchased after it has been examined and if necessary, tested to prove that it will be a real help and desirable in everyday use. The tendency of many housewives is to buy cookery equipment readily, especially if it is cheap. We should not expect to get something for nothing, and it is better policy to wait and to get thoroughly posted, and then to put our money into something that will be of permanent and frequent help.

Many a housewife has enough discarded tools on the top shelf of her pantry or cupboards just collecting dust, to buy a pressure cooker or a fireless cooker, or something else calling for quite an outlay which she has always wanted but never quite felt she could afford.

If kitchen table and sink are of the right height, it will be a great help in weariness saved, not only in dish washing, but in cooking and baking. Many ranges are too low. These can be raised by setting them on blocks, or one can be purchased of the desired height in the first place.

Cupboards and drawers which catch in the opening, should have prompt attention. Sometimes a little floor wax rubbed on the edge of a door which binds, will help it; or again, the handy man of the house may need to take a plane and shave off a little extra wood at some point.

Catches may be oiled. If the spring is weakened from long use, the catch can be replaced as a rule, for the outlay of a few cents and a few minutes of time.

Kitchen windows often stick because of the swelling of the wood on account of the steam or seasonable conditions. Kitchen windows should be adjusted to run up and down almost at a touch of a finger.

A screen will be found of greatest convenience in the kitchen when hinged and fastened with a hook on the inside. This permits it to be swung open at will. Kitchen screens should cover the whole window, for often we find it necessary to open a window at the top and bottom at the same time, and kitchen odors attract flies, quite naturally.

It is amazing how people will get along with tools which are out of order for months or even years. A kitchen was visited the other day where the wooden handle had been burned from the aluminum teakettle through carelessness of kitchen help placing that handle next the stove pipes or where the gas flame burned and charred it so that it broke away. In handling the teakettle, a holder had to be hunted up every time, for it was rarely on its hook, and yet it was a simple matter to order a new handle and to have it put on at a nearby hardware store.

It is not the expense of these things which is prohibitive, but people get into the habit of getting along with what they have, or of putting off having repairs made.

A practical policy for the home-maker is to do without a tool or a piece of kitchen equipment until a good article of its kind can be purchased, and one by one, necessary articles should be planned for and installed.

Every piece of equipment should be studied as to its care and use, and then it should be used regularly. Many times women who are not naturally mechanical, or who have not posted themselves on the operation of the electric washer, or the mangle, or the attachments of the vacuum cleaner, do not get the aid from these things which the investment warrants.

Get posted. Keep equipment in repair. Buy only the best. Get rid of what is unsatisfactory. And use labor saving tools at every point and every time that work can be lightened by so doing.



The rich, fresh bouquet that comes to you from a cup of Salada Tea is just another indication of its superior quality.

From the moment the choice young leaves are picked until they are sealed away in the metal packages you buy over the counter, they are so handled that they come to you with all the original fragrance preserved.

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Maple Leaf Flour for bread, cake and pastry is made from selected Canadian hard wheat, carefully milled and tested at every stage of the milling, and guaranteed against the slightest variation in quality.

Try it out in your own home. Bake a few batches of biscuits as a test. You will find that Maple Leaf Flour gives them at every baking that same teasing aroma that starts digestion. Maple Leaf Flour is famous for the even texture it brings to biscuit making. And for cakes it lends a richness and feathery delicacy to even the plainest recipe.

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Maple Leaf Milling Co., Limited

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MAPLE LEAF FLOUR

FOR BREAD CAKE & PASTRY

CLOTH REMNANTS

We are offering a wonderful trial assortment arranged in remnant lengths suitable for useful and necessary purposes, such as ladies' and misses' suit lengths, waist, skirt and dress lengths, also men's shirt lengths; also odd lengths and pieces of all kinds latest styles, colorings and materials. Money cheerfully refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Price \$1.00, postpaid. George Grattan, Mfg. Agent, New Glasgow, Que.

Cuticura Talcum Unadulterated Exquisitely Scented





"You know what I want! Come on with some more of those Kellogg's Corn Flakes!" It's the *flavor* that makes you love Kellogg's—that simply marvelous, indescribable *flavor*

The flavor of Kellogg's Corn Flakes is the talk of the breakfast food world. Discover it tomorrow morning. Serve Kellogg's with milk or cream. Always ready. Right from the package into the bowl. No cooking. No sticky dishes to wash. Also delicious with fresh or preserved fruits. For sale at grocers everywhere. Served in all restaurants and hotels.

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES



*We challenge
the World!*

Try any ready-to-eat cereal. You won't find another that even approaches the marvelous flavor found only in Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Oven-fresh
ALWAYS

Kellogg's patented inner-sealed waxtite wrapper preserves the flavor and keeps the flakes toasty-crisp. This is an exclusive Kellogg feature!



MOTHER'S PAGE

Sharing Our Children's Joys

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

"ARE you going to the school for the prize-giving?" I asked a mother one day.

"Oh, no, I haven't time," she answered.

"I believe your daughter is sure of two of the big prizes," I told her.

"Probably," she asserted. "Mary generally takes off two or three prizes."

She seemed completely indifferent. I do not suppose she was really so, in her heart. When her child was ill, I remember her nursing that child, night and day, and hardly leaving the sick room more than a few minutes at a time.

I wonder why some mothers show such unselfishness during sickness whereas the rest of the time they appear wholly indifferent. Is it because their love only awakens when danger threatens the child?

These mothers do not seem to realize that they may lose their children in more ways than one. Sickness is not the only thing that steals our children from us. If we only show our love for our children when they are hurt, we may quickly lose their confidence. We must learn to share their joys as well as their sorrows if we want to hold their affection forever. We should play with them when they are small, rejoice in their success, and share their childish triumphs at all times. I love the sight of a child who rushes to mother with each new-found treasure, be it a flower or a sea-shell. One can tell the mother's outlook at once by the way she speaks to her child. When she takes the child's viewpoint naturally, you can see that she is the sort of mother who is a real chum.

I have heard women say: "Oh yes, it is very pretty. Run along now." Such mothers are lacking in sympathy and cannot realize that the child is hurt by the coldness at the back of the words.

I remember when I was at boarding school, I used to notice the mothers who came to see the children to take them home or merely to visit them. No mother came to visit me to share my joys, and so, as lonely children must often do, I used to watch the other mothers hungrily, longingly. I used to wonder, in my childish way, which mother I would like to be mine if I were allowed to choose a mother! It was never the over-dressed, careless woman that I chose. It was the one who seemed to be all in all to her children. It was not the one who held them at arm's length and said: "Do not be so

rough; you will crush my dress." Oh no! It was not these I wanted!

It was the one whose children rushed into her arms, who all wanted to talk to her at the same time; it was the mother who made herself a *chum* that I chose.

I love to see a mother playing with her children. I like to see her link her arm familiarly with theirs as they walk in the woods together.

I like to hear her just as eager as they are about the things that give them pleasure.

"Mother never cares what I do as long as I don't bother her," remarked a child to me one day. I did not envy that mother. One day, when it is too late, she'll maybe long for a child to "bother her."

What is a woman's life worth if it be not consecrated to her children? A woman seems to me a sexless thing when she has no love for her children. There are such abnormal beings. I have seen them myself.

What doth it profit a woman to have a career if she lose her children's love? It seems to me that life holds no more sacred moments than those when mother and child hold communion with each other. We may so easily miss these golden moments—just because we do not share our children's joys.

It is so easy to weep with those who weep. Can it not be as easy for us to rejoice with those who rejoice?

The play mother who has shared her children's joys from the first instant of their birth, has a greater chance of keeping their love in later years than the mother who only gave them food and clothing. Any woman can give our children food and clothing; but no woman can give them the love we can give, to the same extent as we can.

We ought to understand our own children better than anyone else. There is a great deal of ourselves in our children, and I presume we understand ourselves!

"I rejoiced with them that rejoiced." These words should voice the attitude of every mother to her children.

You may learn more about your children by playing ball with them than you do when you watch them through a long illness.

The mother who plays ball with her children is the mother who is loved best!

Teaching Children at Home

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

I TAUGHT just the primary classes for four years and a half in Ontario, and primary work in conjunction with the rest of the public school course in prairie schools. Often the little pupils were brought to me by their mother the first day and she would probably say: "I just learned the alphabetic method myself so I haven't taught Johnny anything, as they use the 'sounds' now, and most teachers I have asked said that they would rather start the children themselves."

Other mothers would say "I've taught him a little at home, some of the letters, and to count a bit." Still others would make the announcement, "Oh, he knows a lot—count up to fifty for the lady, Johnny," and the poor wee mite would mechanically rattle off the figures.

In this prairie country where it is often just a summer school, or where the distance is too great for a very small child to walk, or where the district is as yet unorganized, conscientious parents feel obliged to try and teach their children something—and rightly so.

The mere fact that a woman is a mother does not necessarily make her all-wise in dealing with her children, and here is the fault I have to find in a lot of the home teaching that I have seen, and that is lack of patience. They try to cover too much ground at once with the child, lose their temper, stupefy the child by frightening him, and then—generally give it up as a bad job. Most teachers know this and hence their advice to not try to teach the children at home—they do not then come to school with a downright distaste for the knowledge that has thus had all the little bloom there is rubbed off it.

In the schools the pill of education is, for the little ones, sugar-coated as much as possible. In towns they go home at half past ten in the mornings and at three in the afternoons. These short lessons and short hours are not, as some seem to think, to make it easy for the teacher, but because the child's mind is easily tired, can only hold attention on one thing for a short time, and must not be over-taxed. In the rural schools things

are also made as pleasant as possible for the very little ones.

When one considers that the bare public school course takes, for the eight grades, at least eight years, one sees how slowly thorough knowledge comes, and how foolish it is to try to hurry or overdo a child in the infant class.

It does not matter so much the method used, whether they learn—as Shakespeare and Milton learned—the alphabet first and to gradually and unconsciously associate name and form with sound, or to be taught as today, so long as they are taught patiently and thoroughly. A teacher's time is taken up more in reviewing old work than in teaching new. In teaching, haste is best made slowly.

If the child picks up the names of the letters and figures off his play blocks he is just that much ahead if he knows them well and thoroughly. Parents can arouse a child to want to learn by leafing over books and explaining pictures, and by reading aloud, and by telling stories. When he finds out that all these delightful things come from reading he will be in a teachable frame of mind, which makes it easy to hold his attention. I think that the funny papers and the moving picture sub-titles stimulate the desire to read—pictures of any kind do, and Bible pictures particularly.

A mother can, quite casually, teach a child a lot by merely directing his activities. For instance, one day a little neighbor boy of six came over to my house and was playing around with the cat.

"How many paws has pussy, Billy?" I asked him.

"Two—and two," he said, grasping the cat's front paws with one hand and the two back ones with the other.

I merely said, "When there are two and two more we call it four—pussy really has four paws."

"Uh-huh, she has, hasn't she?" was the answer.

After a while I said, "I wish some little neighbor boy would come along and get me four eggs to make some cookies."

Billy jumped up, ran out and brought back four eggs in his hat.

"There you are," he said, "two from under your white hen and two from the yellow hen's nest."

"Thank you, Billy."

Shoving the eggs around in his hat for a while he presently said, slyly, "I'll bet I know something."

"And what is that?"

"You know."

"No—what is it?"

"If I'd taken three from one nest and one from the other it'd been four just the same."

"That's a good joke, isn't it?"

"Yes, or say," excitedly, "If I'd taken one out of every one of the four nests it'd been four eggs."

Of course Billy is pretty bright, but the idea is to start the mind working. It isn't what the teacher does but what she can get the child to do. "Teaching is not Telling."

The feat of copying writing is merely mechanical, and does not tire the mind, and a child should be allowed to use a paper and a pencil all he likes. It both keeps him out of mischief and educates the hand and eye. He is just as well writing his name over and over again, copying figures, printing letters or tracing around objects as making meaningless scrawls of which he soon tires, as even a child likes to think he is doing something worth while.

Older children who are unavoidably out of school, through bad weather, school closed or teacher away, should be encouraged to get out their books for an hour or two every day, to review old work and learn new, and should be assisted if possible. And then—patience again! Parents should always be willing to try to answer questions. If they do not know the answer they should not pose as all-wise and answer wrongly or get angry; they should say that they do not know but they will ask some one who, they think, does. Teachers very often have to admit that they do not know things—that's what encyclopedias and dictionaries are for—to consult and find out. A good teacher is rejoiced to see a child's mind developing so well as to ask such an intelligent question, and parents should be just as much, if not more so.

Habits and How to Form Them

By Emma Gary Wallace

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH tells of the small child who was asked his opinion as to why a tree pointed out to him in the garden was so crooked and bent. The child replied that he "S'posed somebody must have stepped on it when it was a little fellow."

There are a lot of people who have failed tragically to reach their own possibilities in the way of virtues, because somebody stepped on them at the wrong time, somebody chilled them by lack of understanding and with the bitter blasts of a sarcastic tongue; or by indifference and neglect, permitted the boll weevil and the cut worm and the torador and the gypsy moth of bad habits, to blast, to destroy, to honeycomb, and to kill.

Our government has wisely concerned itself with eliminating wastage in industry, with conserving our forests, with reducing needless duplication in manufacture through the Bureau of Standards, in stamping out disease and preventing money loss in growing crops, in hogs and chickens and cows; and some work has been done to good purpose in restricting the exploitation of child labor, in insisting on birth records, in fostering the idea of Juvenile Courts, in providing for mothers' pensions—in spots; and in printing and distributing informative literature on both the pre-natal care of the child and as to the proper feeding and nutrition after birth. But the work undertaken is not nearly as far-reaching or the appropriations as liberal as the situation would seem to warrant.

The statistics revealed by the examinations for entrance into the army and navy during the World War, were not reassuring and we are coming face to face with the great truth that valuable as are our mines of mineral wealth, our furs, our forests, our agricultural products, and our industries, that the greatest wealth of the nation—that the nation itself, is the citizenship.

A Point of Departure

WHEN a child is born, its physical equipment and proportions are very different from those of the adult, and so the patronizing saying that "Children are little men and little women" is not scientifically accurate.

The spine is different in formation. There are glandular conditions peculiar to the infant. Cartilage takes the place of bone. The internal organs show astonishing difference. For example, the bladder is not in the pelvis as in an adult, but almost entirely an abdominal organ.

The nervous system changes in many interesting ways as the child grows older. The brain is a smooth, rounded mass without convolutions. The filaments of the brain-centre of the will have not begun to develop, and the consolidation of the skeleton structure does not begin until around the fourth year, and is not completed until after the eighth. Other spinal changes do not take place until puberty, and then progress is made slowly, some formations not appearing until the seventeenth or eighteenth year.

The brain of the little child is larger, more watery, and consequently softer than that of the adult, and the vital processes necessary to successful reproduction of the species, rise to the surface in adolescence, and cause a yeasty physical and mental condition of more or less instability for a number of years before complete maturity is reached.

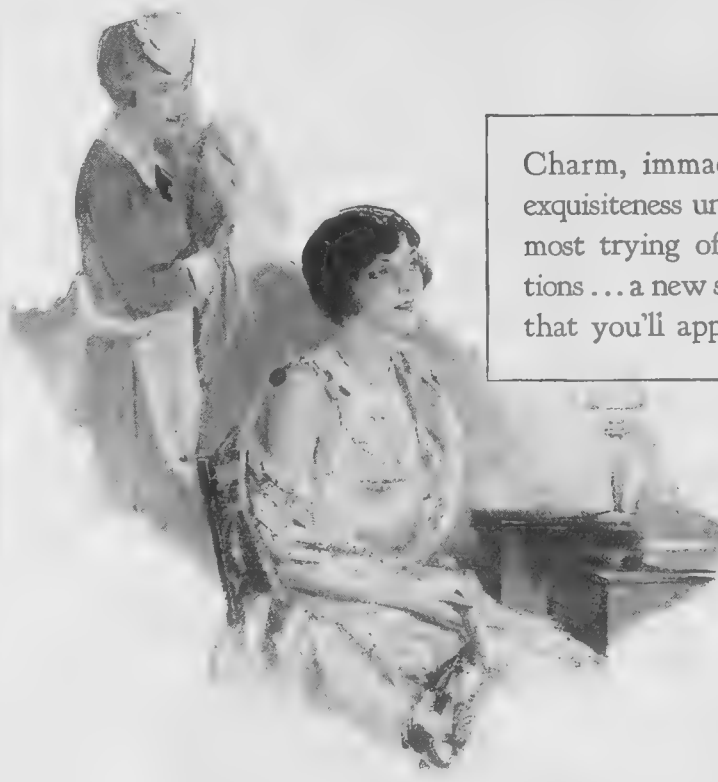
Mistakes in nutrition, mistakes in training, all put the brakes upon normal development, for we are more and more coming to see that the body and the mind are closely related, and that what influences one is bound to influence the other.

These are only a scant handful of the facts which show us how unfair it is to leave to the vague and uncertain instincts of parents, the training of immortals. The very best light we can bring to bear on the subject, is little enough.

Continued on page 62

This New Way

In solving woman's oldest hygienic problem will make a great difference in your life



Charm, immaculacy, exquisiteness under the most trying of conditions... a new security that you'll appreciate.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Graduate Nurse

MODERN science has supplanted the uncertainty of the old-time sanitary pad with a new and better way.

Eight in every 10 women in the better walks of life have adopted it. Doctors urge it. Hygienic authorities employ it.

It is different from any other way you have ever seen.

It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. *Five times that of the ordinary cotton pad.*

It is as easily disposed of as a piece of tissue. And thus overcomes the embarrassing problem of disposal. No laundry to bother with.

It deodorizes... a factor that needs no comment.

What it is

It is called Kotex, and is made of Cellucotton, the war's super-absorbent.

Use it and wear your filmiest frocks, your lightest of silks... dance, motor, dine... without fear of losing a single moment's precious charm.

Use it, too, for your health's sake. 60% of many ills, common to women, are traced by many authorities to the use of unsanitary ways... and 80% of the charm that's today expected of women at all times!

It will bring you a feeling of security, of immaculacy that is positive. No other method again will ever satisfy.

Test it, please

Obtain Kotex at any department or drug store. You ask for them by name and without hesitancy simply by saying "Kotex." Many stores have Kotex all ready-wrapped, on display tables, ready for you to take without even asking.

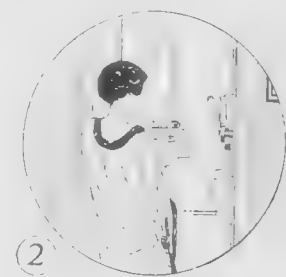
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Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and is deodorized, thus assuring double protection.



No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



Easy to buy anywhere. Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.



Kotex Regular: 80c
Kotex-Super: \$1.20
Per Dozen



Lucky Date

Rich, creamy chocolate and fresh, delicious dates—every mouthful a real delight. You'll never tire of this tempting confection.

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THE COWAN CO., LIMITED
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Wear the Genuine Zipper this Winter

Now you can enjoy the greater comfort and smarter appearance of the genuine "Zipper"—the buttonless and hookless storm overshoe created by Goodrich.

The "Zipper" is made in Canada and is stamped for your protection with the Goodrich Hi-Press Trademark—the symbol of quality on women's, men's and children's rubber footwear.

The prestige of the Goodrich name is your guarantee of quality in rubber footwear.

Buy thoughtfully, buy Goodrich rubber products and "compare the wear."

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**Goodrich
HI-PRESS**
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Footwear



Women's Institute of Canada Reports from the Western Provinces

The Aims and Objects of the Women's Institute

THE aims and objects of the Women's Institute as set forth in the Constitution of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, are, in part, as follows:

- To raise the standard of home-making.
- To develop agriculture.
- To promote educational, moral, social and economic measures.
- To encourage co-operation and community efforts.

The same objects and aims are stated in varying phrases in each of the provinces and countries in which Women's Institutes function.

In order to facilitate the achievement of these purposes, a number of standing committees have been formed in the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada. Each Committee consists of one member from each Province. This Provincial member of the National Committee is convener of a Provincial Committee, consisting, in Alberta, of one member from each constituency. The constituency member of the Provincial Committee is, in turn, chairman of a Constituency Committee consisting of one member from each branch Institute located within the constituency. This completes a channel through which information may be sent out or gathered in as required.

The following are the departments of work covered by these committees: Child Welfare and Public Health, Education and Better Schools, Household Economics, Agriculture, Legislation, Immigration, Canadianization and National Events, Industries, and League of Nations.

A brief summary of the activities of these committees in Alberta will serve to show how the aims and objects of this organization become practical realities. It will be noted that in almost every case some one phase of each department is concentrated upon, in order that definite results may be obtained.

Child Welfare and Public Health

For several years much time has been given to prevention of disease. Sanitation, Control of Infectious Diseases and Care of the Teeth have all received much attention while "Keeping the Baby Well" is not only a popular subject for study and discussion but paves the way for the Baby Clinic. By an arrangement between themselves, the Convener of Child Welfare and Public Health deals with the pre-school-age child and the Convener of Household Economics with the feeding of the child in school. At the present time Institutes are being asked to formulate some scheme whereby overworked mothers and those in ill health may secure competent household helpers.

Household Economics

The daily use of milk, vegetables and fresh fruits has been emphasized by clever posters, lectures and Health Plays put on by the children. The result from this campaign have been very gratifying to the Convener of this Committee.

Education and Better Schools

This Committee is active in fostering hot lunches in country school and in advocating supervised playgrounds. Playground equipment has been supplied in many places. School visiting committees have led to cleaner and more cheerful school-rooms, and to a closer co-operation between parents and teacher. "Grade VIII for Every Pupil" has been adopted as a slogan and special exercises are being inaugurated for the presentation of Grade VIII diplomas. A higher percentage of attendance is a further ambition and each year sees a slight improvement.

Agriculture

This Committee made a survey of women in Agriculture in the Women's Institute areas and of the special line of agriculture followed by each. Particular attention is being given to tree planting, small fruits and improving the farm surroundings, the Convener being of the

opinion that beautiful environment makes for contentment, industry and prosperity.

Legislation

This Committee believes that the greater need is not more laws, nor new laws but the intelligent use and impartial administration of existing laws. This year the Convener asks one pertinent question. "Should you suddenly be left with the entire charge of home and all business responsibilities, are you familiar with existing conditions and regulations? Is there anything that could be done now to lessen your difficulties should you be placed in such an unfortunate position?" The procedure and law covering this situation will be studied this year.

Immigration

The Convener of this Committee has given each Institute a concise summary of the regulations governing immigration into Canada at the present time. Joint Committees with representatives of other bodies have been formed in every Institute area for the purpose of welcoming new settlers in their respective districts and of being the "good neighbor" so that the new comers may be helped to adapt themselves to the ways and conditions of a strange country with the least possible delay. Many a homesick stranger could testify to the good work of this department of Institute activity.

Canadianization

This Committee is well aware that the work of Canadianization, the inculcation of Canadian ideals and principles, is equally important for the native born as for the stranger in our midst. Familiarity with Canadian history and institutions is regarded as an essential background for such instruction. To this end, the retiring Convener drew the attention of this Committee to a series of Canadian History readers, prepared by Miss D. J. Dickie of the Calgary Normal School. The books are profusely illustrated and written in the language suited to the various grades. They are quite reasonably priced and may be had from J. M. Dent and Sons, Publishers, Toronto. Besides delighting the child the books present valuable historical data from the viewpoint of progress and achievement in discovery and social development rather than the glorification of war.

Industries

The Alberta exhibit to the Canadian National Exhibition consisted of the Alberta products, domestic and manufactured, that might be found in any Alberta pantry. It will be the work of the Committee in Industries to know the nature and scope of the industries in the Province and to promote "Buy at Home" propaganda in all instances where quality and price are equal. "Buy first in the Province, then the Dominion and Empire" will be the slogan of this Committee.

League of Nations

A new Committee is about to be formed for the dissemination of information dealing with the activities of the League of Nations. This will stimulate greater interest in the function of the League and in world questions in general. From the foregoing it will be seen that, though not all members nor all Institutes may be active in every department, there is sufficient diversity of activities to provide an interest for everybody.

Greater than all these is the local work of the branch Institutes. There friendships are formed and neighborly kindnesses proffered and accepted. There the art of working together agreeably finds ample scope in community building. The branch Women's Institute, with a membership of intelligent, broad-minded women, efficient home makers, well-informed and worthy citizens, fervent in service for Home and Country, are living exponents of the objects and aims of Women's Institutes. May their tribe increase!



Alberta Pantry Exhibit at Canadian National Exhibition Attracts Much Attention

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

"THE tragedy of 'Old Mother Hubbard and Her Cupboard,' became a myth scarcely creditable, when visitors to the Women's Building (Canadian National Exhibition) were initiated into the secrets of the 'Alberta Pantry,' under the guidance of Mrs. William Stewart, of Peace River," says an Eastern paper. "As a practical demonstration the shelves of this representative pantry, stocked by the W.I.'s of Alberta, were crowded with an assortment of edibles calculated to make all homemakers envious.

"Mrs. Stewart's canned fruits and vegetables are worth more than a passing glance. They range from delicious looking strawberries and toothsome asparagus to northern delicacies that reflect the country's supplies. They include canned buffalo meat, canned moose, canned rabbit, canned mushrooms, roast beef, roast pork, sausage, and cold lake trout from Fort Saskatchewan, canned sand-cherries, wild gooseberry pickle and wild raspberries, high bush cranberries, etc."



The "Alberta Pantry" Exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto

Alberta cheese and butter represented the ever-increasing dairy industry, while a sugar beet exhibit bespoke support of a new venture in the south of the province. Soaps, washing powders and cleansers of many kinds filled the shelves, and even the broom in the corner came from Edmonton.

All these products were cooked or manufactured with Alberta's own natural resources, coal, oil, gas or wood. The fortunate proximity of natural gas

and pottery clay in the Medicine Hat district was the origin of a pottery industry which loaned some very fine kitchen crockery to the Pantry, as also a Redcliff glass factory, from which came excellent kitchen glassware.

All these exhibits were indicative of the progress being made by a young province which has barely reached its majority. Alberta assures all newcomers of a province self-contained for everything except tea and coffee.

W.I.'s Did It

For years the Women's Building at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, tucked away as it is, down a flight of stairs, at the back of the Manufacturers' Building, was never felt to be one of the drawing cards of the great fair.

But three years ago the rural society entered there, very modestly, with just the space of two booths at its disposal and crowds began to gather, increasing like a snowball, with every day. Last year, the west wing, where the national W.I. was housed, was the mecca of many thousands, and this year, encouraged by this success, the exhibit was more pretentious.

Among the provincial exhibits was the farm kitchen of Ontario, where Mrs. Henry Aiken, of Ontario, gave helpful cooking demonstrations. Mrs. V. S. MacLachlan, Victoria, secretary of Victoria W.I.'s, displayed with pride the British Columbia exhibit, showing and explaining the Malahat Beach Solarium (or outdoor sun room) where crippled children are made well. Quebec extolled its maple sugar products, Miss F. M. Jarvis, of the staff of Macdonald College, giving instructive lectures. Miss Wetmore, of New Brunswick, in an old-fashioned costume, told of her interesting antique exhibit, in which was a quilt 150 years old, a floor rug 95 years old and mittens made by hand 75 years since. Manitoba supplied a household economic demonstration team of nine young women.

Prominent Institute women were present, including: Mrs. David Watt, Birtle, Man., national W.I. honorary president; Mrs. William Todd, Orillia, a former Ontario and national W.I. president; Mrs. Wm. Stewart, vice-president, Alberta W.I.'s; Miss Helen Beardmore, Meadowvale, Ont., national convener of agriculture; Mrs. C. Field, Robertson, president, Ontario W.I. Mr. George Putnam, superintendent, Ontario W.I.'s, also extended a warm welcome to the visitors in an opening speech of welcome in which he congratulated the W.I.'s on making such an exhibit possible.

Alberta Notes

Elizabeth Bailey Price, Publicity Convener

Lady Byng Guest of W.I.

JASPER W.I. had a guest of honor last month, Lady Byng of Vimy, the reception being held at the Union Church. This, with the help of borrowed furniture and flowers, was transformed into a most attractive drawing room. Lady Byng's informal talk proved a real inspiration, the fair horticultural committee being especially helped by her suggestions re gardens, while her offer of a prize of a botanical book for the best collection of pressed flowers made by a child, made this one of the most keenly contested of all classes. About eighty women were present. Musical numbers were supplied by Miss Graham (vocal), and Mrs. Sherriff, of Jasper (organ solo).

The fair occurred some days later, and despite the drenching rain a large crowd was in attendance. Mrs. Rogers, wife of the superintendent of Jasper Park, opened it with a gracefully worded

tribute to the W.I. for the work of organizing. She particularly emphasized the prizes offered to the children, and hoped the training in artistic and useful things they were thereby encouraged to take, would make other communities more beautiful in the future.

The horticultural exhibits completely silenced the Jasper pessimists, who have gloomily maintained that nothing could grow in a land of rock and sand. The children's pressed flowers and bouquets of wild flowers were a revelation to many people, seventy-five different specimens being shown by the winner of Lady Byng's special prize. In the first prize bouquet there were seventeen different varieties of garden flowers, and in the second prize fourteen, this being exhibited by a young child of three and a half years. He had found and picked them all, and could name nearly every one.

Continued on page 52b

Better Breakfasts Mean Better Days



THE source of all your energy and vitality is the food you eat. The kind of food you eat, then, determines the amount of energy and vitality your body will have.

You awaken in the morning and go down to breakfast after having eaten nothing for eight or ten hours or more. How important it is that the food you eat at this first meal of the day supplies to your body the nourishment it needs. Better breakfasts do mean better days.

Grape-Nuts was originated to supply to the body vital food elements essential to proper nourishment. Grape-Nuts is made from whole wheat and malted barley—most healthful of all the grains. Grape-Nuts is abounding in the energy-giving carbohydrates; iron for the blood; phosphorus for the teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B—a builder of the appetite. And Grape-Nuts is a crisp food! A food which gives your teeth and gums, through chewing, the exercise they need for healthful development.

A special baking process prepares Grape-Nuts for quick, easy digestion. Start off with a better breakfast tomorrow. Serve Grape-Nuts with milk or cream. Four teaspoonfuls is enough—for this food is rich in nourishment. You'll like the nut-like flavor stored up in the crisp, golden granules—the favorite flavor of millions. Grape-Nuts is sold by all grocers in wax-wrapped packages. It comes ready to eat. Each serving costs less than one cent.

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Mail the coupon for two individual packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for two breakfasts. We will also send you "A Book of Better Breakfasts" containing menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts.

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45 Front Street East—Toronto 2, Ont.
Please send me free two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former college physical director.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....
Prov.....
200
83

Alberta Notes

Continued from page 52a



You Must Be Sure~ And You Can

Baby is too precious for food experiments. Nurse him if at all possible but if you cannot, put him on Eagle Brand at once and BE SURE his food is right. Highest medical authorities have endorsed Eagle Brand as the SAFE infant food when Nature's supply is not available. Hundreds of thousands of mothers have successfully reared their babies on it since 1857.

No matter how young baby is he will like Eagle Brand. It is absolutely pure, always the same in quality, and easily digested by the most delicate infant. It's preparation is simple and it keeps wholesome for a long time after opening the can if a glass is placed over same.

This Helpful Book Is Free

"Baby's Welfare"—containing answers to dozens of questions every mother asks about the care of her baby, particularly in regard to feeding.

Address The Borden Company Limited, Montreal.

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**USE IT IN
ALL YOUR
BAKING**

PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread"
and Better Pastry too

105

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Del Bonita branch reports that it is quite active planning for the good of the community, one important piece of work being a better standard of behavior in the dance hall. The W.I. is also interested in child welfare, having sponsored a baby clinic recently, while every new baby of a W.I. member receives a new silver mug, with initials engraved on it. Two teeters and four swings are being presented to the Del Bonita School, these to be ready for the school fair, which is September 4. The school fair is another immediate interest, the sum of \$15 being voted toward it, with an extra \$5 for prize money, \$2.50 for the best bird's house, and \$2.50 for the best crochet work.

Constituency Conferences

There will be forty-three constituency conferences of the Alberta Women's Institutes in September and October. There will be three in the northern district No. 1, thirteen in northern district No. 2, fifteen in the central district No. 3, and eleven in the southern district No. 4.

Fairview W.I. members made and sold flowers fair day, making \$125 for the W.I. hospital. The last meeting was a picnic meeting at Dunvegan, on the Peace River, when Mrs. McLeod and Mrs. McLaughlin entertained the members at a picnic luncheon, the meeting being held afterwards at the home of Mrs. Foster, who then entertained the members to tea.

Milk River W.I. celebrated its tenth anniversary last month, by an evening

meeting, when an entertaining programme of songs, other music and recitations, was rendered with features of a play and the "History of the W.I."

Each member of the Aetna W.I. on payment of her fee is presented with a small book of recipes and household hints of demonstrations and roll-calls of the various meetings.

Better Days W.I. (Grassy Lake) had a basketry course at the end of last month, conducted by Mrs. Woods. A class of fifteen attended, making eighteen finished articles and one unfinished, these including eight baskets, seven sandwich plates, one tray, and one picture frame.

Queenston W.I., which met last month at the home of Mrs. Durston, had as a feature of the programme a memory test, when twenty-five articles were placed on a tray and ten minutes given to look at them. The least remembered was twelve, while two members remembered twenty-four, a dainty handkerchief being the prize.

Wainwright W.I. distributed goods for a layette, the members bringing in completed articles at the last meeting. Another bit of sunshine was the packing of a lunch box for a member who is taking a trip east.

Hillsdown Valley W.I. reports the handing over of four rolls of honor to the schools of the district at a recent community picnic.

A Message to All Institutes

ARE there any tubercular or crippled children in your district? You have all heard of the Crippled Children's Hospital which is now under way under the auspices of the Women's Institutes of British Columbia. They are anxious to know how many children there are in Western Canada needing this assistance, and if you will send the names of any children who need treatment, to Miss E. McLachlan, Director, Women's Institutes of British Columbia, 2536 Second Ave. W., Vancouver, B.C., you will be helping the cause along.

The idea originated in 1923 when a letter was received from a mother in a little out-of-the-way corner of British Columbia, Hornby Island, asking for help for her little girl with a tubercular spine. The wording of the appeal was most pathetic:

"March 15th, 1922.

Director Women's Institute,
Victoria, B.C.

Dear Madam,

I am a member of the Women's Institute on Hornby Island, and I know that they have at heart the welfare of children, so do you think you could help me in any way. I have a little girl that has tuberculosis of the spine and we can find no place to put her for treatment, unless it is at an awful price that we can't afford to pay. We have only just a living coming in at the best of times, and this is such a long treatment. Do you think you could help me to get her placed somewhere for treatment? She badly needs it, but we are up against it for cash to put her anywhere ourselves, but I thought that maybe by an Institute she could probably be sent somewhere for free treatment.

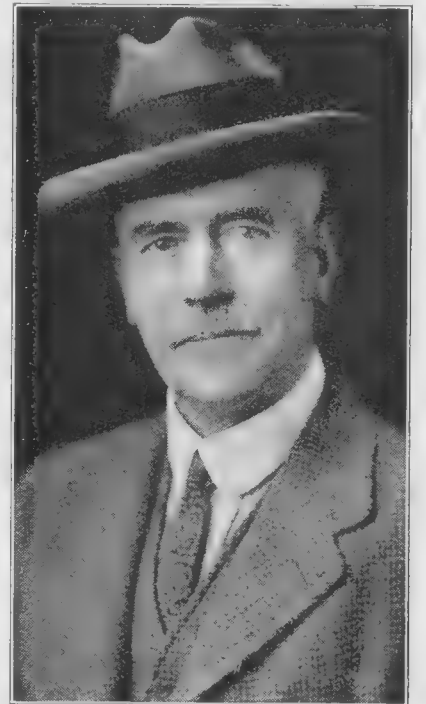
We can't give her the treatment she needs, for if we try to keep her lying down, as soon as we are out working she is up, and we can't be watching her all the time. We have to both keep working, and we have another child of 3 years to take care of. This little girl is 10½ years old. If you can do anything for me will you write direct to us. The people have been trying to make us put her in a hospital but we had her to a doctor, about 3 years ago, and he tried to get her in the General Hospital, Vancouver, but it was \$2.00 a day, and she would have to be there for a year or more for treatment and we haven't got a dollar a day coming in sometimes to keep all of us on. We grow all our own vegetables and stuff but money comes in very slow on a place like this. I would willingly

put her in a hospital if I could get her in, and I know Mr. Scott would.

Will you please write me and let me know if anything can be done, and oblige.

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Scott,
Hornby Island, B.C."

How many more are there in Western Canada in the same position as this woman?



D. Warnock, O.B.E., Deputy-Minister and Supt. of Institutes, Dept. of Agriculture, Victoria, B.C.

The New Solarium

The site is already selected and arrangements completed for the purchase. The land is situated on the west side of Saanich inlet, and slopes gently to the east. It is protected from the north winds by Salt Spring Island, and from the south winds by the Malahat. The sun's rays have unobstructed play upon the land from early morning until sunset. There is a natural inlet which can with little expense be constructed into an ideal swimming pool. There is sufficient land for play grounds and agricultural instruction, and

a grove of trees forms an ideal spot for an open-air school. There will be trained teachers in charge so that children will not lose their schooling while taking treatment.

Already there is a waiting list of some ten children, and there are hundreds of others throughout Western Canada to whom this institution will mean physical salvation.

An appeal was made to the Women's Institutes and the response the first year was nothing short of marvellous. It was thought that if each Institute gave \$5, representing a fund of \$500, they would be doing very well. Starting in April 1923, by the end of that year, December 31st, there was on hand \$1,002, and when we consider that this money was raised in country districts where the resources are very limited and the crops have not been very abundant, it will be understood how the hearts of the women were moved. Some Institutes wrote saying that their crops had been small and money scarce, but asking if they could sew or provide anything in that line for the necessitous child in the hospital.

By the autumn of 1924 the fund had grown to such an extent that it was decided to incorporate, and because the Women's Institutes of British Columbia had initiated the scheme and because the first child helped had come from an Institute district, the association is called the Women's Institute Hospital Association for the Crippled Children of British Columbia, but the aim is to co-operate with the Institutes and other organizations in the four western provinces and provide service for the little crippled children of Western Canada.

Further details of the work will be given in an early issue.

Manitoba News Notes

"Little drops of water;
Little grains of sand;
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land."

THE activities of the Institutes are very like the "drops" and the "grains of sand." A little is done here, and a little there, and in this quiet way the Institutes are improving community institutions and community life, as these brief notes show.

Arnaud—Two members, dealing with different phases of the subject, spoke on: "The Life of the Bee," and proved to the delight of those present, that this is an intensely interesting theme to study.

Arrow River—"We have finished paying \$56.00 for our cemetery hedge, which we planted this spring; also, finished paying \$29.00 for an emergency bed for the Miniota hospital. This we have done since the last meeting. Are we not doing well?" (writes the secretary).

Ashern—Funds for the community hall is the topic which pre-occupies the attention of the Ashern W.I. They have soon tried all the old ways of raising money, and will ere long think of some method we have never heard of; they are original.

Bowsman W.I. presented "The Path Across the Hills," a play, which must have pleased the community, for \$125.00 were received by the treasurer. Well done! The members have just purchased seventy-six books for the W.I. library.

Clearwater—The members of the Crystal City Institute were the guests of the Clearwater W.I. We certainly like the idea of neighboring organizations meeting in this way.

The **Coulter W.I.** discussed "How to make the feeding of threshers easier." We do not know what was said, but, if the members hit on some "easy" way of appeasing twenty ravenously hungry men three times a day, we want to know all about it.

Dugald—"Travelling in the United States" was the topic of one paper, and "Fitness for Marriage" was the theme of another enjoyed by the Dugald members.

Elkhorn—The members are considering building a memorial hall, or buying a building and remodelling it. A committee was appointed to deal with this matter.

Elphinstone—We are quite envious of the members who attended the last meeting of the W.I. An address on Japan was given, and treasures collected in Japan were exhibited.

Continued on page 52d

EMPIRE

FIRE WALL BOARD^{TURNED} PROOF^{EDGE} PLASTER CAST IN SHEETS



*"A cozy corner on
the coldest day"*

When you've seen a home finished with
this wonderful and inexpensive

"Plaster Cast in Sheets"

you'll want to have yours beautified
and made winter proof with

Empire Wall Board

Nothing finer for decorative treatment. With
saw, hammer and nails it is as easily handled
as lumber; and it will not warp or crack.

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David Cooper, C.A., President

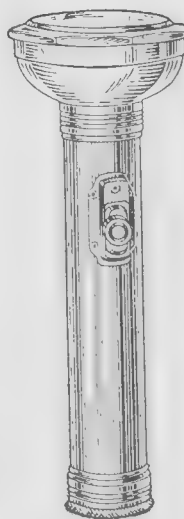
Dainty Sandwiches

Mix one cream cheese
with half cup of finely
chopped walnuts and
one tablespoonful of Lea &
Perrins' Sauce. Spread on
thin slices of whole wheat
bread from which crust
has been removed. Use the
famous

LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

As Nights Grow Longer



When Old Sol will persist in going to bed a
little earlier each day, let your Flashlight
take his place. Whether indoors or out, an
Eveready will save you from many a nasty
knock and tumble.

There's only one thing better than an
Eveready—and that's two Evereadys!—one
in the house and one in the car, or one up-
stairs and one down.

If you haven't got an Eveready buy one
today. If you have one, pep it up with new
Eveready Unit Cells.

You can buy Eveready Flashlights at all
drug, departmental and general stores, also
at electrical, hardware and sporting goods
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FLASHLIGHTS
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A child's job is to grow up!



Infants' Adjustable Sleepers
at \$1.50 to \$2.00.

Let Stanfield's help with their patent Adjustable Combinations and Sleepers for growing children.

CHILDREN don't readily outgrow Stanfield's Adjustable Sleepers and Combinations because an outfit bought for a child of two, three or four years can be easily adjusted to fit him as he grows older. The adjustable feature makes these garments a real economy. Combinations and Sleepers are made in all sizes from 2 to 8 years, adjustable to fit for two or three more years as required. Perfect-fitting and comfortable—do not gape at the back or sides. Double weight over the abdomen and back gives extra warmth and protection to the stomach and kidneys—provides a health insurance. Stanfield's Underwear is so soft it will not irritate the tenderest skin. There is no better fabric for dainty baby wear. You can just feel the luxurious, downy softness of Stanfield's. Happy, healthy children will enjoy wearing it and you, yourself, will be delighted with the comfort and health-protection it affords them. Ask your dealer to show you Stanfield's Underwear for Infants and Growing Children. Made by the makers of Stanfield's

Unshrinkable Underwear for all the family.



Infants' Vests
(Sizes from 3 months to 3 years), from 85c up.

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Unshrinkable
UNDERWEAR

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Manitoba News Notes

Continued from page 52c

Gypsumville—The members entertained the school children at a picnic; we have not learned who had the jolliest time—the mothers or the children.

Lake Francis—The members are planning to hold a bazaar in the fall, and will soon be busy making the usual pretty things.

Makarov—The members have long planned to hold a Home Crafts Exhibition; it was held the other day, and we must ask them to tell us about it.

Moline—The report will have us believe that the members had a heap of fun at the last meeting, and that they incidentally accomplished a good deal of work. They had a debate: "Resolved that married women should not hold public office." The judges were so wholly in agreement with all the speakers, that they could not decide who won the debate. The report goes on to state, that the members are buying new blinds for the hall, and that they are having it painted.

Hamiota W.I. held a Health Conference at the Agricultural Fair. We are glad to see by the reports that these are now held annually in many places; this indicated an up-to-date interest in the well being of children.

Oak River—The members must have had an interesting meeting, when one of their own boys, who has been teaching in China, and is now home on a visit, spoke to the Institute on China, and showed the members Chinese curios he had with him.

Pipestone—One of the members who had a most interesting journey through the Maritime Provinces told of her trip; the members enjoyed it so much that they almost felt they had taken it with her.

Plum Coulee—The members put business aside, and met socially to enjoy a last afternoon with a member leaving the community.

Ranchdale—The members held a bazaar, and are now going to spend the money they made improving the community hall.

The **Rosburn W.I.** has just installed a sink and basin in the Public School.

Souris W.I. held a Health Conference, and now the members are thinking of a way of caring for those babies needing treatment. Splendid!

Tummel—A new Institute has been organized near Tummel, and the members were invited to meet with the Tummel ladies, that they might see "how things are done" in the Institute. Guests and hostesses, alike had a happy and helpful afternoon.

Valley River—The secretary writes: "I wonder that there is not an Institute in every centre, where a few women can get together and discuss their problems. It may be because they do not know what a good time we have at our meetings."

Waskada W.I. has spent much time and money improving the cemetery.

Winnipegosis—The first baby clinic held in Winnipegosis was organized by the W.I., and was held a short time ago; all were greatly pleased with it.

Saskatchewan News Notes

The **Drinkwater Homemakers' Club** have 39 active and a number of associate members. Since the District Convention in February we have had 6 regular meetings. The topics as follows:

(a) Great men of Canada; (b) Mothers Teachers' meetings; (c) Economy in Marketing and preparing foods; (d) Diet for children, etc. These have been taken by members of our Club. At each meeting we also have music.

We have had a number of special meetings—(a) two days Home Nursing Course; (b) Baby Clinic; (c) Valentine Party; (d) Garden Party; (e) We also were responsible for a Community Concert—a Book review of "The Fool" was given by one of our members.

Our Club has a rest room and free library. Last year 1528 books were read. This spring the Club redecorated and painted the rest room, and bought new curtains and drapes.

We have donated to needy causes, and have sent flowers or fruit to our members who are ill, and a card to all non-members ill in our community.

Stewart Valley Homemakers' Club—Since our club was organized in June, 1922, we have paid the balance due on the Stewart Valley piano, and contributed \$50.00 to the T.B. Fund. Several needy families were helped, and fruit or flowers sent to sick neighbors.

But our greatest work consists of the building of an addition to two of our schools. As we have no Community Halls our schools are the only places for us to hold our social gatherings. In the Fall of 1923 the Club asked the Board if they were willing to bear half the expenses for material, and an addition, 30 x 10 was built to the rear of the Stewart Valley School. In the Fall of 1924 as our membership in the Saskatchewan Landing school was as large as in the Stewart Valley district, the Club decided to build an addition to that school also, so an addition 28 x 12 was built there, in both cases the club bearing half the expenses and the school board half. The work was done by our associate members (the men of the neighbourhood). Each kitchen is now equipped with a boiler for making coffee, seven dozen plates, cups, saucers and spoons. Large tables were also built by the men. Now when we hold any social gatherings everything is handy and it is no trouble to take care of a crowd. We also hold our meetings alternately in the schools, as they are more nearly the centre of each district and make it easier for the members to get to meetings. At the present time we have twenty active members and about twelve associate members. One end of each kitchen is

partitioned off as a coal and wood shed, thus making it not only convenient but an improvement as well. We each have a cupboard to store our dishes, kitchen cook stove, lamps, three tables with separate tops and trestles so we can easily move them anywhere. We expect to take up improvement to the school grounds in the near future.

When the club was first organized we were rather the joke of the community, but since we are gradually forging ahead each year seeing some new piece of work done we have gained the respect and admiration of the community in spite of everything.

If our club should fail now these two improvements will stand as monuments to our past work. But we hope the co-operation and loyalty of our members will inspire us to even greater efforts in the future.

Clover Hill Homemakers' Club, Kindersley, at their July meeting had a series of cut-out articles valuable to the homemaker, read and discussed.

Hazelbridge Club, Shellbrook, sent eight boys to the Dominion Experimental Farm at Rosthern on the occasion of the picnic held by the Agricultural Society of the Prince Albert District. This Club consists of only eleven members.

Mt. Hope Club, Nokomis, held a Homemakers' picnic instead of July meeting. At this a prize was given to the mother with the largest family present. The Club reports the organization of a Poultry Pool.

Mason Club, Invermay, are interested in Laws, Book Reviews and the Egg Pool.

"Not Failure, But Low Aim is Crime"

By L.A.M.

IT is always very interesting to read in our various journals of the achievements of women in all walks of life, and one thinks of them with admiration not unmixed with envy.

I notice that most of these women seem to pin their faith to a "system" of some sort. They appear to have a plan of operations which they seem to be able to follow out without much trouble and by the aid of which they become efficient in their various positions.

Far be it from me to underrate the value of a system. I realize its power to economize time and labor and strength as much as anyone, but I have been trained from childhood to see "the other side of the question," whatever that question may be, and I am going to introduce to you a woman who cannot be systematic, and leave you to judge of her efficiency. Perhaps some other woman may be stimulated by my little story.

Mrs. Child is an Englishwoman, brought up in the city where her parents lived in comfortable circumstances. She had a good middle class education—was taught to appreciate the best in literature, art, and music, and herself possesses the usual "accomplishments" of a well-educated woman.

When she was considering the matter of making a home in Canada she said to her lover that she was not fitted to be a farmer's wife or at least a farm woman, to which he replied that it was not a chore boy he wanted but a homemaker. She thought this was within her capabilities, so consented to throw in her lot with his. Shortly after her marriage she had an accident which injured her spine and she spent the greater part of a year under medical care, undergoing several serious operations and suffering great pain. She returned to her prairie home to pick up the duties that had been so suddenly and reluctantly laid aside.

If you could know the amount of work she manages to accomplish, you would not consider her an invalid, neither does she think of herself as one, yet she is not free from pain and has often to lie down the greater part of the day.

Now, Mrs. Child is a firm believer in system and started out her married life with a well thought out plan of the week's work. Even now she likes to arrange things so that she has one heavy task for each day, so that no one day will be too much for her limited strength.

She likes to arrange for the washing to be done on Tuesday, leaving Mon-

day free to prepare things for it, and also to do some sewing; but, perhaps, on Monday she will have pain which gradually increases in severity until she cannot move without agony, so the washing has to be postponed *sine die*, until the tyrannous back decrees it may be done. That upsets the routine of the whole week—ironing, cleaning, baking and all must wait on her strength.

If she is unable to do her housework, she can sew usually, and there is always a pile of little garments and big waiting to be made or mended. She does hours of sewing while lying on her sofa and writes most of her letters there.

She does not often go anywhere, but loves to have visitors, whom she always greets with a smile and is far more interested in listening to their affairs than she is in telling of her own.

On her good days she will see to it that the cookie jar is refilled or the pantry is cleaned, or some other extra task done, and one always feels an atmosphere of good nature radiating from that home. If she has seasons of rebellion or fits of depression, she never speaks of them.

On most evenings before her children go to bed, she spends an hour with them, telling them the stories children love teaching them children's hymns, action songs, and simple tunes for nursery rhymes.

If she cannot do that, she lies on her couch and hears them sing or watches them drill.

She has to be very ill indeed if she cannot join with them in singing "Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me" or hearing their prayers, finally tucking them into bed with a goodnight kiss and a hug from each pair of loving arms. She does not easily relegate these duties to a hired girl.

Often Mrs. Child thinks with envy of her more competent sisters and considers herself a failure, but I ask you to judge who read this whether or not she has fulfilled her husband's desire for a homemaker?

Pointed

Jenkins was sitting down to breakfast one morning when he was astounded to see in the paper an announcement of his own death. He rang up friend Smith at once. "Halloo, Smith!" he said. "Have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?"

"Yes," replied Smith. "Where are you speaking from?"

Some learn reading at night school—others go to the movies.



Today—all your clothes deserve the care you give to fine fabrics—

Sports Clothes of Silks and fine Woolens

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into thick lather in half a washbowl of hot water. Cool to lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring*. Roll in towel—when nearly dry press with warm—never hot—iron.

To wash blankets, 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water for rich, live suds, necessary. Dissolve Lux thoroughly, whisk thick lather, cool to lukewarm. Press suds through soiled spots—*never rub*. Rinse in three or more lukewarm waters. If possible let blankets drip dry—it makes them fluffier. Never twist them. To avoid stretching, hang blanket double, lengthwise, pinning at regular intervals.

Important Uses for Lux

In addition to the well-known uses—washing silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens—use Lux for dishes, the family laundry, shampoo, babies' milk bottles, paint, porcelain, woodwork, rugs and linoleum.

FOR years and years your darling blouses, your exquisite hosiery in its myriad shades, your filmy lingerie—have been like new again after each washing!

Silk sweaters, fresh and unstretched, at the end of the season—costly little sports suits with their flannel soft and unshrunk—Lux took care of them all!

Today that same good Lux works its magic with *all* your laundry. For nowadays every single thing of yours that's washable is so nice it simply cannot be trusted to ordinary soap!

Today your gay little house dresses, your sweet muslin underclothes, the children's darling little gingham, bright as Easter eggs, your nice sheets and fine, monogrammed towels—*all* must go into plentiful, softly cleansing Luxsuds! These sparkling suds keep the colored pieces so fresh and unfaded, the sheets and towels so snowy white! Everything is like new again.

And with even everyday things so expensive nowadays,

they just have to be taken care of. And how faithfully they wear when you use Lux! Each fibre is so tenderly cleansed by Lux—cottons and linens respond to this just as much as woolens and silks.

So little Lux will do your biggest wash—do you realize?

A whole tub brimming with swirling, cleansing suds—plentiful, thorough Lux suds that foam softly through each fibre of the garment you dip lightly in and out—all from that little bit of Lux you use!

You know what amazing suds even a speck of Lux has always given you! That's why Lux is so economical for your laundry—you really need so little. When you look at that great pile of snowy clothes—it seems like magic that it took so little Lux.

And your hands—everyone who uses Lux knows how blessed its velvet suds are after stinging kitchen soap! Whether you're washing just a bit of finery or the whole laundry Lux leaves your hands sweet and soft.

Lux won't harm anything pure water alone won't harm.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.



Now the Big New Package too

A little Lux goes so far it's a real economy to use it

Thousands Have Banished Gray Hair with this Clean, Colorless Liquid

The Original Shade Quickly Returns



Is gray hair to become a thing of the past? Is the time coming when anyone can easily avoid the appearance of age which grayness brings? Thousands and thousands of men and women who have used the clean, colorless liquid known as Kolor-Bak would gladly answer "yes." These people have seen their hair change from gray to its original shade, surely and quickly. They have thus seen their youthful looks return. No wonder that many of them have written letter after letter in praise of Kolor-Bak. If everybody who is turning gray would do as these thousands of people have done—use this remarkable liquid—we would see few gray heads anywhere.



Positive Results in One Week

It seems almost unbelievable that a liquid, having no color in itself, can cause the former shade to return to gray hair. However, we have the most convincing proof of the amazing properties of Kolor-Bak in the reports which have been coming in for several years from people who freely relate their experiences with it. These reports form a flood of evidence that in Kolor-Bak we have found the way not only to get rid of grayness, but to give the hair the uniformity of shade so essential to a natural appearance.

To appear young is to have such a tremendous advantage in both social and business life that nobody wants to show even a trace of gray, and of course everyone wants to restore his or her "own shade." Ask the woman who has seen the triumph of younger looking rivals; ask the man who, prematurely gray, has been refused advancement or even employment because regarded as "too old"—ask them what grayness means, and you will realize the joy which this remarkable liquid brings to those to whom gray hair has come.

Scientists will tell you that hair becomes gray because through age, illness, shock or disease the tiny cells in the scalp, called follicles, whose business it is to supply the pigment or coloring matter to the hair, have become inactive. They no longer produce this pigment, and naturally the hair must suffer—it must turn gray.

But no matter what the cause of the grayness, it is amazing to see the results when Kolor-Bak is used. It is the most satisfactory substitute for the natural pigmentation. It makes no difference what the original shade was—brown, black,

red, blond—this clean, colorless liquid will restore it.

You not only see the former shade return, but you find also that the hair has not a "dyed look," nor does it appear streaked or faded. It takes on new "life," lustre and softness.

Used by Thousands

Kolor-Bak has proved its remarkable power for people of all ages and for hair of every color.

From everywhere come words like these:

"Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone."

"It restored the natural shade to my hair."

"My hair began to return to its original shade in a few days."

"Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now same as in youth."

"My hair, which was all gray, is now a nice brown again."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

"Kolor-Bak restored the former shade to my hair. It has also removed the dandruff from my little girl's head."

For Dandruff, Itching Scalp and Falling Hair

Not only does Kolor-Bak restore the original shade to the hair and give it the beauty it had in youth—it banishes dandruff and keeps the pores of the scalp from becoming clogged with scurf and scale. It stops falling of the hair and promotes a strong, healthy growth. It also brings comfort, not only by giving cleanliness, but by stopping itching of the scalp.

Kolor-Bak gives a cool, refreshing sensation to the scalp—makes it clean and makes it feel clean.

It is not sticky, greasy, mussy or unpleasant to use. It is just a clean, colorless liquid which contains ingredients known to be beneficial to hair and scalp. It is as easy to use as water.

My Hair Was Quite Gray

"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and becoming grayer. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared."

"Only a few applications of Kolor-Bak stopped the itching and dandruff. My hair soon stopped coming out. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is again its original shade. I look ten years younger. No wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak."

(A Typical Letter)

Ask Your Dealer for Kolor-Bak

So popular is Kolor-Bak because of its merit that druggists and dealers in toilet supplies everywhere always have it in stock. You do not need to furnish a sample of your hair or to make tests to obtain a solution of the right strength.

The one clean, colorless liquid is for any gray hair regardless of former shade. If it does not bring the desired result, your money will be instantly refunded.

Kolor-Bak

Banishes Gray Hair

Dealers Everywhere Sell Kolor-Bak with Money-Back Guarantee

Among the dealers in Canada are the following:
T. A. Brownlee, 265 Bank St., Ottawa
Cochrane Drug & Chem. Co., Ltd., Cochrane
Dupuis Freres, Ltd., Montreal
Leonard Fysh, Ltd., 24 High St., W., Moose Jaw
The Hanna Drug Co., Peace River
Higginbotham Drug Co., 124 Eighth Ave., E., Calgary
J. D. Higginbotham & Co., Ltd., Lethbridge
The Hull Drug Co., Peace River
Gaston St. Jacques, 186 Laurier Ave., W., Montreal
J. D. Kaine, 504 Fourth Ave., West, Calgary
Kelly Drug Co., Regina

Kinley's Ltd., 499 Barrington St., Halifax
Lyon's Cut Rate Drug Store, Ltd., 8 Bleury St., Montreal
MacFarlane Drug Co., 1327 Douglas St., Victoria
E. Burton Meally, Cor. King & Mary Sts., Hamilton
M. H. Robertson, Ltd., 82 Dalhousie St., Brantford
Saskatoon Drug & Stationery Co., Ltd., Saskatoon
Service Drug Stores, Ltd., 101st St. & Rice, Edmonton
Messrs. Sharp Bros. Druggists, Shaunavon
Simpson—Druggist, Bassano
Messrs. G. Tamblin, Ltd. (22 Stores), Toronto
Vancouver Drug Co., Ltd., 456 Broadway West, Vancouver

Bryson's, Ltd., Cor. St. Catherine & Peel Sts., Montreal
Shaunavon Drug Co., Shaunavon
Vancouver Drug Co., New Westminster
Johnston's Drug Store, 104th & Jasper, Edmonton
Logan Drug Store, Yorkton
Owl Drug Co., Ltd., Vancouver
Standard Drug Co., London
The White Drug & Book Store, 25 Main St., Galt
W. K. Buckley, 93 Dundas Street, East, Toronto
The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., Toronto, Moncton, Winnipeg
W. F. C. Brathwaite, Ltd., 288 Main St., Winnipeg

Bond's Drug Store, Cor. George and Hunter Sts., Peterborough
Dibble's Drug Store, Ltd., Opp. City Hall, Fredericton
E. C. Harvey, 735 Talbot Street, St. Thomas
Hennessey Drug Co., Ltd., 67 Yonge St., Toronto
Johnston & Boom, Ltd., Fort William
L. K. Liggett Co., Ltd., 68 Broadview Ave., Toronto
Robert W. Meikleham, Galt
J. S. McKeown, Belleville
Pingle Drug & Book Co., Medicine Hat
The Sun Drug Co., 668 Main Street, Winnipeg
B. F. Trask, Yarmouth

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

Proprietary Products Co., Distributors, 93-95 Church Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada. Also Obtainable from All Jobbers

The Prayers of Youth

By Emma Gary Wallace

A GREAT thinker and poet once said, "Look out what you pray for in youth. You are pretty apt to get it in old age."

The man who expressed this sentiment was a keen observer of life. He knew that when youth or young people want anything badly enough to long for it and to pray for it that they are very likely to work for it and to hold that ideal or objective in mind for years.

When young people want anything earnestly, they are likely, if they are normal and red-blooded and tremendously in earnest, to say, "There is nothing in life too great for me to attempt to do and achieve." And so, possessed of ambitions and courage and high ideals, they press forward, and little by little, if their companionships are right, and their ideals fine and strong and pure and noble, they mould their lives in that cast, and in the course of years, the thing they have wanted most and have sacrificed to obtain is likely to be within their grasp.

"Look out what you pray for in youth. You are pretty apt to get it in old age."

As we look about us, and observe some of the people whom we meet, we are apt to question in amazement, and to say something like this.

"What could that man have prayed for when he was young? He must have prayed for money, for he has it now—oh, so much money. But it is powerless to buy him happiness or health or hope for eternal salvation. Yes, he must have prayed for money—but if he were back again in the golden age of youth once more, would he be so short-sighted as to ask for wealth alone?"

Then there is the case of Silas Sanders. He is restless. One year we hear of him in South America. The next he is in Timbuctoo, and the year after, on the Gold Coast. What did he pray for in youth? If we are to judge by appearances, the ambition of his heart must have been for adventure and travel and the seeing of strange sights and strange lands. Well, his prayer has been granted. He has been a rolling stone, but has gathered no moss, and he never stayed long enough in a place to make strong friendships. And he has acquired the habit of dissatisfaction, for he has exhausted the thrills of life. His roving existence has given him small opportunity for thought of life after death, and doubts have crept into his mind which have never been removed. His last years seemed to be singularly barren—a pitiful climax. Was his youthful prayer a wise one?

Then there is our neighbor, Mrs. Jack Wagner. She prayed for beauty and popularity and position and leadership. She got them all. But alas and alack! her beauty has faded; her face is a network of wrinkles because of long-continued use of cosmetics. Her popularity has waned, for the rising generation wants leaders of its own age. Her leadership is forgotten because the work she did was never the kind to live on. The position she filled has grown old and tarnished, and people look upon it and her as a relic of bygone days. Yes, her prayers were granted, but what have they availed her?

DOWN in a little mid-southern town, away up in the mountains, is a woman who went into this favored climate for health, if she could possibly find it. In her own youth, she had bowed her head reverently, and had said,

"Lord, show me when and where and how I can serve."

Then she went joyously forward, continually doing for those about her. Sometimes the demands upon time and strength were great, but she always smiled with joyous brightness, for an inner radiance warmed her heart. She knew that she was laying up treasures in heaven where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. And she went right on praying that she might bring light into the life of this one who was spiritually blind; and joy into the heart of someone who was full of sorrow; and a chance for education into the lives of the orphan children likely to miss it.

And then it was such a disappointment to find herself stranded and broken and her time limited.

But bless you, she was only making a detour, for while she was getting well in the mountains, she was learning to love the kindly people about her, and to grow in sympathy with their starved lives, and to appreciate the great work there was to do among them.

So when, little by little, health was restored to her once more, and she was able to trudge back and forth, and to minister to the sick, and to teach and to educate those who wanted to learn, she lifted up her face to the morning sun, stretched out her arms, and said reverently,

"Lord, this is Thy work and my work, and if it be Thy will, I will stay here and do what I can of it, with Thy help."

And she has remained in the coves and in the remote mountain regions and has been as a ministering angel to old and to young. Through her efforts, schools have been started; the mothers have been taught to care for their babies. Malnourished children have been started on the road to health; native industries have been nurtured, and the people taught to be self-supporting and self-respecting.

Parents or Editors

By Eva Thomas

SO much has been written lately of the delinquencies of parents that some of us have been thinking things over and wondering whether the blame is entirely ours, or whether the editors of daily papers should not take an equal, if not greater, share of the blame for our over-excited youth of today.

Granted that many of us do fail in our duty as parents, it is very rarely deliberate. Even the most primitive, most hopelessly uneducated parents have ideas of the right upbringing of their children. If they fail, it is through sheer ignorance. The rich man who spends all his time accumulating wealth, instead of making a pal of his son, is as ignorant as the woman who allows her children to run the streets at all hours of the night, because it is her belief that all children need is "plenty of food, and plenty of play." But no parent would deliberately put evil in the way of any child, and so I dare say that the editors of our dailies, who fill the front pages of their papers with ghastly headlines, are more to blame than well-meaning but ignorant parents.

Do those responsible for our newspapers really think that right-minded, intellectual people enjoy reading of Lady So-and-so's latest divorce, or how many husbands a movie actress may have had? The section of the public interested in these things are the very people who would be better without them, while the rest of us get a bit weary sometimes of the mud and filth we have to plough through to elicit a few scraps of worthwhile news.

No wonder some of our fine young girls are shying at marriage—they do not want to add themselves to the list of matrimonial horrors they are continually reading about in the newspapers. A young wife was talking to me not long ago of this very thing: "When frightened girls come to me, I tell them that if the last ten years of my life had to be lived over again, I would choose to marry . . . and the same man too," she added with a happy little laugh. There are many like her; there are thousands of lovely homes; there are countless numbers of parents, who, while doing nothing spectacular themselves, have left, as a result of their life together, as a result of that quiet sympathetic love which is the true home atmosphere, splendid men and women who have forged ahead in world affairs. If one takes the trouble to look into the child life of some of our most

The bitter spirit of the old feuds has been sweetened. Sanitary living has been demonstrated. A higher plane of life has been lived and imitated. Sunday Schools have been started, and regular services begun in more than one out of the way spot. Appeals have been made to far-away friends, and Bibles with big print, and glasses for the old people have been forthcoming. And lesson books with pictures telling the old, old story and even teachers and preachers have come in answer to the call. As the years go on, the worker, now growing slower with age, looks out with never-failing gratitude and joy upon the change for the better going on around her, and she says,

"This world is such a beautiful place that it is difficult to think of heaven as having more of love and opportunity to do His Will. But He knows best, and when the time comes, I shall go forward, knowing that the work will live on because it is His work, and that some place somewhere all the blessed promises will be fulfilled, for not one will be forgotten."

Yes, what she prayed for in youth, she has gotten in old age, and her old age is mellow and beautiful, and she is beloved by toddling children and by tottering grandparents.

It behoves us here and now to pause and to think what we are praying for, what we will be happiest to have as a priceless possession when our prayers are answered in old age.

famous men and women, one sees that the background is, in nearly all cases, a quiet home life. But we never hear of these people in the newspapers—we hear only of the weaklings, who married "for better" but who showed the white feather at the first sign of "for worse." There is so much of beauty in the world, of nature and art in all its forms, so much in these days of the marvellous in science, that our papers could be more than filled without "featuring" the filthy trash that is sometimes on our front pages.

Would there not be less unrest in the world, if someone told us of all the good wealthy people do with their time and money, instead of stressing their easy times, and telling us when and where they play golf.

But the greatest evil of all—and one for which editors will surely some day be brought to account—is the so-called "funny papers." I wonder how many parents know what is in the brilliantly-colored "funny papers" their children so eagerly devour. A short time ago, I was given a paper in order to read a special article. My friend, in handing me the paper (one of the largest and most important papers of one of our biggest Canadian cities), made the remark that my children would enjoy the "funnies." Naturally, like the majority of grown-ups, she had not even opened it. When, in answer to my children's clamouring, I began to read to them, I can truly say, without being melodramatic, that I was appalled. Of that eight-page supplement, I read three pages to my children—one they enjoyed, one was merely silly, and the last had nothing at all to recommend it. My small boy puzzled his active little brain over it. "What does it mean, mother?" I could not tell him what it meant, for the simple reason that it had no meaning—it merely covered a sheet of paper. As for the other five, they ridiculed in one that most sacred of all relations, marriage; on another page was taught disrespect of parents; another "funny" page deliberately taught cruelty to animals, still another lying and dishonor in sport. . . . Surely parents would burn comic supplements the minute they entered the home, did they know what they contained, but as they never read them, themselves, they usually suffer rather a rude awakening when they find their children acting the things they have seen in the "funnies." Then, too late, do they realize the mischief that has been done, and usually by one of our leading newspapers.

TWO WEEKS DUSTING SUPPLY OF LIQUID VENEER Entirely FREE

Send for this liberal trial bottle and use Liquid Veneer in your daily dusting. You will be delighted with the improvement in your furniture and woodwork.

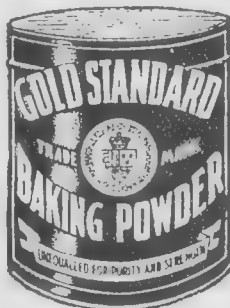
Liquid Veneer is not only a perfectly blended preparation for polishing and cleaning but it is also a food for the finish. It keeps furniture like new and saves expensive refinishing. Mail coupon today.



Buffalo Specialty Co., Bridgeburg, Ont.
Send 2 weeks' dusting supply of Liquid Veneer entirely FREE.

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Every ingredient used in its manufacture approved by Department of Health

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FOR NEW COOKBOOK

The joy a letter gives

The link that binds friendship

FRENCH ORGANDIE Writing Paper

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

Don't worry—stop

Gray Hair

—my easy, quick way



THERE'S relief and joy for every gray haired person who will fill out and mail me the coupon. It brings a free trial bottle of the famous laboratory preparation which so quickly and surely stops gray hair.

Test as directed on a single lock, learn what it is, what it will do. Prove conclusively that gray hair is an unnecessary affliction—when simple home treatment so easily charms it away.

Easy to use

My preparation is a clear colorless liquid. Water is not cleaner or daintier.

Easily applied by combing through the hair. You do it yourself, without help.

Results certain—renewed color is even and natural, the perfect shade of youth. No streaky discoloration or artificial look in any light.

I use it

I invented my scientific preparation, to renew the color of my own prematurely gray hair. Because of the wonderful results secured, I was proud to christen it with my own name.

Since, hundreds of thousands of gray haired people accepted my free offer and learned how to stop gray hair, Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is the most popular, biggest selling preparation of its kind in the world.

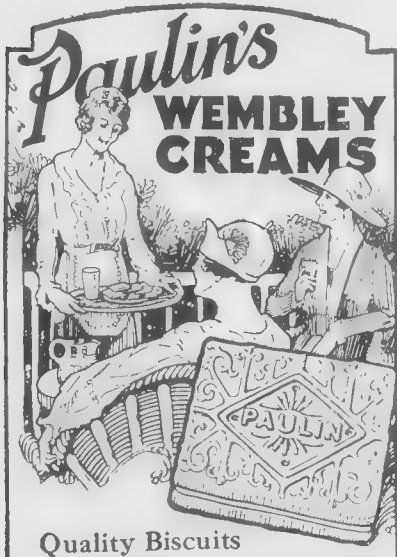
Coupon brings free bottle

Fill out carefully, telling me natural color of your hair. Better, enclose a lock in your letter. By return mail I send a Special Patented Free Trial Outfit, containing free bottle, application comb, and full directions for single lock test.

When this test proves that all I say is true—that gray hair is an unnecessary affliction—then go to your druggist for a full-sized bottle. Don't accept any "just as goods," but look for my name and trade-mark on the carton. Or—order direct from me.

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer
Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

FREE TRIAL COUPON Please print your name and address—
MARY T. GOLDMAN,
 539M Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
 Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black....
 dark brown.... medium brown.... auburn
 (dark red).... light brown.... light auburn
 (light red).... blonde....
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Quality Biscuits

Guests appreciate these delightful Sandwich Creams. They simply melt in the mouth.

Buy them by the pound
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The Tie That Binds

By Charles W. Stokes

"C'm'on," she said. "I ain't got all day."

"Nor've I," he retorted. "Waffles and coffee and a coupla eggs—soft—'an' quick. I ain't got all day."

"Now, what the devil's wrong," thought Percival. "That's the second one gives me a curious look! Is it this dog-gone suit?" Again he looked down at it, this time more carefully. No, it was intact and in perfect good taste—in fact, its good taste was so apparent—and yet somehow....

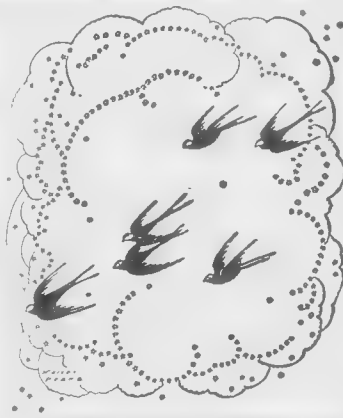
Little Eva delivered his breakfast with an air so obviously undesirous of further communication that he should have sought for none. Unfortunately, the eggs were not soft boiled.

"I said soft boiled," he snorted. The waitress looked at him, and giggled. "I said soft boiled," he repeated belligerently. "Yes, I heard you."

"Well, is there anything wrong with me to make you stand gawping like that?"

"Better go find that out yourself!" she shot back. "I should worry."

When in due course he received the repeat order, the coffee was a little cold, and then the waffles seemed a little tough this morning, and—why, darn it, a real swell day created for his especial benefit seemed to have clouded over! And he ate the waffles too quickly, anyway, and had uneasy premonitions of indigestion.



YOU know how it is when little things begin to go wrong. Whole multitudes of others go wrong, too. Thus, for example, the street car was excessively crowded, and our friend Masefield was so uncomfortably wedged in that he could not open his paper. A heavy man trod on his toe. It was an exceedingly irritated Masefield who took the again-crowded elevator to the office.

Candor compels me to admit that Percival was something of a tyrant—a rather pompous tyrant, perhaps. His method of getting even with those who got his goat was to get someone else's. Therefore his colleagues loathed him.

Nevertheless, he did not worry. "A good salesman," he told them once, "is always in demand anywhere. I'm a good salesman. I can sell anything. You fellows just produce, or answer letters. That takes brains, too, but selling things takes personality. Just now I'm selling iron products, but I can sell anything, because I've got the personality. That's why I don't give a hoot."

This morning of mornings he bounced, a little more pompously than usual, into the glass cage he shared with Harper and Simmons. Harper and Simmons were his conception of what salesmen ought not to be.

"Mornin'," he grunted, sitting down to finish his newspaper. There was an interval of several minutes before Harper remarked, slyly, "I guess some people know how to dress."

Percival looked up. "Meaning me?" Harper shrugged.

"Let me tell you," said Percival, "the very first thing a salesman oughta know is to be a smart dresser. You fellows think I pay too much attention to bein' a smart dresser. I'd like to tell you, before the boss does, that you could pay a darn lot more attention to it yourselves."

"Zat so?" said Harper.

"You bet it is so. You wanta smarten up. Salesmen!" He plunged into his paper again, but a few minutes later raised his head to snap out: "Just because I've gotta swell new suit!"

"Oh no—no," said Harper.

"Oh yes! You're petty minded! Both of you—petty minded." He began to warm up. "Jealous because I handle the big accounts! You're mad because I've landed this Haines-Rothwell affair. You're fine salesmen—nix! You couldn't sell doughnuts to school kids!"

"What d'ya know about that, Simmy—that's findin' us, hey?"

"No, you couldn't. You ain't got the poise. You ain't got the personal—"

"Gee, I knew that was coming!"

"Well, put it in your mouth and chew on it. I'm goin' out this morning to sell Haines-Rothwell the biggest line of goods this outfit has ever sold to anyone, and I'm goin' to do it all on personality." He resumed his paper, only to repeat "on personality, I said."

Soon Harper walked out. Possibly he must have been passing some comedy around the outside force, for it was curious that so many of them came inside on trivial errands, stared fixedly at Percival's suit, smiled vacuously, and backed out. The process did not tend to soothe Percival, for he had looked himself over several times without seeing anything wrong. Presently he rose and jammed on his hat.

"I'm goin' over to Haines-Rothwell now," he stated, ostentatiously.

"Oh yes! Haines-Rothwell—see, didn't the boss say something last night, Sim, that somebody oughta get busy on that account?"

"Believe he did—'dragging too long'," replied Simmons.

"Draggin' nothin'!" retorted Percival. "Just waitin' to drop into my hands like—like a ripe apple! And my account, too, you might tell the boss with my compliments. I found it, I worked it up. Yessir!"

"Wasn't the boss saying something about how he wanted to see Percy before he went out, Simmy?"

"Anyway," rejoined Percival, "you can tell him I've gone." He banged the door after him, but returned to say: "Yessir, like a ripe apple."

When he reached the street, the sunshine revived his spirits. He smiled to himself doubtfully. "Good scouts—just tryin' to get my goat because they're jealous of my person—Gee, there's a guy starin' at me now—wonder what in thunder's wrong? Yes—a little jealous."

IT is a canon of salesmanship that while the good salesman must be all things to all purchasing agents, it is not necessary to humble oneself to others. Business psychology proves that the haughtier you are to the underlings the quicker you get to the boss; and our friend despised underlings, anyway.

"Mr. Rothwell—appointment!" he snapped to the office boy who received his card.

"Busy this morning," the boy told him briefly.

"I said 'appointment', didn't I?"

The boy looked at him, first doubtfully and then sceptically, finally fetching an older boy.

"Mr. Rothwell is busy this morning," the latter reiterated. "Gave particular instructions that he couldn't see no salesmen."

Mr. Masefield used his most impressive tone: "I said that Mr. Rothwell and I had an appointment for eleven-thirty. It is eleven-thirty now. Will you therefore be good enough to let Mr. Rothwell know that Mr. Masefield is here, otherwise I shall have to report you to him for insolence."

"Mr. Rothwell said for Mr. Dixon to see all salesmen," the boy persisted.

"Who is Mr. Dixon?"

"He's—why, he's Mr. Rothwell's assistant."

"I don't do business with assistants. I want Mr. Rothwell."

"All right then—you'll get me fired." The boy retreated with Percival's card, very unwillingly, its owner calling after him, "Remember—by appointment!" After an unusually lengthy absence, he returned, mouthing the news that Percival was to follow him.

Continued on page 65

Make Money At Home!

No Selling No Canvassing Regular Pay Cheques

If

from \$35 to \$55
a month for your
spare time at home
interests you—
read this
message

HOW WOULD you like a special income of your very own—extra money to spend just as you please? Not thousands of dollars but say from \$35.00 to \$55.00 a month the whole year round! Then sell me your spare time. Those hours and half hours that might otherwise be lost. Why not turn them into needed dollars? I will pay you cash for every hour of your time that you can spare. Your pay cheques will come to you regularly and their size will depend upon how much time you can spare to the work.

Here is the Plan

Sitting in the comfort of your own home you knit socks for me with the Auto-Knitter — a wonderful machine that will knit a pair of beautiful wool socks in half an hour. I pay you cash for the knitting—so much a pair—and in addition, I keep you supplied with the yarn that you use.

You Need Never Be Without Money

Think what it would mean to have a Provider in the home that would never fail you! A never-ending Money-Maker. There can be no dull times for my workers because every hour of their spare time is contracted for. Summer and Winter—long hours or short—I guarantee a fixed unchanging price for every pair of socks that are knit.

Experience is Not Necessary

It is not necessary that you know one thing about knitting in order to start. I doubt if one of my workers ever saw a knitting machine until their own arrived. A set of simply written instructions teaches you the work. If you can read and count, you can Auto-Knit.

I Pay You Cash

Every month I pay out thousands of dollars to those who knit socks for me. My family of workers covers the whole Dominion. Distance makes no difference. Whether just a few dollars a week are wanted for little extras or a steady income is required — the Auto-Knitter will provide it. That is one of the splendid things about this Home-Earning Plan—there is no limit to the money that can be made. Just as long as anyone will operate the machine—Pay Cheques will come.

Read What These Delighted Workers Say

I have over one thousand letters here in my office written by men and women who are only too glad to tell others of their success. I only wish that I could print them all for you to read! Think how pleased Mrs. George Poole, of Ontario, must be that she sent me her name over four years ago. Here is part of her last letter: "I have had my machine over four years and I would not be without it for anything, since taking up the work I have never been without money. As we live three miles from town I have always wanted a car, and now I have one which my Auto-knitter is paying for. Last winter I cleared \$525.00." And Mrs. E. Parks, of Alberta, not only finds the work easy and pleasant, but actually restful. Here is what she says: "When I feel tired and want to rest myself I sit at the machine and knit. I can make three pairs of socks an hour. I have made thirteen pairs in four hours." And Miss M. Hollinsworth, of Saskatchewan, is pleased to tell of her dealings with me. She closes her letter in this way: "I can make two pairs of socks an hour and the Company take all that I can knit. I always receive my pay cheque and yarn promptly. During January and February I made \$150.00." While most of my workers are women, hundreds of men find it profitable to fill in their spare time. Here is what Mr. Arlington Fraser, of Ontario, has to say about the work, "I was a little afraid of starting as I had never seen a knitting machine, but with the help of the instructions it was easy. At first I could only make one pair of socks an hour but now I can make three pairs. I have only had the machine five months and I have made \$325.00 in my spare time." And so it goes, hundreds and hundreds of letters are here in my office, proving beyond all doubt that the Home-Earning Plan, which I started ten years ago, has been a blessing to men and women all over the Dominion.



T. W. CHADBURN, President

A Personal Message

DOESN'T this plan of earning money at home sound like something you would like to do? If you knew positively that you could sit down in the privacy of your own home any hour of the day and make money—wouldn't you be glad to do so? Wouldn't this be a pleasant way of helping out? Then let me send you full particulars.

Simply write your name and address on the coupon below and by return mail you will receive a beautiful booklet telling you—How to get started—How much you can earn—and some very interesting information about those who make up my family of workers. And please remember, there is not the slightest obligation on your part. It will be my pleasure to send the information to you. Clip and mail the coupon today.

T. W. Chadburn

MAIL THIS COUPON

T. W. Chadburn, President,
Dep. 7310,
The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Ltd.,
1870 Davenport Road, Toronto, Ont.

Without the slightest obligation,
please send me information about
earning money at home.

Name

Address
Western Home Monthly, October 1, 1925



Hosiery Perfection is Absolutely Essential

Hosiery either makes or mars your costume. The fit, the shape, the sheen, the color, all must be exact or your appearance is spoiled.

HARVEY HOSIERY

is without doubt Canada's finest hosiery.

It has charm of style, uniformity of texture, and a beauty of color and sheen that makes its price an agreeable surprise.

POPULARLY PRICED AT ALL STORES
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Your Greatest Adventure

WHAT is your greatest adventure? Will our girl readers write me about it? I want to prepare an interesting page on this subject. Let me hear from girls on farms, in towns and cities of every province in Canada.

One Day in Seven

NATURE'S contribution was ideal for a perfect Sunday. The lake was at peace with every tree and bush—duplicating perfectly their wealth of foliage. Hazy and dreamy was the atmosphere and every leaf—every ripple of the water seemed to call humanity to recognize the great Creator's purpose of the Day.

It was God's day—one day in seven. At one side of the park—green and shady and lovely—tourists found an unusual resting place.

A tourist's camp where cars from east and west, north and south, stopped in sheltered protection. Brown tents fastened to one side of the cars or independently staked to form a transient village of a week-end.

Khaki-clad women washed, cooked and sewed as the occasion required. They were busy with the duties of housekeeping on wheels.

Little children played about the different cars.

Here and there signs on tents suggested a group of young men out for a time. On one of their tents "Do Not Annoy the Animals"; on another, "If you can read this you are too close," and others similarly amusing, all added to the new life of the Tourists' Camp. On the whole it was a quiet place—not too remote from the idea of one day in seven.

On the other side of the hill, sloping down to the lake, were picnic tables where families enjoyed the noon-day basket lunch. Many children with their parents played under the shade of the great trees.

Now and then a boat stopped at the landing.

The silvery water—a grey haze of the distant hills and closely cut lawn of the park, forming a velvet carpet, wove in Sunday tapestry a picture of peace and sacredness.

All Nature breathed the atmosphere of "Keep the Sabbath Holy."

In the centre of the path was a large building where twenty years ago leading orators of the day inspired men, women and youth.

As I sat on the grass near the place visions of enlightened minds and spiritual faces that I had seen in those days thrilled my memory. The doors of the round structure were open today.

Is a minister from the city to hold religious service?

What a fitting occasion for the tourists and the other families gathered about the park. Surely God is in this place. All is so quiet, so beautiful, so lovely.

If the fine Sunday hymns are sung the music will be carried far over lake and hill. The place was created for echo.

But a ticket window stand is placed a few feet from the building!

How strange! Will there be no collection?

Men begin to line up—men—boys—more men—all men except perhaps a dozen women and girls. Boys gather at the doors where heavy-jawed door-keepers with big cigars in the corners of their mouths shove them out. They have no tickets, these boys, so they find holes about the building and stand for two hours waiting. Automobilists fill every allowable place in the park. Solid black-hooded hearse-like monsters cover the beautiful grass. Ugly intrusion on the one day in seven.

The ticket line is like a huge hump-backed snake, with its tall men, its undersized and the stunted boy.

The day is hot.

Their dress is slovenly, with trousers hung on sagging belts and shirts wet with sweat.

Groups of three or four men go to a place alone, talk in low tones and return with intense expressions on their faces. A group of men at my right are selling tickets for one, two and three dollars each.

On Sunday! God's Day!

Young boys from the family groups at the picnic tables break away and stroll towards the building, listen and look and loiter.

Influence.

The boys stationed at the holes in the wall become impatient. The little fellow has been pushed away by the bigger fellow—all the little chaps have lost their place to the big bully whose pasty face suggests too many cigarettes.

The big building can hold no more. Coarse, brutal shouts shake the very walls and sting the day for the families outside.

I must leave the place. It is like a terrible black thunder cloud.

I rise and walk around the building and see slouchy boys who are looking in. They are telling the other boys who are crowded around them about "the fellows in the ring"; each description is seasoned with profanity of the vilest kind. It shocks the Canadian ear. Amid the hooting and rooting, the swearing and roughness, I leave the park that I entered on that quiet Sunday morning where every leaf, every ripple, every fleecy cloud beckoned me with the message: "This is Sunday where the soul may hold communion with God through one of His own masterpieces of Nature."

The next day I clipped the following from the paper:

"Johnny Meyers, by virtue of an unfortunate accident to Jimmy Demetral, is still the middleweight wrestling champion of the world. Meyers and Demetral mixed at Olin Park arena Sunday afternoon in one of the best grappling clashes that the vicinity has seen in some time or will probably see again in some time to come. The hardest blow of the afternoon came so suddenly that the average spectator was left in a daze.

"Jimmy was assisted from the mat, and taken to his dressing room, where he became violently ill, with pains in his abdomen. A doctor was summoned and after a hasty examination declared that the local pride was suffering from internal injuries, and advised that he be taken to a hospital."

Fortunate is the mother who lives in Canada, where they recognize the influence of "One Day in Seven."

Sunset in Manitoba

THE other day I received a letter from a friend who was spending a week at Victoria Beach on Lake Winnipeg. Her description of the sunset is so beautiful that I must share it with our readers:

"We wander the woods, swim and watch the sunset. The night before last was an ecstasy. First all gold the sky, and the lake burning orange. Then the sky took on bars like the pillars of the beautiful gate, and glory not of earth hushed the molten waves. The gate swung to, and all the army of heaven marched by, streaming purple and crimson, gold and blue. They paused, they shifted, they glowed, they dipped their edges in the breathless lake. Slowly they faded out, reluctant to leave so fair a scene. Ah me, if day unto day uttereth praise, what of a Manitoba sunset!"

That Vision

IN the main corridor of the City Hall at Toronto is a bronze bust of Dr. Emily Stowe—the first Canadian woman who practised medicine.

In the city directory is the address of her daughter, Dr. Stowe Gillen, a qualified physician with all the diplomas necessary to prove her standing in the profession.

Today there are women doctors in practically every city. In the Manitoba University they have won medals and high honors.

Tenasitine
Universal Adhesive

TENASITINE makes mending easy
Just a thin smear on the broken edges—a little time to set—and the damage is made good. The broken article is ready for service again.
Use it for furniture, toys, ornaments, books, models, photo-mounting, glass, china, leather, etc. Sold in collapsible tubes at 6c., 10c., 15c. and 25c. by Stationers and Stores.

Canadian Agents:
Beck Bros. & Turner, 14 Hospital St., Montreal 11
Makers: Kay Bros., Ltd., Stockport, Eng.

Clara Brett Martin was the first to break the legal bar in Canada. Now the legal course is popular with the fair sex.

The beginning of the college year finds young women in nearly every course. There is a mysterious something in each of us pushing us forward, urging us on, prodding us to do our best. This is the hope of girlhood.

I take lunch occasionally in the basement of a building centrally located in the city. This lunch room is operated entirely by students who are earning their way through college. I noticed the girls who served were different from the average waitress and asked about them, and learned they were college girls. The meals are prepared so well that the place is crowded.

"Every girl needs a definite profession. If she has not one it does not lead her anywhere," said a Danish girl to me. She had come to the Canadian Women's Hostel with the determination to be a citizen of Canada in the right spirit. She worked at night school in the Success Business College in Winnipeg and was preparing to take a course in nursing in a hospital so she could help the people of her nationality in the country sections.

Why is the name of Florence Nightingale immortal? She helped to dignify labor and humanity. In the lives of girls who become famous women the principal lessons we learn from their girlhood is their desire for usefulness, and in working with this idea in mind they found the opportunity that made them famous. In the gospels we see the harmony of the natural with the spiritual. The scenes upon which the eye daily rests were all connected with some spiritual truth, so that the beauty of Nature leads the soul to the purity and peace that create poise and strength. In every line of useful labor and every association of life, the uplifting power of faith runs like a thread of gold through all our homely tasks and makes our work more efficient.

The difference between the girl who fails and the one who succeeds is the difference in their faith. The electric light bulb will not give light without the power of the current. Press the button and you have light. So in your lives; turn on the button for the power of faith and your life will be full of light. I have often seen a girl in shabby clothes make a woman in sables and diamonds look common. We are given talents; the power of the mind; we form characters through the battle with self.

Present conditions produce a certain restlessness that we need watch. Little incidents annoy us. It requires a level head to move along undisturbed. A kind of uncertainty about everything tends to make one irresponsible. We need to adjust ourselves to a vision of faith. Let us turn with gratitude to our pioneer Canadian women who had that vision.

The Choice of Friendship

ONCE upon a time I knew a little girl who was twelve years old. She was modest and clean and belonged to a good family, one of the best in the community. She played with another girl the same age, a coarse vulgar child from a very low-minded family. These little girls became good friends and as the years passed they grew into intimate young womanhood.

They began to go with young men and as the ordinary girl's mind was soiled she exerted a poisonous influence over the other girl.

No interference or advice from the parents could break the intimate friendship.

It is certain that of any two people who meet one is stronger than the other. If the stronger is the lower, then not only is her influence hurtful to the other at the time, but it shapes her whole future. Filthy stories, harmful associations, and weak ideals in this friendship resulted in a life of ignorance and unhappiness. Today these women are nearly fifty years of age and the sweet little girl of long ago wonders why her brothers and sisters occupy a superior place in the community. She is jealous of their position, of their friends, and does not understand their success. She has not advanced. They have. Her own sons and daughters have not been intelligently mothered and they, too, seek lower levels. The entire family, ostracized by their relatives, feel they are not treated with justice and fairness. It all happened through the choice of a friend in girlhood.

Enlarging a Girl's Outlook

A SUMMER school for industrial women workers was held in the University of Wisconsin this summer. Dr. Eliza Edwards and Miss Elizabeth S. Magee were the directors of the school. There were twenty different industries registered. Special classes in English, economics, physical education and hygiene were conducted for the girls, and they lived in the dormitories with the other girl students. This gave them opportunity to mix with other girls and thus broaden their outlook on life.

Bryn Mawr has for several years conducted a summer school for industrial girls, but it is restricted to them and does not provide for them an opportunity to mix with others. The special summer school held this year was the only one like it ever held, but its success presages continuing it next year and establishing similar schools in other places.

The idea is not to give technical training in any way or help the girls to better jobs after they return to their homes and work, but to give them a broader outlook on life and suggest a keener enjoyment of their positions.

The girls wrote in a little book of the interesting things that occurred in the classroom and on the campus. In it are themes on how they liked the school and what they gained.

One said the reading she did for English helped her to choose better material and to enjoy and appreciate good writing more, and that the grammar helped her to express herself better.

Another said that economics showed her both sides of the social and economic problems of the day, and a third said: "The summer school has shown me how little I know and how much I need to learn."

The High Cost of Temper

INDULGENCE in temper robs a girl of the charm that fascinates—just as surely as there is a sky above. The true and the false in our lives are constantly revealed to others.

The first soul-revealer is the temper. The difference between popularity and neglect is temper. It is all a matter of disposition.

The temper is the soul's publisher. It makes or mars a girl's face. Everyone can read in the face the language of the heart. We read it instinctively.

The voice is another soul-revealer. In its compass is all of human experience, joy and grief. There would be no discord in the voice if there were no discord in the life. Courtesy of manner is another soul-revealer.

Some girls have temper sprees. An intoxication of the body takes place that weakens her after an indulgence to temper.

The difference between success and failure in a woman's life is temper—disposition. A man detects instinctively a bad-tempered girl. When you are right you can afford to keep your temper—when you are wrong you cannot afford to lose it.

When the temper gives way we are out of harmony with God.

No girl can afford a temper debauch. It robs her of a happy life and of the rich treasures that come from harmony. The weather of the soul is clearly recorded in the expression of the face.

The Coming of Winter—Ontario

Where creepers droop and flowers die,
The winds of summer seep and sigh
And through the branches, rustle by
The couriers of the North.

A half-forgotten melody,
Lost in the web of harmony,
Goes onward through Infinity
Into the Sunny South.

The babble of the stream is lost
Beneath the fingers of the frost;
And gradually all sounds depart
From out the woodland's failing heart.

All shivering, the pine trees stand
Beneath the clutch of giant hand,
And cry: "A curse comes on the land
Out of the frozen North.

—Thurley Stoneham.

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is unnecessary

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Lawn and Taffeta
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Made better—in Canada

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If not obtainable kindly advise name of your local dealer and mail 20c. in stamps with sample of shade wanted, to the makers:—

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373 Aqueduct St., Montreal

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Put Real Mustard in Your Kit

Right at the top of the list of camping necessities is a tin or two of real mustard.

Men who fish and men who shoot know what a spiciness and flavour mustard freshly mixed with cold water adds to the ham, bacon, fowl, venison and other good things they eat in camp.

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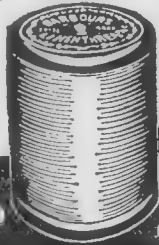
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Tell your dealer it must be "Barbour's".

FRANK & HAYCE LIMITED
TORONTO



THE AUTUMN FORECAST

WITH the new back and side flares that are so attractively shown, one finds the waistline higher and the form a little more fitted or molded. The back may flare alone, or be accompanied by a side flare, but the front remains straight and plain. But not only the flare is seen on the back, for one finds tunics with a slash at the centre back or inverted plaits, sash or bow or loose panels to indicate that the flat back is passe. Evening dresses in some instances are still straight but are elaborately trimmed with beads, fringe and spangles and the lines indicate the molded figures, so that curves appear to be returning.

The ensemble costume makes a new appearance. For morning wear simple tailored "ensembles" are shown, with the coat in full length and very plain. "Ensembles" for afternoon wear are elaborate. For instance, the coat may be of velvet or satin and the dress of satin or crepe in self color, or lighter, or in contrast. The trimming is usually fur.

The new coats show molded lines with side and back flare and again front and back flat with the flare at the sides alone. A very smart Fall coat has many gores, all of which flare below the hips, and it also has a centre back seam. Sometimes flares are produced with set on circular pieces.

Perhaps the base of this season's lovely modes is the lovely color harmony that is shown in the mellow alluring tones of Autumn.

The new woollens have a soft velvety sheen. Lovely shades of mahogany, rust, lacquer, tapestry blue, navy, purple and gray are shown in the twill weaves and in cashmeres which are very appropriate for ensembles and dresses.

Wool Ottoman, rep, cheviot and fine serges are also smart and the broadcloth with a gloss is being used in combination with vivid color. English tweeds, checks and diagonals are used for tailored suits and dresses. Plaids and stripes are shown, but more in shadow effects and pencil stripes.

For sports wear bordered flannel and cashmere is shown. For golf and tennis, balbriggan is much favored.

Crepe satin is being used for dresses and printed crepe de chine is also seen among the fabrics for Fall. Velvet, too, has returned to favor. Chiffon edged with velvet is smart and in full favor. For afternoon and evening wear plain chiffon is most fashionable. It is often combined in different shades of one coloring.

Both plain and brocaded weaves are interwoven with metallic thread. Much of the gold and metal will be worn this season in trimmings and embroideries.

Coats of tapestry, fur-trimmed, are worn with broadcloth skirts.

Plain flannel was used for a one-piece dress made with a back panel in which the material was cut bias. These new plaids are splendid for sports wear.

The new tunic has circular sides.

The two piece suit has returned to favor. It will be seen in fine serge, broadcloth and English tweed. Godets and a wide sash produce the fashionable flare and back fullness on a dress of crepe satin, the front of which is straight and plain.

A youthful evening dress is made with a long fitted body portion (sleeveless), and lengthened by double flounces sewed on its points to the waist which is elaborately beaded.

Lace godets on a dress of flat crepe for a little girl of ten years indicate that fashions for "young folks" keep pace with those for their elders.

A one-piece dress of balbriggan with button trimmed tabs in the skirt and sleeves and a Peter Pan collar is serviceable and attractive for school.

Gilt buttons and cord loops form an unusual and attractive trimming for an afternoon dress.

Circular skirts are worn with overblouses that have raglan sleeve tops and full bishop portions below.

Taffeta is used for youthful evening frocks. A pretty trimming for such a dress would be wreaths of silver petals encircling the skirt.

Lace ruffles on a party dress of crepe satin are pleasing for a little girl of eight years.



5222



5006



4684



5203 5238 5015 5238



5233

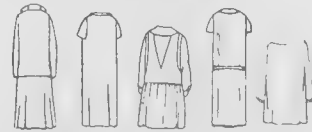


5203

5015



5222 5227 4684 5006



5227

5222 5227 4684 5224 5233

5203—Kasha, twill, cheviot, Teddy bear and sports coatings, as well as fur fabrics, may be used for this design. The collar may be closed high at the neck and rolled open together with the fronts. This pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 2½ yards of 54 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5015—Plaid flannel in brown was chosen for this attractive model. It will also be pleasing in taffeta or linen. The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size made with long sleeves, will require 3½ yards of one material 40 inches wide. For collar and cuffs of contrasting material ¾ yard is required. If the dress is made with short sleeves 3¼ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5233—Printed voile and organdie are here combined. This design could also be made of tub silk, rep or pongee. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material. If collar and band cuffs are made of contrasting material ¼ yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5227—Here is a charming style for mature figures. It will be very attractive in taffeta, linen or kasha, or in the new figured silks now so popular. The Pattern is cut in 9 Sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. A 46 inch size, if made as illustrated in the large view, will require 3½ yards of 54 inch material, with ½ yard of contrasting material for the collar. If made with short sleeves as in the small views, 3¼ yards of 54 inch material is required. Width of the dress at the foot is 1½ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4684—This becoming little model may be of gingham, pongee, sateen or printed voile. It is also good for linen, serge or wool crepe. The guimpe may be of lawn or batiste. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 1½ yards of material for the Dress and 1½ for Guimpe 36 inches wide. With short sleeves the Guimpe will require 1 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5238—Tub silk, pongee, rep, charmeen, flannel, or jersey weaves may be used for this model. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 2¾ yards of 40 inch material. Flannel in the new pansy shade or in green would be attractive for this design. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5006—Velvet and pongee, or velvet and broadcloth may be combined for this style. It is good also for linen, seersucker and other wash fabrics. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years. A 4 year size requires 1¼ yards for the Blouse, and 1¼ yard for the trousers, cuffs and collar 36 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5222—This design shows the back flare, which is an outstanding feature of the latest models. The dress is suitable for silk, crepe, kasha or charmeen. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make this style as illustrated for a 38 inch size will require 3½ yards of 40 inch material with ¼ yard of contrasting material for vestee and collar. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5229—Crepe, crepe de chene or voile would be very pleasing for this style. It is also attractive in figured silk with crepe or georgette for the cascade and full sleeve portions. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size requires 2½ yards of 54 inch material if made as illustrated in the large view. Without the cascade 2¾ yards are required. With short sleeves 2¼ yards are required. To make cascade and full sleeve portions of contrasting material requires ¾ yard of 54 inch material. The width of the dress at the foot is 2 yards. Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5224—This model has pockets in the cross seams of the front. It may be developed in gingham, percale, printed crepe or cretonne. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. Width of skirt at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5221—Kasha, satin or crepe, with facings of contrasting material, would be very attractive for this style. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54 inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material if made as illustrated. The width at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5214—One could have this model in linen, serge or flannel, or in kindergarten cloth, seersucker or rep. The Blouse closes at the left side. The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4 year size will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 54 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4855—Dotted percale or Swiss, with collar of linene or organdy, could be used for this style. The "elephant" pockets will please the little girl who chooses this model for her school or play frock. The sleeve may be in wrist or short length. This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of one material, 36 inches wide. To make as illustrated, will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch figured material, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of plain material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4324—For this style, muslin, cambric, and nain-sook may be used, as well as flannelette for the Waist. The Bloomers are good also for gingham, chambray, repp and poplin. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard for the Waist, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the Bloomers of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5234—This model may be developed in flannel, poplin, jersey, balbriggan or khaki. The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. To make the Suit for a 12 year size as illustrated in the large view requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material. Bloomers alone will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. The Blouse alone requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4593—Striped percale is here combined with white pique. This is a good style for ratine, for wool rep, or serge and also for linen, gingham and voile. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. The width at the foot is 2 yards. A 38 inch size will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. Collar, vest and pocket flaps of contrasting material, require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

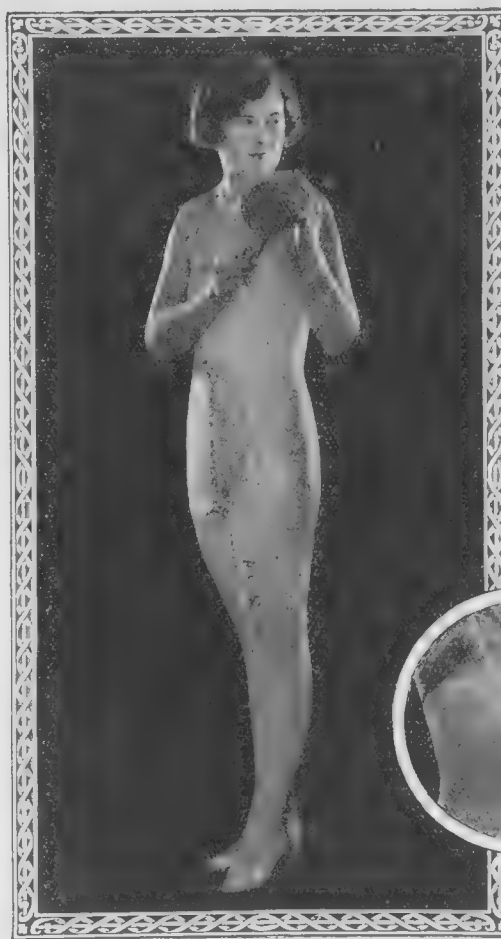


5235—Figured voile is here shown. This model is also attractive for taffeta, radium silk, crepe and linen. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material if made as illustrated in the large view. If made with long sleeves $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards will be required. The collar of contrasting material requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5226—Figured percale with bias banding in a contrasting color would be attractive for this design. It is also nice in unbleached muslin, chintz or cretonne. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5209—Linen, kindergarten cloth, chambray, jersey, flannel or pongee may be used for this model. The closing is at the left side under the tuck. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size will require 2 yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5201—Flannel, tub silk, crepe and printed fabrics may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material. If collar is made of contrasting material $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



Illustrated—A thirteen-inch Gossard Clasp-around designed for the average figure. Made of satin brocade and hand loomed silk elastic. The back and hips have invisible boning—exclusive Gossard feature.

A Gossard uplift Bandeau made of dainty Val lace. Ribbon-covered elastic gives adjustment in the back. Floral decorative trim.

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Girdles
The Complete
Step-ins
Combinations
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Brassieres
Gossard Front Lacing Corsets
Dancelette

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Habits and How to Form Them

Continued from page 51

Establishing Right Habits

EVERYONE who has anything to do with the training of children, and who is at all conscientious in the work, desires to establish as many good habits as possible. Habits, however, cannot be considered separately, for in reality, they are the expression of the mind and character itself.

It would be rather hopeless and extremely discouraging to attempt to establish in any child or in any group of children, one virtue after another like honesty, truthfulness, perseverance, and industry—without first laying the foundations which will make the permanent establishment of such habits relatively certain.

These and all other virtues are not gifts from the outside. They are within, and it is the right training which brings them forth. This being the case, correct principles of action or, as we say, habits are as necessary to the development of virtues as sunshine and fresh air are to the seeds in the ground. Some parents and teachers have made the mistake of attempting to consider these characteristics one by one, which is as illogical as an attempt to grow and mature one branch on a tree, and then to take up the growing and maturing of another branch, until the whole tree is a symmetrical and beautiful unit.

Authorities who have made many experiments, and psychologists who have studied deeply on the subject, tell us that there are three main laws of habit formation. These are: First, repeated action; second, a strong and energetic beginning; and third, persistence, allowing no exceptions.

If we study these three laws of habit, we will come face to face with the fact that good habits and bad habits are established in the same way; that one kind is as easy to form as the other; also that habits are very difficult to break, and good habits are even stronger and more enduring than bad habits.

So we have a great deal to encourage us in the effort to work out a definite and sound plan of habit formation of some kind. Once we have done this, we have made a fine get-away toward the creation of the atmosphere which will encourage the good characteristics inherent to develop, and to make a strong, moral citizen of our little child.

The first rule given on habit formation emphasizes repeated action. We will remember that the brain is a smooth body at birth. Later this area will be marked by grooves and paths which will finally deepen enough to make what we call convolutions. These paths are in reality, made by impressions, association of impressions, memory, repeated impressions, repeated memories, and then habits.

The little child does not reason that he wants a light or to be taken up. He does not set his will to have his own way about being fed or rocked. He is merely clamoring when he cries for what he has been trained to expect, and it isn't fair to him to train him to expect what is harmful, or what we will deny him later. It is going over and over the same thing in the same way, that engraves tracks or grooves in the brain, just as the musician acquires great skill by practice. Practice is repeated, concentrated effort.

A KEEN student of penology declares that in his opinion, upwards of eighty-five per cent of those restrained in our penal institutions, are there because they were not properly handled and trained in infancy and childhood. They never learned restraint, the benefits of reasonable discipline, or the great art of making right choices; and so they went on from one plane of wrong-doing to another, until serious criminal offences were committed against society.

To teach a child to be regular in his habits is very important, for while mere regularity is not seemingly a means of mental and spiritual training, it is that very thing, in reality.

Felix Adler tells us "Regularity is favorable to morality because it curbs inclination." Parents of older as well as of younger children should remember this.

Regularity teaches us to discipline ourselves and to hold in check those

impulses which are so likely to be wrong or even vicious. Impulse is inclination acted upon without reason to guide it, and because of this, even our good impulses should be held in restraint until we have an opportunity to analyze whether response to that impulse is wise or not.

Mr. Adler again puts the situation very simply and plainly when he says:

"Good conduct consists in regulating our lives according to good principles; and a willingness to abide by rules is the first, the indispensable condition of moral growth."

The child in the cradle even from its first day of conscious existence, may be moulded with relative ease along the line of compliance with wise rules. This means regularity. It is doing the same thing over and over, under the same conditions, and at the same time.

If we are to establish habit in little children—good habit—we must consider those principles which are good and which it is desirable to establish for life. A small child who is allowed to eat and sleep at will, and who is brought up on a hit and miss plan, has a sad and wrong start in life. That child will suffer physically, and it will suffer in point of character development.

A child below par physically because of malnutrition, nervous instability, digestive disturbances, or other ailments, will not be amiable, yielding, and ready to co-operate for its own benefit. It will never learn the importance of worthy routine, and the benefit of cheerful obedience. Its whole life programme will be of a hit and miss kind, and this habit of irregularity will lead to habits of procrastination, time-wasting, selfishness, untruthfulness, even outright dishonesty, and surely a lack of appreciation of true values.

Now this means a character without the foundations which it should have and, as a result, we have a structure which is undermined at the very beginning. Such an individual must actually be born again and start all over as far as possible, to have any outlook of happiness or success.

The second law of habit formation emphasizes the importance of a strong and energetic beginning. Starting out in a namby-pamby way with anything, never gets us anywhere. What we need in all our life beginnings, is a conviction that we are right—and the courage to go ahead.

In establishing the habits of a little child, we should not make the mistake of beginning in a wavering and uncertain mood. We should decide on the habits which we wish to instill. We should have a far-reaching vision of the type of citizenship goal for which we are headed, and as accurate an understanding as possible of the material—the child material with which we are to work. Then we should start out on the programme decided upon with firmness and strength of purpose, always being sympathetic and teachable ourselves.

Making a strong start, makes the work of establishing habits of any kind much easier. The beginning of all things is difficult, but if we begin with courage and firmness, we will get through that difficult period more quickly and more satisfactorily, than if we dawdle along in a half-hearted way and are not very thoroughly convinced as to the value of what we are doing ourselves.

The Humming Bird

Humming Bird, thou art a dream bird.
Floating on gossamer wings,
Blown earthward from a rainbow,
Voiceless, yet ever sings;
Hovering o'er sunlit bowers,
Thou chooseth the fairest flowers,
Ever thou findest the sweetest,
Ever thou drinkest the deepest.

Oh, could I forever dwell with thee.
Life's days be as bright as thine,
Could I gather the best life has to hold
Of joy and love, to make them mine;
Could I sip from life the sweetest,
Could I drink of joys the deepest.
Humming Bird, thou art a dream bird.
Thy voiceless song my heart has heard.

—Pamela Snowden.

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Dame Fashion Declares Herself

At the Canadian National Exhibition

REAL live manequins, undulating across a velvet-hung stage, in the latest creations of a famous Paris designer; other figures so clever that they make one take a second look to be sure that they are *not* alive—posed in the loveliest of the looting triumphant buyers have brought to Canada from the salons of the world's greatest couturiers; still other cases filled with Canadian-made clothes that reflect the greatest credit upon their makers—is it any wonder that the women (and the men, bless 'em) who are thronging about the fashion exhibits are enchanted.

Beauty is there, that needs no intercession: the frak style, that must be explained—almost apologized for—is happily absent. Beauty of line, beauty of color—these are things that can speak for themselves. And these are the clearest voices in the first of the season's models to be seen here.

We have been enjoying a certain simplicity of design in our clothes for some time now, which brings us to the opening of a new season with a fear lest we are to hear that Fashion, restless ruler, has decided that we have reveled long enough in the comfort and freedom of straight lines, the slip-over frock and other concessions that suit well the needs of our day. What, we wonder, is to be wrested from us that we would fain keep?

Let me say at once that the models shown at the Canadian National Exhibition speedily set these fears at rest. The best features of the recent mode stay with us, such changes as have come are for the better.

Skirts, for instance. How long will they be? and how tight?

Short enough for the utmost comfort and for the smartness of a trim ankle to receive its due meed of credit; long enough to prevent the gaucheries of the past season. What is more pathetic than the revelations that a more kindly style (or greater discretion and self-interest on the part of the wearer) would hide from a too unsympathetic world? For, unfortunately, every woman has not the slim but shapely understanding that saves her from awkwardness when her skirt is short and scant, any more than she always has the straight slim figure that permits her to do herself justice in the scant tight frock that makes a sylph look sylph-like but mocks the slightest deviation from perfection.

So, at once, we say that Dame Fashion has looked upon the women of the world in a softened mood this season and has let it be known that the woman who follows her dicta without plea or argument in self defence, may this year look her best; for though there will be no doubt as to what is new and correct, there will be sufficient latitude in its expression to permit us to make the most of our good points and the least of our poor ones.

In the matter of the skirt length alone, there is sufficient variety to make this

point for me—if only by virtue of the prevalence of the uneven hem line. There is every kind of dip and point and elongated panel to make this wavering line. Here a series of scallops; there, the rounded dip of circular side pieces; next, a drip of handsome trimming or a glorified sash end; sharp points, seven or eight inches deep, to vary the scalloped edge. When the bottom of the skirt does pursue a straight line—which it quite frequently does even in the filmy frocks and almost always in the tailored ones—it would appear to establish it some twelve inches or so from the ground, as nearly as one might judge.

Of equal importance is the height of the waist line—if and when anything so definite as a waist line occurs. To the straight, slight woman who looks well in the habit-backed frock and the slim chemise dress that knows neither curve nor belt, let me give hasty assurance that she may count upon having her new gowns built upon the same order, with long, tight sleeves and some handsome heavy embroideries for trimming on day time frocks, and the most elaborate beading or exquisite hand painting or appliquéd flowers to give body to gossamer evening frocks.

The great thing is, however, that the woman who knows that the unbroken line is not her most fortunate one, can find other styles just as modish and much less trying. The low waist line is still with us—but it is not quite so low. Occasionally one sees the line at the normal or almost normal waist—the bodice a little tighter and the skirt quite full below it. This tendency is more noticeable in evening or fluffy

afternoon frocks, the more tailored dress keeping to the straighter lines with all the pleats one may care to introduce, by way of adding fullness.

WHAT, we hear, has become of the sleeveless dress? It has disappeared, so far as the early models are concerned, from the afternoon function. Only the dinner and evening frock appears without sleeves. The long sleeve, tight-fitting from its close shoulder to the wrist, is smartness itself: the sleeve that flares midway between elbow and wrist, over a small puff of vividly contrasting material that appears elsewhere in some decorative form, is also shown.

Interest in the V-shaped neck is quite keen; it appears in the low-cut gown for formal evening wear and in modified form, with perhaps a hint of a collar at the back of the neck, in the street dress. The high-necked dress, the threatened return of which has been a terror to women for the past several years, has actually put in its appearance; it will undoubtedly be seen in an occasional model for street wear and is liked for the two-piece dress of sports type; one very interesting little model in the latter mode, by the way, is of striped velvet—a sort of Roman stripe in the most sub-

Continued on page 65



Model by Holt, Renfrew

A smart style in the popular Raccoon



His health is guarded

because he lives in a *health-clean* home

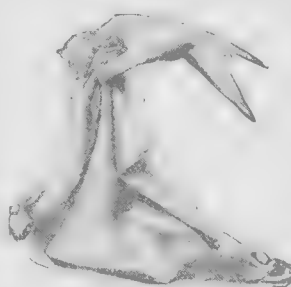
LITTLE hands that cling to chair arms and throw down beloved playthings only to pick them from the floor again—how can you protect them from the constant menace of germs that hide in dust and dirt, that lurk on all surfaces?

Germs, those tiny organisms so small the naked eye can never see them, are a continual danger to children. They take their toll in colds, influenza, measles and more serious illnesses. Mothers know it is impossible to keep the children spotless, inactive. But there is one thing that you can do—make safe the places in which they must play.

To kill germs requires no extra trouble

Outdoors the friendly sun kills germs quickly. But inside there are a hundred danger places where they can live and breed. Scientists tell us they do not linger long in the air; they settle on *all surfaces*. You can find them on tables, chair-arms, door-knobs, banisters, every spot that hands, big and little, touch.

Soap-and-water alone is powerless to destroy germs.



Nine million germs on one cleaning cloth! Microscopic examination of a new cloth, used for one week in cleaning around the house, revealed 9,000,000 germs.

But one simple action, without extra work or trouble, *does* kill them. Put a few drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant into your cleaning water every time you clean. Into this solution dip your mop, your broom, your dust-cloth. This gives you more than mere surface cleanliness, it kills the menacing germs that hide in cracks and crevices.

A wonderful aid to modern cleaning

"Lysol" is now used everywhere for safer cleaning, because it has three special properties that make work easier.

1. It deodorizes, banishing stuffy, stale odors.
2. It purifies, destroying germs.
3. Its soapy nature helps to clean as it disinfects.

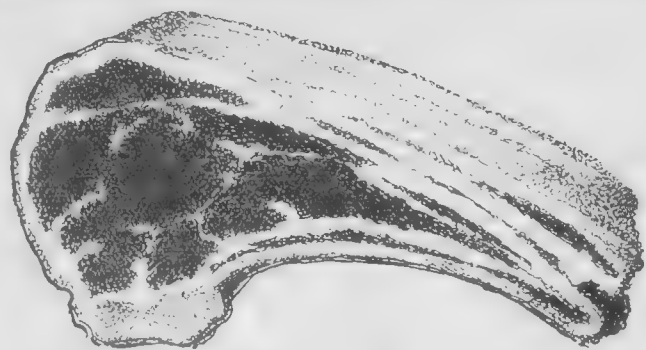
You will be surprised to find how the "Lysol" solution helps you in cleaning white woodwork. Finger-spots are disinfected and removed like lightning. Floors are purified, nickel and white tiling shine. Your home is cleansed more quickly and more effectively by the help of these magic drops.

"Lysol" will not hurt or roughen the most sensitive hands. It comes in three sizes, 3, 7, and the economical 16-ounce bottle. Your druggist has it in the familiar yellow carton. If you haven't a bottle, get one today. Be sure you get the genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

Canadian Agents:—HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LTD.
10 McCaul St., Toronto

Manufactured only by—LYSOL INC.
635 Greenwich St., New York City

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Disinfectant



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There is a wonderful array of bargains in wearing apparel illustrated in

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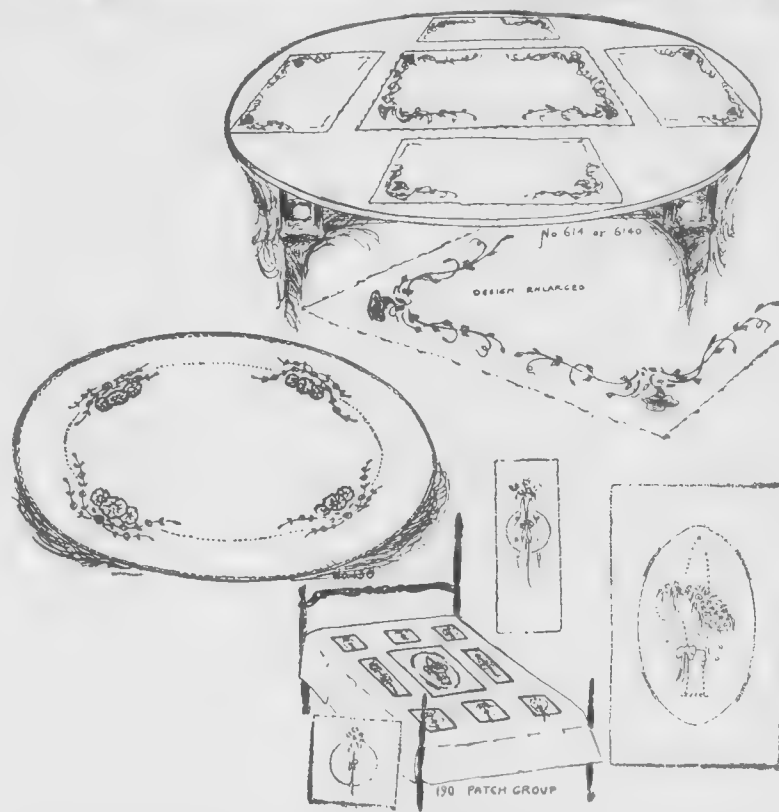
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No. 614—Linen Luncheon Set
No. 6140—Indian Head Luncheon Set

The table setting shown is most inviting with its dainty tinted, morning glory designing. It is simply finished by embroidering in outline, the blue stenciled flowers and the lovely antique scroll motif. We offer this as No. 614 on light weight, cream colored, imported pure linen crash, a material 17 inches wide, self-selvedged that will please the most fastidious.

The centre piece is 17 by 21 inches, while the four layettes are each 13 by 17 inches, an excellent size for a set of this kind.

Skeins of six strand floss of similar blue are supplied, and instructions for finishing. This set is priced \$1.20.

Set No. 6140 is the same tinted and stenciled design, but the material affords an economy, being an excellent quality of the usual white Indian Head cloth. Same thread allotment is included in this 6140, and it is priced 75 cents.

To match these luncheon sets we offer in the pure linen mentioned, four 16 by 16 napkins, with dainty tinted corners, and thread to make up the completed table group. In linen this is No. 615 and is priced \$1.10, while in Indian Head cloth it is No. 6150 and priced 70 cents.

No. 130 Centre Piece

Our No. 130 centre piece is a 36 inch circle of the most excellent quality tan art cloth, which will wash and look like linen of the medium heavy sort. Its designing, the

neat wild rose motif, to be worked in dainty tones of blues and pinks, its sprays a delicate green and the connecting long stitches in brown. When it is hem-stitched, with a crocheted edge of ceru, the piece is unsurpassed in beauty. Full skeins of six strand thread are included, and instructions for finishing. It is priced 75 cents.

No. 190—
Bedsread Group

Set No. 190 for the spread is a group of nine patches, a large centre of 16 by 25 inches, its side strips of 6 by 16 inches and six squares of 8 inches, all to be placed in the neat arrangement shown, for a most novel improvement of the popular checkerboard spread, and far more economical and more simply completed.

Its wreaths and sprays may show no end of coloring, while the basket is worked in brown, or any of the six colors which are supplied in six strand thread.

The material is a good quality of wash fabric offered in the colors of dainty pink, pretty tones of blue and of yellow, nine patches in one color to the piece.

Extra skeins of the fabric color are included that the outer cross stitching which binds the patches may be in harmony. This set of nine pieces is nominally priced at 85 cents, post-paid. Please mention color desired.

The New Bead Necklaces

The craze for these new, easily made, flat necklaces, has taken possession of the Canadian woman from coast to coast since the first model was shown in the spring.

Nothing is more appropriate for your this year's Christmas present and we know that many of our readers will want all of these newly created designs.

No. 2000, shown here, is about one-half inch wide. No. 2002, shown in the centre of the group, and the third one, our No. 2004, are slightly narrower, as pictured. Each is simply made by sewing beads with a single thread of the usual sewing length, taking up the beads in regular count as

the motif calls for them.

Our packets for each of these are priced 60 cents and with No. 2000 we are giving as a premium our new beaded bag book No. 13, showing several different models, with instructions for knotting and crocheting beaded bags, while with Nos. 2002 and 2004, we are giving our wonderful embroidery and bead trimming book, with 100 full size patterns, and carbon paper with which they can be traced.

Packets contain beads in abundance for a long tassel, the jewel, bead needles and pure silk twist. Order by number and mention colors, jade green, turquoise blue, Russian red, jet black or amber gold, and depend on receiving the best quality and prettiest tones obtainable.

Address all orders to Fancywork Department, Western Home Monthly, Bannatyne Ave., Winnipeg

Dame Fashion Declares Herself

Continued from page 63

dued tones, chiefly a shadowy rose, and with the stripes running round (for the slim little person, this, without a doubt).

The ensemble costume that came in with such a rush this spring, is again in evidence, though slightly changed in character. The coat is long and fashioned to be worn with other dresses; the chief difference from the spring ensemble seems to lie in a greater simplicity, a more tailored air.

The hat that tops the street costume is of felt or fine velours, in most cases. And it is simpler than ever. Its trimming has the effect of being not a distinctly applied trimming, but an outcropping of the hat itself. Smart little ornaments are made of the same felt or of a felt of slightly different tone; a bit of ribbon is put on, ever so flatly, in a trim little bow or tight-drawn end. Small? Yes, smaller than ever, if that be possible. The crown moulds the head closely, and any brim there is shows a tendency to turn upward.

To drop from the hat to the shoes—one finds them all one would desire. The street shoe is cut on Oxford or one-strap lines, in tan or cocoa brown calf or the so-comfortable patent kid that offers the most useful shoe on the market because it can be worn with almost any costume and on any occasion short of an evening party. Even then the black shoe is an excellent choice, in patent kid, suede or satin, with turn-sole instead of the sturdier welt, and a more slim and shaped heel. It may or may not have a strap—either style is good in the evening slipper. Satin to match the gown is fashionable, and the newest metallic shoes are the silver or gold kid—very lovely indeed, though more expensive than the brocades we have worn for the past few seasons; there is one argument besides that of their ultra newness that will commend the shoes of silver and gold kid—the metallic brocades are renownedly hard upon tender feet; these kid shoes should be the acme of comfort—no mean con-

sideration when one sets out for a long night's dancing!

To return a moment to the more useful shoe—its last is a joy combined of sensible toe, sensible shape and sensible heel; one may choose between an almost straight heel and the universally liked Cuban heel; the latter is a little more complimentary to some feet—another case where a little elasticity in the fashion permits the individual to consider what is most becoming to herself.

FURS are the height of luxury, just as they have been. The long coat of Hudson seal leads, of course, with collar and cuffs of whatever fur one may elect. Very smart is the coat of cocoa-brown caracul, collared and cuffed in self-tone fox; another coat of the moment, smart on the younger woman who has at least one other winter coat, is made of "baby leopard"—a small-marked leopard—with bandings of dark fox or wolf. Muskrat has won the real attention of the designers and beautifully cut coats of this admirably practical fur are winning a deserved admiration. What is known as "silver muskrat" is the silvery sides of the pelt—a lovely silver-brown color. Opossum and beaver are handsome on the right people; they are deep in the fur and being perhaps less pliable than some other skins, are not quite so easily worn.

The animal neck-piece, made in the rounded style (not with the skin opened out and silk-lined, as we used to see it), is lovely in a great variety of exquisite greys and fawns—everything from a light peach tone to cocoa; these in fox and in some cases wolf. Smaller skins—sable, stone martin, squirrel (dyed, like the foxes, to an infinite number of lovely tones), fitch, fisher and such exquisite hybrids as kolinsky, kolinsky fitch, and so on—are the essence of smartness and add their bit to the quota of good grooming that goes to the making of the fashionable woman of the 1925 fall season.

The Tie That Binds

Continued from page 56

The way led through a long suite of offices—past clattering typists, book-keepers who, seated at high desks, raised patient eyes to survey him, past desk-slaves, secretaries, assistants, and assistants to assistants. Percival sneered at them; he despised them, as he despised all book-keepers, assistants, and high desks. They had no pep, no personality.

A tall gray-haired man rose to meet him in the luxurious room at the end of the suite. There were several others present—evidently a conference of some sort. A slight touch of irritation wrinkled the gray-haired man's forehead. "I am sorry" he said. "I had quite forgotten our appointment."

Now, of course, the psychology of salesmanship was rampant. Get the signature on the dotted line! Percival, recognizing around the table two of the biggest financial men of the city, began—"I shall not detain you long—"

"We may as well get this over," interrupted Rothwell, a little wearily. "Excuse me for a few minutes, gentlemen."

One of the gentlemen pulled out a watch. "Just a few minutes," Rothwell repeated, leading the exulting Masefield into a small outer room.

"I understand you were detained outside," he said. "The boy, however, had his orders, and the fault is mine."

"Sall right!" Percival almost sang. Gee, but he had him eating out of his hand! A ripe apple! "Now about that order, Mr. Rothwell—"

"I am afraid it will have to stand over," said the other. "In fact, in view of circumstances that have arisen, you would almost be safer in considering it as cancelled."

"Cancelled!" cried the stupefied Masefield. "Why, you promised—"

"I am sorry for your disappointment," said Bothwell, with a real touch of sympathy in his tone. But Masefield's brain seemed to snap. The resentment that had been accumulating all the morning broke.

"What did you want the specifications in such a hurry for?" he demanded.

"Hurry?"

"Yes! I—I—I bet you got that bunch inside skinnin' my prices down. Copperin' me!" his indignation broke bounds.

Mr. Rothwell stiffened very perceptibly. Then he looked curiously at the unhappy salesman, so curiously that the latter winced. "I'm afraid we have no monopoly of hurry," he said, coldly, adding a cryptic, "nor of carelessness."

"Careless—"

"Mr. Masefield," said the other, "before you visit this office again I would suggest that you practise—er—tact and—er—thoroughness. A salesman needs them so! You spoke too quickly. I said that order was cancelled; but the cancellation is only because we are—er—rearranging our output. We shall shortly be in the market for quite a considerable order of some other lines that your house produces."

Was the sky clearing again?

"But," went on Mr. Rothwell, "you made some remarks about hurry—and coppering... Henry, will you please show Mr.—h'm—Masefield out."

And out Mr. Masefield found himself! Out past the assistants and the secretaries and the grinning book-keepers and desk slaves, whose faces seemed comforted in malice—out minus the Haines-Rothwell order but plus the Haines-Rothwell displeasure!

GEE, some salesman! And to go back and face—

One thing saved him. He hadn't to go back at once. He was to meet Elsie Woodward and her mother at lunch. This engagement, which had required a great deal of diplomacy to bring about, really marked her mother's approval of his suit. If all went well, why...

He must come up smiling to that lunch! So he walked around the block several times, bravely, and at the end felt brisker. He had also evolved a plan of campaign. Although Elsie was a dear, charming girl, her mother was something

Continued on page 66

Why Have December Hair Gray Hair



Brownatone, the safe vegetable preparation, will quickly tint gray hair its original charming color.

THE golden glint of sunlight—the warm brown of the chestnut burr—the deep, dark black of a stormy night—

—These are the things in a woman's hair that create comment and admiration; that cause other women to look with envy—and men with delight.

And this is the hair beauty that Brownatone can restore to your gray, faded or bleached hair by its harmless tinting qualities. A single application is sufficient. Only new hair growing out demands further attention, because Brownatone

permeates each individual hair, thus assuring permanent color that does not fade or wash out. So easy to use that you can apply it yourself at home. Shades from lightest blonde to deepest brunette. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.50.

Send 10c to cover posting and packing charges of a trial bottle, to test the merits of Brownatone.

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TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

Drug and department stores everywhere endorse Brownatone, as do countless women who have used it.

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We recommend Na Tone Lemonated Shampoo for washing the hair. At Dealers, or direct, 50c.

To the Society Girl

WHEN your face powder is obvious it fails—because the emphasis should be on you, not on the powder.

To avoid this breach of good-grooming, the smart sets in Paris and New York use Ashes of Roses—the wonderful new vogue—in two shades, one for day use, the other for evening use, gently dabbing it on instead of rubbing it in. The result is entrancing.

The new skin tones in Ashes of Roses are not obtainable in any other face powder. Ask for

PERFUME CREAMS **ASHES OF ROSES** ROUGES COMPACTES

Bourjois

PARIS NEW YORK
Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL

The Tie That Binds

Continued from page 65

of a gorgon. But she had, Percival knew, one or two weak points.

He turned in smartly at the hotel designated for the party. One of the first persons he encountered in the lobby was his quieter room-mate, Mr. Simmons.

"Why," said that gentleman, "here's the boy wonder. How'd you find Haines-Rothwell?"

Mr. Masfield dissembled, although the very name gave him nausea. He touched Simmons familiarly on the shoulder, winked, touched his inside pocket, and said: "Now you're talking, boy!"

Simmons stared at him enviously. "You don't mean—? Gee, how do you get away with it—and like that?"

A retort far from courteous was on Masfield's lips, but it died unborn as his eyes, fixed on the revolving door, brightened suddenly. Simmons, turning to follow his glance, saw two ladies entering the hall, one of them a charming young lady of extreme pulchritude. Masfield left his companion very abruptly.

Simmons was lunching at that hotel, with a "prospect" that he, also, had been working up carefully for weeks. His lunch period was therefore a little protracted. When finally he got away, he paused in the lobby to light a cigar. On a chair near him was a hunched-up figure in whose attitude there seemed to be concentrated the pathos of the entire world. There was, too, something familiar to the eye in that black-and-white check.

He strolled over, touched the figure on the shoulder, and said, "Day dreaming?"

The unhappy, perspiring face of Percival Masfield, over which a brave attempt at a smile flickered and waned, was raised to his.

"I'll bet you were," said Simmons. "Darned fine girl, old boy. 'You're steady?'"

Percy mumbled some unintelligible words.

"You don't exactly look tickled to death, though," pursued Simmons. "Ought to be—taking a swell girl like that to lunch and landing that Haines-Rothwell order all in one day."

Percival put out a beseeching hand. "Simmons," he said, "you'll laugh, I know, but the truth is I'm plumb miserable."

"Huh?"

"Yes—plumb miserable." He was so miserable, indeed, that he clutched at Simmons' sympathy. "Sit down, Sim. Listen—I—I didn't get that Haines-Rothwell order. Turned down cold—chucked out, almost."

Simmons was a kind-hearted fellow; and the dejection of the bumptious egotist was rather a sorry sight. "Turned down, hey? Why?"

"Don't ask me—I don't know. Got right in to Rothwell, too—an' he had promised me the order. Cancelled it flat!"

"When was that?"

"This morning."

Simmons cogitated, swinging an idle leg. "But you've had those two dames to lunch since."

Percival hesitated, but finally said: "The whole blasted day's gone wrong, Sim, an' I can't make it out. I thought I had that lunch date cinched—an' what happens? They looked at me, and seemed to wither up. Sim, is there anything wrong with me?"

"Wrong? Why—"

But Percival went on, unheeding. "This date meant so much, Sim, if I could only pull it off right. Els—the girl was K.O., but the ma—! Gee, but she was stony! Froze right up—wouldn't say but 'Yes' or 'No.' Mostly 'No.' I had some fancy lines to spring on her, too. Then I pulled some bonehead joke about Rothwell, and whaddya know, Rothwell's her relation by marriage! Gosh!"

"But the girl?"

"Well—even she died away. I—I was kinda hoping that if I could make a hit this noon I might get asked round this ev'nin'—an'—an'—well, never mind. They just ate the eats I was payin' for as fast as they could, an' bolted off. What is wrong with me, Sim? Have I got small-pox breakin' out on my face, or the king's evil, or what?"

At these words Simmons laughed loudly.

"King's evil!" he roared. "I like that! Why, you poor little runt—say, come with me!" He hustled Masfield up, led him to the stairs down to the washroom, and said, "Down there."

"Apparently," he chuckled, "you haven't been near a mirror since you left home."

"No."

Simmons laughed again. "Here's one." Masfield stared at the mirror over the wash-basin. Everything about him was correct and in order—the swell check, the soft grey hat, the pink silk shirt, the low-cut collar—everything but the black silk tie.

"My land!" he gasped. "I forgot to put a tie on!"

"You sure did!"

"Do you mean to tell me I've been walking round all day like that?"

"It seems like you have, my boy."

Masfield turned to him angrily. "And that is why everyone has been treatin' me like the plague—why Rothwell reneged and my girl froze me out, an'—an' everything. A tie! Hang it all, a tie!"

"It's the smallest things that count most sometimes," observed Simmons sententiously.

"Hang the smallest things! Ties!" Masfield became philosophic. "You didn't wear a tie when you were born, and you won't when you die! You don't wear it when you play tennis! A convention, that's all." Simmons shrugged his shoulders. "And seeing that the world thinks so much of a thing like that, why didn't someone have the decency to put me wise?"

Simmons did not answer. Masfield looked at him between narrowed eyes into which gradually there came the light of comprehension. "Oh, I understand," he said. Egotist that he was, he was not afraid of the truth. "I understand! Nobody cared..."

The Web Spinners

Continued from Page 40

catching insects, here, there and everywhere. It is impossible for them to be tied down to constantly observing a snare for catching insects. Yet even these have homes, with only the web itself lacking.

Though in most cases the spider has eight pairs of eyes, yet she cannot see clearly more than a few inches. In this respect she differs radically from the bee whose different method of gaining a living requires both long and short vision, for bees must forage afar.

Most spiders are harmless; few of them are dangerously poisonous. All of the four hundred or five hundred species that the persistent seeker may find within easy reach of most American communities have poison glands, but none are as poisonous as they are reputed to be. Such poisons as they have are intended for defence against others in the spider's world of miniature life and for killing or rendering harmless the tiny creatures which supply her diet. Man's organism is so great that it will not succumb to this dose of poison that suffices to kill an insect.

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Though spider bites may be and are often painful, especially to certain individuals, they do not justify the fear many persons exhibit for the eight-legged creatures. The bites of a few species, nevertheless, do cause severe pain. The danger of their being inflicted, however, is offset to some extent by the color warning given to most of us by this class of animals. The more dangerous species display brilliant and sometimes very beautiful colors which at once attract attention; but of the ordinary little brown spiders which dart back and forth over our fields, busily engaged in their own business of building homes for their young and foraging for food with which to feed their infants, we need have no fear. Rather should we marvel at the intricacy with which their bodies have been fashioned and the diligence which they exercise in the use of the equipment with which Nature has supplied them.



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

With the Doukhobors in Western Canada

Continued from page 26

already found out the cause of this by the time that a shining-faced one vouched the information, "Pete eat him." I had learned that sunflower seeds were considered a delicacy and were not to be passed by lightly when showered so obligingly upon them.

I loved those gay, eager, naughty little boys mightily. During the first years of the advent of Canadian schools into the community only the boys were allowed to attend, about twenty to a class. The addition of another classroom to the Glade school had taken place the term previous to my arrival, and on the commencement of my last term there some twenty just as eager and friendly little girls came to take charge of the little red stools. There they sat, kerchiefed, long-skirted and old-fashioned, ready to start again the eager rush between teacher and pupils as to which would be taught the more—the teacher their eager, tongue-slipping Russian or they her prim and precise English. This was an event, to be sure, and we welcomed these little feminine strangers joyously. All Doukhobor school children are eager. They grasp at learning with a quickness and enthusiasm which makes each day pass as a flash to the teacher. At that time the little boys were allowed to attend school for only two years, but during those two years the brightest ones, from the first day of not knowing one word of English, had swept through to the fourth reader on the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic. We did not then teach drawing or singing. This was considered too much of play; we kept to the sterner things. I have since then taught in Canadian schools, over which I shall pass in haste. I all but tore out my hair by the roots in one mad endeavour to inspire those easy-going, play-loving youngsters to read; to say one word correctly; to read what was in the book and not what their careless, roving little minds foresaw. Oh, to be able to study! To spend just five long minutes without looking up to see what Mary or John was doing. I thought of my little Doukhobors and wept.

DURING my last term of school in Glade we were suddenly transported, baggage and black-boards, down to the villages to live and teach. Later we were glad that it had happened although we did a good deal of complaining at the time. It had been wonderful but lonely to live up in the church. It had been wonderful to see the lights come twinkling out below us, one after the other, in the grey evenings and to see on sweet, spring mornings the gayly clad people passing to and fro, as in Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott*, where

"Thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot."

We had often spent an evening in the villages calling on the parents of our pupils who greeted us with such quaint, heart-felt courtesy that we blushed in sudden shame at memory of our forced smiles and greetings when the little Saturday scrubbers, having finished their task, came upstairs to visit us; or on a Sunday afternoon when some courting youth lifted our latch and walked in followed by a long line of smiling lassies. It had been interesting and all quite pleasant but one really did not get to know the Doukhobors in that way. We were always on our best behavior. There were too many smiles and a certain sense of strain; an unconscious desire to have the call come to an end, on our part. No, never on theirs. The calm, gracefully assured poise of those hosts and hostesses might have graced a court. It was we who cleared our throats and vainly sought for suitable words and phrases. We used to return home those nights laden with polished apples, plums and other shy little gifts, our hearts overflowing with love and hospitality so freely given and with their quaint, farewell phrases echoing in our ears.

The cause of the removal to the villages had been due chiefly to the extreme cold of that winter. Although we kept the two stoves in the school room red hot, it was impossible to warm the huge room. The boys with blue little hands wrote numbly. Sometimes we were not warm from the time of our arising in the morning until those few pleasant hours after dinner when we sat around the little kitchen

stove before going to bed. The water pipes had frozen under the ground and there was no snow to melt for water. Each day a lard-pailful of water was brought up to us from the nearest village which barely covered our cooking requirements. We were certainly becoming pretty well tired of life as it was, and when stout, jolly Mr. Wasilenkoff, our school trustee, janitor, wood and vegetable bringer, etc., came, with guile in his heart, to remove us, we did not, perhaps, do as much protesting as we should have done.

We were ensconced in the central village of that long row. Our beds, our stove, our dishes and our pots and pans were cheerfully squeezed into one of the front rooms and here we lived more or less happily for the remainder of the term. Once our tiny cook stove fell down like a clap of thunder and it took the entire village to get it together again. Once the shelf on which we hung our pots and pans and other noisy paraphernalia, fell down with a terrible clatter while morning prayers were being held in the kitchen and once our kitten narrowly missed death in the big, brick oven. Here it was, too, that we lost many of our qualms and that walking-on-eggs sort of feeling regarding the Doukhobors.

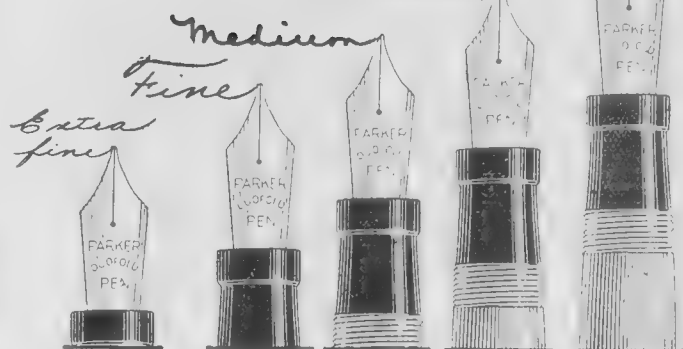
When we heard mouth-organs being played upstairs I straightway rummaged for my ukulele. Here we fried fish, nor did we eat it in haste and with guilty conscience as in church days when we used to shut the doors and windows for fear of a whiff being wafted village-wards. Here we dug for fishworms, with many little Doukhobors frantically eager to help, in the damp soil where the weekly cooks threw their dishwater. There was an open knot-hole in the ceiling above our room that finally gained our attention. At first we covered it but that proving useless we kept a cup of water and an old-fashioned fountain-pen filler nearby to squirt in the eye of any "peeping Tom," which all helped to relieve the monotony of the evenings.

It was not so bad living in that crowded little room as one might think. They did cook a considerable amount of cabbage in the kitchen next to us but we grew accustomed to that. When we reached home from school in the evenings we used to run upstairs to watch the weaving of the cloth which was worn by the people. A fascinating process it was, attended by a capable elderly woman who worked the shuttles, with a swift, lithe granddaughter standing near to catch the snarls. Particularly interesting was the weaving of the coarse, white linen, the flax for which had been grown in the fields, gathered and flayed by the men and then spun into thread. This was made into loose fitting suits for the men and dresses for the women and little ones which were carefully placed away to be worn only to the Sunday morning services or on those wonderful days when Peter Verigin visited the settlement. Sometimes we watched the spinning-wheels. The women used to gather in the sunshine of early spring afternoons, before the out-door work had begun, to chatter and sing to the hum of the wheels while the children frisked about on the grass of the little square court.

The chief discomfort of this new mode of living was the fashion of having our school-rooms changed each month to the front rooms of some other village. It kept us all busy becoming accustomed to our new surroundings and for our new surroundings to become accustomed to us. I do not know even to this day, although I have often wondered, whether it was because every village wanted us or because no one wanted us. It felt rather strange at first to teach in the small rooms after our former space. Every now and then a smiling face would look in at us from the kitchen door to return at recess time with a wooden bowl of wonderful soup and a huge slab of brown bread. Eating from the wooden spoon which accompanied the gift was an art, but after much practice we learned to manage pretty well. One of my small boys was so very proud because I ate from his own little wooden spoon. During the first few days of each of our monthly movings the latch of the outside door was on the constant move admitting long lines of smiling visitors who stood in silent rows

Continued on page 68

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With the Doukhobors in Canada

Continued from page 67

along the walls of the schoolroom for a time and then went smilingly out again. Small boys and girls came bravely in to say "Hullo," or to present a flower or an apple. Upstairs a spinning wheel hummed and a child ran about. Women sang at their work in the kitchen and everything seemed very happy and peaceful.

SPRING is an important time in the British Columbia Settlements. We used to be very busy those days writing letters for the men applying for work on prairie ranches. Gradually as the days passed, the male population thinned and the settlement took on that grey, lonely look that spring sometimes has when the snow has not quite left the ground. Only a few of the elder men were left to attend the work of the villages. It is in the spring and summer that the women start out in the cool of the morning for the nearby fields, with their clumsy, hand-made rakes and hoes slung over their broad shoulders. I used to envy them as they went gaily off into the sunshine, laughing and singing. What wouldn't I have given to have had no restless little boys to teach and to have shouldered my heavy hoe and walked out into the spice-laden air as freely and happily as they. In the autumn we liked to watch them with their wooden rakes and forks stacking the hay of the upper clearings. One thought of the peace, the reverence and the beauty depicted in that famous painting, "The Angelus," as they worked there, bright-costumed, in the haze of the late afternoon. They often called to us from afar and begged that we climb up with them and ride home on top of the load. It was during the spring that the children, too, were so happy. We used to see them playing amongst the dandelions on the green river banks, looking like huge golden flowers themselves in their bright dresses and gay "platoons." Always singing. Their songs would come wafting to us no matter where we stood.

Pretty childish voices singing quaint, old-fashioned songs. Everything seemed so peaceful, so sunny, so happy. The very atmosphere breathed of peace and song; the rhythmic swing of the hoes, laughter of playing children, the singing of birds and the river washing the stones. Nowhere have I found such peace, such comforting, enfolding peace, as at Glade. The Doukhobors have a quaint, pretty name for it. Pladneronia, the Valley of Peace, they call it.

I met Peter Verigin only once although he came to Glade several times during my stay there. It was shortly after my arrival that he paid me the compliment of wishing to meet the new school teacher and I might have been more impressed over the event but for an unfortunate act on our part. Of all days why should we happen to choose this day to indulge in a treat—a roast of meat which was simmering gleefully in the oven when we heard footsteps below? Between the rush of

getting the roast out of the oven and into the depths of a trunk and trying to air the house out at the same time, I was all in a flutter and can remember very little of his appearance or whether he seemed to be pleased with me or not. We shook hands, but I do not think that he spoke for he never pretended to speak English. I have in memory but a flash of him; rather a finely built man with a rough stubble of beard, iron-like and a little stubborn, and with keen, understanding eyes. The little school boys used to speak of him quite often, very naturally and happily. They did not seem to be overawed or in the least afraid of him, but I am sure held him in great respect and love. All the people spoke of him happily. They liked to talk to us of "Pete" Verigin, and the day of his coming to Glade was one of great gladness and excitement. He used to be driven up the winding road to the church behind a span of glossy horses with his white-clad people thronging about him. Here he spoke to them in a pleasing, gentle voice while they in turn sang songs that thrilled one's heart to hear, so poignant of feeling, so deeply, grandly sad. There was no need of a musical instrument. In the volume and rhythm of those songs, in the blending of many parts to one swelling whole, one heard the chords of a deep toned organ made gloriously beautiful, entrancing, uplifting as if played on the silver cord of the soul. We used to tiptoe softly about upstairs and try to picture Peter Verigin listening to his people as they stood there before him bearing their hearts in song.

In the death of Peter Verigin, this beloved leader, I cannot see anything but happiness and future advancement for his people. Although he loved them and exercised a benevolent rule over them, I felt in the condition, which we found on making our home in the village that the old order must change and there was room in my heart for pity of him. He had remained adamant while his followers absorbed. The younger people were becoming restive. It was no task to hold the older ones and had they still been dwelling in the land of danger, it would have been an easy matter to control the younger ones. In having brought his people to a land of safety, he had performed his great work. He had now to keep before them the high principles of their faith. The Doukhobors have needed Peter Verigin's leadership in Canada during the years that are past. He has suffered with them the deepest privations and has faced overwhelming odds that they might reap the slow trickle of prosperity that is turning their way. They still need a leader. They need a great leader; a man of strong personality and deep virtue. He will need to have such a love for his people that he can be forgetful enough of self and power to lead them forever toward freedom. A freedom of home and heart and mind.



Don Quixote Circle, Iberian-American Exposition, Seville, Spain

The Return of Hepburn

Continued from page 12

her like a brute. If she's forgotten me it's my fault. But, oh! man, I want another chance! That's what I came back for. I want another chance."

"She won't refuse you, Arthur," said Macarthur quietly.

"It's not that," cried Hepburn. "Don't you see? If this—other can make her happy, and—and I can't, perhaps I'd better not see her. Perhaps I'd better go away at once."

Macarthur turned to the window. Before his mind lay a dreariness of untold years from which he could see no escape. He might deceive the husband and send him away, but he could not deceive the wife. The very trust she had in him made that impossible. All his towers of hope were crumbling into ruins as he turned and faced his friend.

"There is no other, Arthur," he said. "she hasn't forgotten you. I have reason to know that."

There was that in his tone and the look of his eye that suddenly opened out the truth to Hepburn's comprehension. There was silence for a moment; then Hepburn spoke.

"I might have known," he said. There was no resentment in his voice. Rather an unimpassioned statement of facts. "Of course it would be you, Jack. I don't blame you or her, but—I must think what I shall do."

He rose as if to go without further words, but Macarthur stopped him.

"Sit down, Arthur," he said in a quiet voice. "There's more to be said."

Hepburn looked at him inquiringly, and resumed his seat.

"You're going too fast," went on Macarthur. "Now listen. We've always been friends and this mustn't come between us. I might lie to you and send you away again, but it wouldn't help me. I'd have to tell her the truth, and you know that would end it, so far as I'm concerned."

"But you miss my viewpoint," said Hepburn, wearily. "She's forgotten me, and if"—

"She hasn't forgotten you," interrupted Macarthur. "If she had—I might—I don't know—but anyway she hasn't."

Their eyes met steadily. Then Hepburn reached out and took Macarthur's hand.

"I must go to her, Jack. Goodbye," he said, and hurriedly left the office.

Macarthur waited a moment, then pulled the desk telephone toward him and called for a number.

"That you, Eleanor?" his voice was steady and cheerful. "I find I can't come out tonight after all—and listen, something tremendous has happened. I can't tell you just what. But I want you to prepare yourself for anything that may come—no, I can't explain. But you must try and think of the very best thing that could possibly happen. The thing you want most, and be ready for it. I can't tell you any more—no, I can't. Good-bye."

He hung up the receiver, and his face

was drawn as he settled back in his chair. For half an hour he scarcely moved, but sat staring at a point on the opposite wall. Then he shivered as though cold, shook himself, and his jaw set squarely. He pushed the call button and his stenographer entered.

"Bring your book, Miss Hunt," he said briskly. "I'll give you some dictation."

IT was evening when Hepburn alighted from the train at Chatham Farms. The house on the hill—his house—was already lit up, and he set out for it in eager haste. But as he approached his pace slackened, and when he turned in at the gates he could hardly bring himself to advance at all.

He should have sent her word. He should have prepared her. It was cruel to come thus suddenly from the dead. He recalled the effect of his appearance upon Macarthur. It was not right to use a woman so. He had halted and was scanning the lighted interior. Nothing seemed to be changed. It was the same place. Home!

Then suddenly he saw her. A door opened and she entered the library, tall, graceful, just as he had known her. She crossed the room and came to one of the windows, where she stood looking out. He could not see her face, for the lights were behind her, but every outline of her figure was familiar; every movement he could anticipate; in a sudden rush of memories all his doubts were swept aside.

Quickly he approached the house, and presently she saw him and drew back a little from the window. Almost without thought, before he consciously knew what he did, he halted and whistled their trysting call. It was the call he had used in his courting days to apprise her of his presence, and he saw her stop in her retreat. Her hands went to her breast and she stood staring out the window.

He repeated the notes. If she had hesitated then, perhaps he would have turned away. But at the second call he saw her turn and run toward the hall, and with a choking sensation he hurried up the steps to meet her as she opened the door.

"Eleanor!" he said, and "Arthur!" she answered him. "Arthur!" Then his arms were round her and he held her to him close.

"Are you glad?" he asked presently, not because he did not know, but because he wanted to hear her say it.

She drew back till she could look him in the eyes. Her own were filled with tears, and her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "I've wanted you so! I never knew until I lost you." She clung to him as though fearful he might slip away again.

"But I've come back, Nora," he said. "and we'll start over again."

"It will be like a second honeymoon."

"Yes," he answered, "only, please God, this one will never end."

Quebec in Relation to Canada—Continued from page 13

Quebec in many districts—on the St. Francis, on the St. Maurice, and so on—has his electric light and cheap power, he has rural mail delivery, he has the telephone, he has a great number of magnificent roads. But he is at work. If he is organized—as he is in labor, and increasingly in agriculture—it is under the leadership of the Church, which has too vast an experience and too deep a sagacity not to keep reminding him constantly that not in nostrums but in labor is to be found the secret of the competence that makes for independence. Culturally this disposition to personal toil makes Quebec faithful to the traditional subjects of mental discipline that are habitually giving this province a group of public and semi-public men who cannot be matched in Canada for the severity of their training or the urbanity of their culture. It is no accident that Raoul Dandurand has just been named President of the Assembly of the League of Nations. At the bottom this province is—by the instruments of the Church and the Press—pursuing an intense propaganda for education; and at the top she is in possession of a large group of what may in the European way be called

notables, who, by virtue of classical training, the knowledge and practice of two languages, and familiarity with two great systems of jurisprudence, are nearer the British and European level of mental cultivation than are the leading representatives of any other national element on the Continent of America.

I should have been glad to adduce other reasons for saying that the time is opportune for a new, practical, and cordial recognition by English-speaking Canada of the value to the Dominion of our French Canadian national element, but my space is gone. Its members speak a language—their middle, professional, and erudite classes in a manner of which France may be proud—that is admirably fitted to be the complement and companion of our own. They are loyal to the British Crown, and see in the British practice of government the surest palladium of their liberties. They are very different in mentality and taste from ourselves and are, by virtue of that circumstance and by virtue of the place given them in the councils of the country by our Constitution, specially fitted to march with us to make Canada what it is most highly and desirably possible for her to become.



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Your Hallowe'en Party

HALLOWE'EN parties are always popular, due no doubt to the spooky traditions on the "e'en" and the "stunts" associated with this festival of the spirits. Invitations may be written in red ink on black cat cut-outs. These cut-outs can be purchased at any stationery counter.

Choosing Partners at a Young People's Party

One method for choosing partners is to hide the girls, who have been asked to arrive half an hour ahead of the boys, each in a separate hiding place, such as a cupboard, behind furniture, curtains, doors. When the boys arrive, they hunt until each has found a partner. If it is a masked party, this may be very amusing, for partners may probably spend some time guessing who the other is. Another way is to have long lengths of string, one for each couple, wound around chairs, table-legs, stair bannisters, etc., crossing and criss-crossing each other. At one end of each string is tied a doll, or a toy broom, a tiny powder puff, or some suitable favor for the girl, at the other end a favor for the boy, such as a toy shovel, a cigarette, etc. Clothes-pins tied with different coloured ribbons may be used if preferred. The guests then commence to wind up the string until they meet their partners, and much merriment is caused as they scramble about, each in the other's way.

Games

"Barnyard" is a noisy game, but lots of fun. The guests are divided into teams of four or five each with a captain for each team, and each captain chooses an animal or bird which makes some distinctive noise, such as a dog, cat, mule, cow, rooster. Previously, white beans have been hidden around the rooms, and the work of the teams is to hunt for the beans. When one is found, the player stands in front of it and makes the sound of his team until the captain comes to pick it up. No player may touch a bean except the captain, and the captain must not pick up a bean not pointed out by one of his players. At the end of five minutes the beans are counted, and members of the winning team are presented with popcorn balls, or other small prizes.

After such a strenuous game, a quiet word contest will be appreciated. Pencils and papers are distributed and the players with a time limit of ten minutes, write as many words as they can think of, beginning with the syllable "cat," such as "catalogue," "cataract," etc.

Table Decorations and Refreshments

Hallowe'en decorations lend themselves particularly well to attractive table decoration. Place-cards may be bought, or made at home of white or colored card painted with pumpkins, witches, bats, etc., or decorated with stickers. A basket cut from a pumpkin, or a woven one trimmed with orange ribbon or autumn leaves, makes a pretty centrepiece. The basket may be filled with bunches of grapes, one for each guest, and to each bunch is fastened a favor which is supposed to give some indication of the future life of the person; for instance, a coin for wealth, a ring for marriage, a button for bachelorhood, a pen for a literary career, a small ship or anchor for a sea-rover, a small bottle for a doctor, a roll of cloth for a tailor. If the party consists entirely of girls, these tokens may be considered to denote the occupations of their future husbands.

A pretty novelty is the Wishing Cake, placed at each plate. These are made of any plain cake mixture, baked in small tin moulds which have grooves radiating from the centre. Two cakes are placed together with curved sides out, a short "fortune" written on a piece of paper placed between the layers, and the whole covered with orange icing, put on quite

thin so that the pumpkin-like grooves may not be filled up. A piece of green stick candy may be stuck on top for a stem. Each guest in turn divides his or her cake and reads the fortune aloud. Half the cake is then exchanged with one's supper partner, and eaten after wishing, the other half is to be taken home and "dreamed on."

Hallowe'en Recipes Welsh Rarebit

Melt 1 tablespoon of butter in a saucepan. Add half a pound of mild cheese cut in small pieces, quarter teaspoon salt, quarter teaspoon mustard and a few grains cayenne. As cheese melts, add a half cup of milk gradually, and then an egg slightly beaten, stirring constantly. Serve on bread toasted on one side, rarebit being poured over untoasted side. A rarebit should be smooth and creamy, never stringy.

Sweet Potato Puff

Mashed Sweet	Salt	1t
potato	4c Paprika	½t
Butter	3tb Egg	1

Beat all together till light and fluffy. Pile on a baking dish, dot with butter and brown in a moderate oven.

Hallowe'en Cakes

Make small cakes in muffin pans, from any cake recipe. Cover with thin white icing. When dry, with a fine clean paint brush and melted chocolate, on them outline black cats, witches, broom sticks, bats, etc.

Little Pumpkin Pies

Cooked or canned	Sugar	¾c
Pumpkin	½c Eggs	2
Salt	¼t Melted Butter	3tb
Ground Ginger	½t Cinnamon	1t
Milk	1c	

Line muffin pans with pastry. Mix together well, the filling ingredients in the order given, and pour into the pastry cups. Bake till the custard is firm. (When a silver knife comes out clean.) When ready to serve, cover with whipped cream and garnish with a candied cherry.

Pop Corn Balls

Sugar	2c	Water	1¼c
Corn Syrup	2tb	Popped Corn	2 qts.
Salt	1t	or more.	

Pop the corn, discard the "old maids" and sprinkle with the salt. Boil the sugar syrup and water to the hard ball stage. Pour slowly over the corn in a large bowl, stirring so they will be well mixed. Form into balls. Coloring may be added to the syrup when it is taken from the fire. For Hallowe'en the balls may be "dressed up" with orange or black paper, and Hallowe'en stickers. Spooks may be made by using a "sucker" for a head, a pop corn ball on the stick for a body, and grains of pop corn on toothpicks for legs and arms.

Witches Cookies

Chopped Popped	Sugar	½c
Corn	4c Egg whites	2
Flour	½c Corn Syrup	½c
Vanilla	1t	

Beat the egg whites till stiff. Fold in the sugar, syrup, flour, finely chopped popped corn and vanilla. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased baking sheet, or pan. Flatten out with a spatula and bake in a moderate oven, till a light brown. When cool, sketch on each cookie with melted chocolate, a funny face.

Doughnuts

Sugar, gran.	¾c	Baking Powder	6t
Sugar, brown	¼c	Flour	4c
Egg	1	Nutmeg	1t
Milk	1c	Salt	¼t

Melted butter 2 lb.

Beat the egg, add the sugar, then the milk alternately with the sifted flour, baking powder, nutmeg and salt, then the melted butter. Roll out with as little flour as possible, in order that they may be as soft as can be handled. Fry in hot fat, drain on soft paper, and roll in granulated or powdered sugar if you wish.

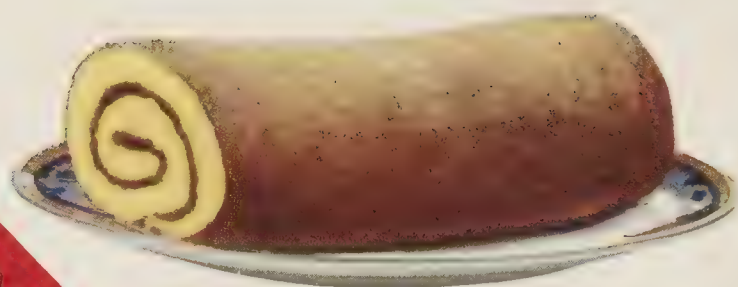


**CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE**

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup of butter (scant). $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour.
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups fine sugar. $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons
 3 eggs. Magic Baking Powder.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla extract. $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract. 1 cup milk.

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly, beat in the eggs one at a time till very light, add flavoring. Sift flour, baking powder and salt 3 times and add to first mixture alternately with milk. Turn into 3 greased layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Make a butter cream, add melted chocolate and beat well. Put between layers, then spread thickly round sides; hold cake between hands and roll in minced walnuts, now spread chocolate butter cream on top and cover with the nuts. Decorate with cherries and walnut halves.

**JELLY ROLL**

3 large eggs. 1 cup pastry flour.
 1 cup fine sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon extract. 2 tablespoons cold water.
 1 teaspoon Magic Baking Powder.

Separate eggs, beating yolks and sugar together till quite thick; add extract, then add lightly the stiffly beaten egg whites. Sift together 4 times flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt; fold very lightly into egg mixture alternately with the cold water. Turn into a jelly roll pan, which has been lined with well greased paper. Bake in moderate oven for about 10 minutes; turn out on a clean, slightly damp cloth. Remove paper; cut crisp edges from sponge, spread with preserve and roll quickly while the sponge is still warm. Sift fine sugar on top.

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DOUGHNUTS

2 eggs. 1 tablespoon melted butter.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg.
 2 level teaspoons Magic Baking Powder. 2 cups flour.

Beat eggs till light, adding sugar gradually; sift together flour, Magic Baking Powder, nutmeg and salt; add to beaten eggs and sugar alternately with milk and melted butter. Roll out the soft dough, cut with cutter, drop in boiling fat and fry a golden brown. Roll in sugar if desired.

COCOANUT LAYER CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter. 2 cups pastry flour.
 1 cup sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
 2 eggs. 1 teaspoon flavoring.
 2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder. $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk.

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly together, add flavoring; beat eggs very light and gradually beat them into the butter and sugar. Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, and salt, add lightly to first mixture alternately with milk; turn into greased layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven from 15 to 20 minutes.

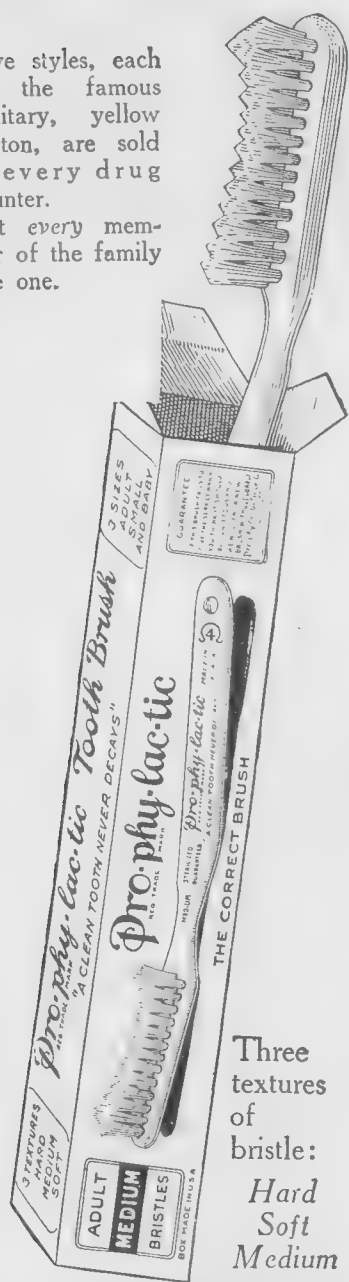
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She worked like a tireless machine from morning till night, and Caleb almost admitted his pleasure to her.

"I'll be goin' into town one of these days, Jude. Perhaps there's something you'd like me to bring you—a pair of shoes or something like that," he suggested, as if he did not know that she was wearing Charlie's boots for want of shoes.

"H-mp!" Judith muttered. "I don't want anything."

Amelia noticed Judith's stolid indifference to everything about her, and she reproached herself even while she reminded of the vow she had made to herself in the garden the day she had seen Mark Jordan. "She is too proud to ask me whether I have spoken to him about the man for the haying," she guessed, "and it's worrying her." But long custom kept her silent. They were separate workers under Caleb Gare, each with her own concerns.

CALEB'S acres of delicate flax became a tissue of pale silver under the sky. Caleb watched it daily now, measured its height, noticed the moisture in the soil. The flax was his pride—his great hope. He had planted twice as much this year as last. Articles on its cultivation had become to him the Word of God. The rye grass would grow abundantly without a thought, and he would sell it well, but the flax was a thing to pray over.

On the day following his little difference, as he called it, with Amelia, he walked through and through the timber he had "bought" of Fusi Aronson, with increasing satisfaction. To the south lay the muskeg and the dried lake bottom that he had disposed of in exchange for the timber. Fusi would no doubt be able to put it to good use—the Icelanders were a thrifty lot.... He smiled to himself as he saw how things were shaping up. It was all a matter of concentration and one got what one wanted. True, it might be a little difficult to persuade the pig-headed Thorvaldson to sell the grazing land adjacent to his own on the west. It was a shameful waste of land, given up to a few head of moth-eaten scrub horses. He would have to get around Thorvaldson.

Caleb felt secure and mellow after his encounter with Amelia. She had betrayed by her attitude that she would not abet Judith in any scheming. And, like all thorough egotists, he could not conceive of Jude's crossing him without the support of at least one other member of the family. Caleb had no special desire to bring matters to a climax in regard to Mark Jordan. As it stood the thing savored of intrigue and the pervasive, subterranean control of a Master. In a sense, it had lost its serious significance and had become a sort of game by which he amused himself. A denouement, while it would perhaps tighten the screws on the fixtures on the farm, would make him less a heroic figure in a mystery. For Caleb, although he had known of Amelia's moral defection before he had married her, had always looked upon himself as the betrayed and cheated victim in a triangle. It was perhaps this which prevented him from ever feeling pangs of remorse for his acts. His sensibilities were crystallized in the granite belief that life had done him an eternal wrong, which no deed of his own could over-avenge.

On the last day of June, Caleb went to the city in the south. It was a semi-annual journey which occupied only three or four days, made solely for the purpose of laying in such provisions as could not be obtained at Yellow Post or at Nykerk, but it was attended always by a show of solemn importance. And there was never a releasing of tension after Caleb's departure; he always took pains to set tasks which would remain behind him like an image of himself.

Judith was free to go where she liked without discovery for four days. But she did not try to find Sven Sandbo.

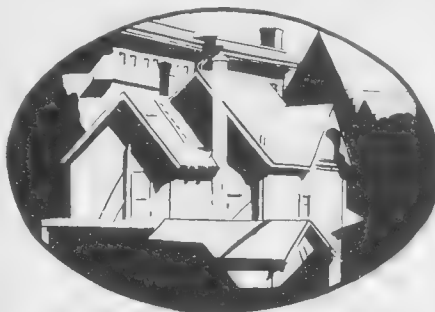
CALEB was away, but things went on with the same unbroken monotony; Martin finished the wagon shed, and dreamed his dream of the New House; Amelia and Ellen worked in the garden, milked, churned, and sent the balance of the cream to the Siding with Skuli Erickson, from whom the cans were borrowed for the purpose, Caleb not believing in buying them for so short a season. Judith and Charlie tended the livestock.

Wild Geese

Continued from page 10

The teacher, free of her school duties for two weeks in the month of July, watched the Gares out of the pity of her heart, and came no closer to any of them. Ellen harbored a scarcely-concealed resentment for everything about Lind Archer, from the dainty underwear she hung on the line to dry, to the manner in which she taught the children at school to look for beauty in every living thing. She pointedly refrained from remembering whether Lind took sugar in her tea or not, so little did the teacher and her tastes mean to her. Martin avoided her out of sheer shyness and awe. Charlie was less unbending, and offered to play "catch" with her now and then, but the boy, old as he was, was peevish and sulked when he did not get his own way, and Lind could draw nothing from him that was not a reflection of Caleb.

Lind was nonplussed by Judith. Whenever the girl spoke to her it was in a brusque, almost offensive tone. Lind had gone to the Sandbos' one evening, where she frequently met Mark Jordan, and Sven asked her why Judith went out of her way in order not to meet him when she brought in the cattle. But she could get no response from Judith when she approached her on behalf of Sven. It hurt and surprised her, especially after the pleasant Sunday when Judith's restraint had been so completely broken.



On a drowsy afternoon during Caleb's absence, Lind took the little pony of the Sandbo children and rode to the home-stand of Dora Brund. Mrs. Sandbo's married daughter, who, according to her mother, lived a life of misery under a brutal husband. "The poor girl," Mrs. Sandbo had lamented. "She will be so glad when you come."

The trail led several miles along a swamp mottled with clumps of floating moss and rank, hair-like grass. The landscape had a suave bleakness, as if it were complacent in its paucity.

Lind wished that Mark Jordan were with her. She got so much from him of warm ease and contemplative companionship. There was an impersonal glow in him. He offered her always a deliciously casual intimacy that never once bordered upon a redeclaration of the feeling he had expressed on the night when she had come in upon him out of the rain. It piqued her to know, however, that the thought dwelt just behind his eyes whenever he looked at her, and that there had been times when she had not dared to meet his eyes for fear of precipitating the moment that each knew lay ahead.

Lind was wisely aware that she could not see much of Mark Jordan without causing comment of a malicious nature among the settlers. The intolerance of the earth seemed to have crept into their very souls. And the school teacher above all was looked to as a model of propriety. But there were moments when Lind could have thrown her concern to the winds and fled from the overhanging chill of the Gares to the shelter of the Klovacz homestead and buried her face in Mark Jordan's shoulder from sheer loneliness.

She looked out now upon the level monotony of the prairie with its low, ragged woodland on the west, north of the Gares, and wondered how she would live through the summer. Were it not for Mark, who, she knew, would miss her keenly, she would have gone back to the city for a short vacation.

BACK among a few lean shreds of birch trees, stood the shack of the Brunds. It was covered with tar paper and perpendicular laths. It looked like a flat pan upside down on the ground. In the only window at the front of the house

hung a lace curtain with frayed lace edges. The slanting barn and two ungainly looking outhouses that could be looked straight through, so large were the crevices in them, stood below a slope near the margin of Latt's slough. Joel Brund's cattle stood knee deep in the water, all staring absently at Lind.

Dora Brund opened the door and looked at Lind with round, china-blue eyes. Her face was emptily pretty, her full small mouth had a sulky droop. She wore a pink wrapper that was sticky with food, and on her round breast dangled four linked safety pins. An odor of cheap talcum powder hung about her heavily.

"I am Lind Archer," the teacher smiled at her. "Your mother told me where you live and I thought I'd like to call on you."

"Oh—yes, you're the teacher," Dora said. "Sit down, please, and I'll get my clothes on. I been working around all day. You got no idea how it is in a place like this. No time to clean up decent in, even." Her voice was ready and petulant as a child's.

While she was gone, Lind looked around the room, one of the two in the house.

The linoleum on the floor had been washed in streaks. A little iron stove in the corner had spilt its ashes from the grate. On the oilcloth of the table were little clots that looked like dark gum. A smell of old rags filled the place.

Dora came back presently from the other room, the door of which was closed. She had put on a pale blue figured cotton dress ornamented with rosettes of black velvet, and looked listlessly pretty.

She sat down in a chair by the table and rested her cheek upon her hand.

"My, it's getting warm, ain't it?" she said with a sigh. "How do you like it up here?"

"I like it very well. I find the people most interesting," Lind told her. "You and your husband have been back only a short time, your mother tells me?"

"Yes—and long enough. I'm near dead, I'm so lonesome," she fretted. "This is the slowest place on earth. Nothin' ever happens except the weather, and it's rotten most of the year."

"Does your husband expect to stay here long?"

"Expect? He never thinks of anything else. Never has been anywhere else, except the six months we was away in Nykerk. I wouldn't care if we had a little pleasure once in a while, or if I could get some decent clothes, or somebody to look at 'em. But he don't care whether I've got anything or not. Don't know the difference between a coat and a hat." Her eyes travelled discontentedly out of the window.

"You have no children, Mrs. Brund?"

"No—thank God, and I'm not goin' to," Dora asserted. "That's a pretty waist you got on, Miss Archer. Get it in the city?" She scrutinized it avidly, biting her under lip with her small white teeth.

"Yes, but you could make one very easily."

Dora shrugged. "I ain't got any sewing machine, and if he got me one he'd expect me to do all my own sewing." She surveyed Lind from head to foot with a sort of grudging admiration and envy. Then she rose and went to the stove from which she took a small granite-ware coffee pot. She emptied the grounds out of it into a pail that stood near the sink, rinsed it out briefly with cold water, filled it again and replaced it on the stove. With limp hands she measured out two large spoonfuls of coffee and put them in the pot. All of this without a word.

She sat down again by the window to wait for the coffee to boil. Lind asked her how long she had been in Loyola, where she had been employed. She brightened.

"I was there nearly six months, on the lunch counter. Before I was married, that was. Blundell's place—maybe you were there?"

Lind had not been there, and Dora went on to tell her about the town. Then a smell of coffee rose in the air, and the teacher was served with a cup of it—wan stuff with grounds floating on the top. While they sat at the table Dora told her of the "guys" who used to come to Blundell's lunch counter, and of how all of them were "stuck" on her. She was sighing over the romances of her past when the door opened and Joel Brund stepped in. He was ponderous as an ox, nearly as tall as Fusi Aronson. He

looked abashed when he saw the teacher, and half turned as if to go out again.

Dora called him languidly. He came forward and took Lind's hand in his own huge hairy one. Without a word he turned away and opened a tool chest that stood under the window. Dora glanced at him sideways and shrugged her pretty shoulders. Lind pitied the man—so like a great kindly ox.

When he left the house he barely looked at the teacher, and nodded. Dora did not say a word to him.

In a short time Lind took leave of Dora Brund, promising to call again. When she got outside the house she breathed with deep relief. Down near the thatched barn she saw Joel moving about, as if he were as heavy in spirit as in body.

RIDING home, Lind met Mark Jordan, who was on foot. He had been at the Sandbos. She felt that she had known all along that she would meet him—she needed him today. A fleet wonder passed through her mind that they had not acknowledged each other long ago—what was keeping them apart? When the thought was gone she would not believe that she had harbored it. It was not for her to make overtures, after what he had said.

"Lind," Mark said slowly, his arm across the pommel of her saddle, "you always come at the right moment—like hope."

Lind looked down into his eyes. "It's ages since I saw you last. I've been so busy promoting the children. What have you been doing?" She strove to keep her voice even.

"Well, I have most of that brush cut down. I've started to burn it now, before the leaves get too dry. I don't want to start a bush fire." Mark stroked the muzzle of the horse.

As she was silent, he said, "Come home with me. I need scientific nourishment. I'll walk slowly beside you while you gallop your horse." Lind laughed at his nonsense. Impulsively she reached down with her hand and tugged at his hair.

"Are you so vain that you have to show your hair off to the birds?" she teased. Better be careful or they'll be wanting it for their nests."

She consented to ride to the Klovacz's. On the way she told him of Dora Brund and her husband, and of the absence of Caleb Gare.

"I've heard more of that man Gare," Mark commented. "One of the Icelanders was saying that he has something on his wife and is blackmailing the whole family into staying on the farm. He must be quite a character. Are you still against my calling on him?"

"No. But Mrs. Gare hasn't changed her mind about your coming. She is afraid it would rouse his children to revolt, it seems."

"Poor kids! That girl Judith has fine stuff in her. Sven Sandbo was telling me a little about her today. He's thinking of carrying her off bodily out of the clutches of the old man. Sven is a decent chap, too. Funny how you see interest in classes up here that you would ordinarily not think about. Too much civilization is a stifling thing." They went easily along through the aisle of shadow formed by the rough spruce trees, down the hollow filled with clustering dogwood bushes. There wasn't the lifting of a leaf; the air hung in a leaden haze. The palms of Lind's hands were moist on the reins; a spoken word seemed scarcely to leave one's lips.

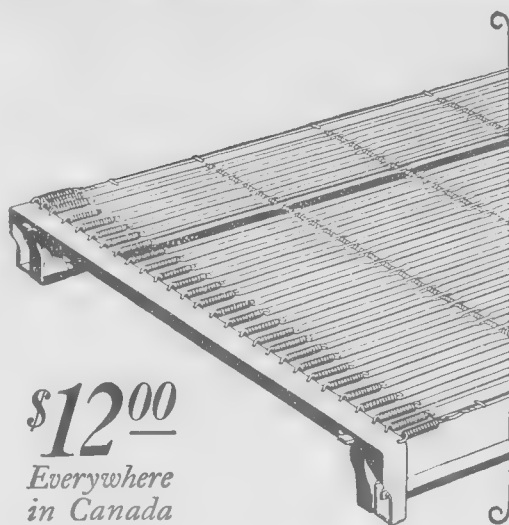
"I am afraid it's going to rain," Lind said, looking up at the sky. "I really ought not to come."

"Oh, but that's just when you ought," Mark corrected her.

AT the Klovacz place, Lind made a custard, and set it away on a shelf. Then she spread a white cloth on the table, and went about preparing the meal. Mark was outside feeding the chickens. She thought about him, in spite of herself, and finally gave up trying not to. She saw his other pair of shoes standing under a chair and thought how familiar, how friendly they looked.

After the supper, they sauntered out of the chicken house, where Mark showed her twelve newly hatched chicks. They looked at the sky and found it heavy with rain. Lind decided it would be better not to start for home until it had gone over, and they returned indoors

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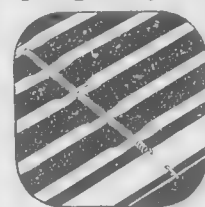
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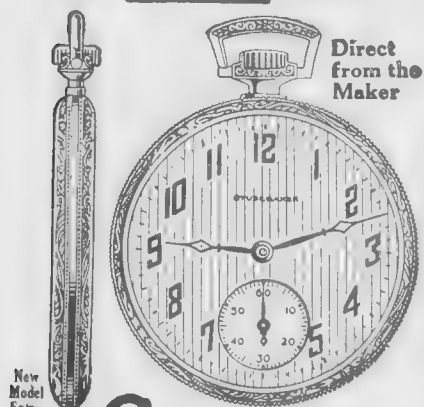
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with great round drops falling about them.

Lind played the phonograph while Mark smoked his pipe. He looked more remote than ever when he smoked, as if he found in the blue spirals an irresistible mystery. Suddenly Lind went over to him and snatched his pipe away. He looked up in boyish surprise. Lind thrust the pipe between her lips and puffed violently.

"Nothing much to that," she said, handing it back to him.

"Most satisfying thing in the world."
"Must be, the way you concentrate on it."

"I thought you were listening to the music? I'll get you a pipe if you like." He got up as if to find a pipe. She smiled and went to the window to look at the rain. It came down in great curves, and with it came the dark.

Mark lit the lamp, and while he plucked at the wick, Lind held the chimney. He took it from her and their hands touched briefly. Mark's lips almost touched her hair. He drew away quickly and Lind clasped her hands together and began to hum a little tune.

When the rain had gone, the evening was as soundless and clear as if it stood over a newly created earth. Lind and Mark walked down the wood road, leading their horses. Above the darkening cedars the moon rose, and the night opened upon them like a tender, gloomed flower. They moved together involuntarily. Lind looked up and saw his face clear and intent upon her in the ashy light. His absorption was gone now. He was all human and very near to her. They stood still in the road and looked at each other. The moonlight seemed to form a glove over them, locking out every alien sound. Without a word Lind went to him. His arms, his breast and his lips pressed her. She yielded herself to the dark, warm entirety of him, knowing the full moment.

"Lind... Lind..." he whispered her name, over and over.

The horses walked on ahead, keeping the road.

ON the day that Caleb was expected home, Mrs. Sandbo became suddenly aware that life was tedious. True, Mrs. Thorvaldson over westward was "expecting," and she, Mrs. Sandbo, would be present at her confinement, but that was at least two weeks away. No wind of gossip had blown her way for a long time, no choice morsel of scandal had fallen into her hands to knead and reshape. The teacher, who must surely hear things, was not the one to recount them generously. On the day that Caleb was expected home then, Mrs. Sandbo's curiosity won her over to its side completely.

Sven having gone to Yellow Post, she manoeuvred the cattle into the Gares' hayfield, and proceeded in an elaborately unscientific manner to herd them out. Lind, watching her flying across the east field, wondered what her purpose was in driving them toward the Gares'. Presently the scheme behind it became obvious to her, and she smiled to herself.

When Mrs. Sandbo had finally cornered the beasts up against the fence, Martin came to her rescue and opened the gate into the yard, through which she drove the cattle, heading them toward the road. Then she turned, panting, with a hand on her chest, to see who was about. Lind, who had been looking at Ellen's sweet pea vines, came toward her and smiled a greeting.

Mrs. Sandbo responded absently, apparently overcome at finding herself at last on the spot where she had craved to be. She looked past the teacher toward the house with eyes greedy for revelations.

"And where is Mrs. Gare—and the girls?" she asked, her words stumbling over each other with eagerness. While she talked, she noticed the garden with its clean, straight rows, the new wagon shed, and the plump white leghorns tilting tail as they pecked and scratched in the screened yard. Her cows had ambled out into the road, but they could wait.

"Ellen is working indoors, Mrs. Sandbo," Lind told her. "Judith is at Yellow Post, and Mrs. Gare is busy at something." She knew Amelia would be embarrassed at finding the woman there.

"Vell— isn't—vell!" Mrs. Sandbo found no expression for her feelings at the moment. She was too disconcerted at seeing no one rush to meet her, as she

Wild Geese

Continued from page 73

would have done if a caller approached her home under such circumstances, that it did not occur to her at once to turn to the house.

Before she could say any more, Mrs. Gare came into sight among the out-buildings, her white apron gathered up in front of her and bulging roundly. She shielded her eyes with her free hand as she approached them.

"Vell, vell, Mrs. Gare," said Mrs. Sandbo, in the manner she used in her own parlor among the bright brown leather furniture and the looming photographs of all the Sandbos. "You look just like you always vass! My, vhat eggs! Do you get so many every day?" Her eyes travelled quickly over Amelia's dress, her shoes, the look of her face.

Amelia smiled, glancing with amusement at Lind. She had never cared particularly for Mrs. Sandbo on the two or three occasions when she had met her before, but she would nevertheless have liked to ask her in, were it not for her old fear of Caleb's criticism. "Not every day," she replied. "And how are you keeping, Mrs. Sandbo?"

"Oh, me, I'm not vell lately. Since he vent it's been purty hard. A farm goes up—phoo!—without a man. Sven, he's got no use for the place after he been to town. He vill back—and vhat can a poor voman do?" She glanced disconsolately toward the house. Was not Amelia going to ask her in?

"Yes, it must be hard for you," Amelia said. She looked toward Mrs. Sandbo's cattle scattering in the road.

"I had such a time to get those lubbers out of your field, Mrs. Gare! They vill after sweet hay. I have Sven fix the fence where they get through. And where is the girls?" she asked, sweeping the place with a sharp look. She had heard Lind's reply to that question well enough. Amelia told her.

"Oh, Ellen is sewing? Her new summer dresses, now, maybe?"

"Well—not exactly. How is Dora?"

"Oh, that one?" Mrs. Sandbo composed herself with her hands across her waist, glad of a subject that would prolong the conversation. She had a feeling that was nettling and at the same time gratifying because of its implication, that Amelia was trying to get rid of her.

"Vhat a life she hass! With such a man! I always says to her, I says, you have no bissness to marry him. But she hess her way, and now you see vhat it iss! She vass a purty girl, Dora, and a good girl. Everybody vass after her, in Loyola where she vaited on table. But vhat can you say to them—the young ones! Sven—he will run off and marry some dirt, too, maybe. If Judith" (she pronounced it *Judit*) "vill not look on him. Hee, hee! Vhat you tink of dose two, Mrs. Gare?" She tittered at Lind, and looked again toward the house. Surely now that this much had been said, Mrs. Gare could nothing but ask her in. A cup of coffee, anyway.

"I don't think Dora is so badly off, Mrs. Sandbo," Lind said, "now that I've called on her. I think her husband looks like a good man."

"Hm! You don't yet know him."

Amelia took a securer grip on the eggs in her apron. Lind touched Mrs. Sandbo's arm. "Let me help you drive the cows home, Mrs. Sandbo. They'll be all over the place in a minute."

"I hope you get them in safe," Mrs. Gare smiled. "Goodbye, Mrs. Sandbo."

On the way down the road, Mrs. Sandbo could not contain her chagrin and amazement at the fact that she had not been invited into the Gare stronghold.

"Iss it him? Iss she so scared of him that she can't ask a neighbor in to coffee?" she demanded of Lind.

"I think it's because he's away," said Lind, clearing her throat.

"Vell—so I vill come one day when he is home. The stinker!" she said emphatically.

Mrs. Sandbo was well acquainted with the situation on the Gare farm, but occasionally when life hung dully about her, she liked to regale herself by freshening her knowledge of the state of affairs. So that now she was doubly thrilled, first by her renewed awe at the tyranny of Caleb Gare, secondly at the personal affront she had suffered.

JUDITH had not counted on finding Sven at Yellow Post. Somehow he had gone out of her mind, to give place to that dark thing that had agonized her thoughts ever since she had overheard the conversation between Amelia and Caleb. For some reason unknown to her she was wretchedly unworthy, even to live.

Sven was hiring a halfbreed for the haying time when Judith first saw him. Out of the corner of her eye she watched his dominating gestures, watched him flip a match out of the open window with a male grace that tantalized her. It was only necessary to see him, then—She hated herself suddenly.

He turned and saw her, leaning against the enormous vinegar barrel near the counter. The corners of her lips tightened, and she looked away. Sven dismissed the halfbreeds with a word and sauntered lazily toward her.

"So that was all you wanted me for, eh?" he mocked. He strove to look indifferent, but his lips worked nervously. "Well—it's all right with me. I just want to know where I stand."

Judith raised her eyes but could not keep them on his face.

"Listen, Jude. I mean what I say. You make up your mind one way or the other, and meet me at the water hole in the bush. I'm not throwing myself around like a fool for anybody. Be there for the cattle, tonight."

"Not tonight—tomorrow night," Judith said shortly, and turned to Johanneson.

Perplexed, Sven went away. He could swear in his heart that Judith loved him. But she was strange. What on earth had he done to make her avoid him? Nothing that she herself had not incited. He was half tempted to force her to ride home with him, to frighten her into submission, as he had done.... The morning was pure and mobile with a soft wind. It would be sweet riding together. He would tell her again of the town where he had worked, and where he would take her when they were married. He would—oh, what was the use? She, likely as not, would lash him across the face with her whip if he spoke to her again that day.

Judith rode home in a flux of emotions. To demand of Amelia what there was to prevent her marrying Sven might perhaps lead to the unfolding of secrets that would forever bind her life on the farm. And yet, this agitation of the spirit would not cease until she knew.

As she jogged along in the cart, her eyes idled across the flat, unsurprising earth and went on and on into the north with scarcely a perceptible undulation. Here was the brush land, without magnificence, without primitive redundancy of growth; here was the prairie, spare as an empty platter—no, there was the solitary figure of a man upon it, like a meagre offering of earth to heaven. Here were the little wood trails and prairie trails that a few men had made on lonely journeyings, and here the crossings where they had met to exchange a word or two. The sky above it all was blue and tremendous, a vast country for proud birds that were ever on the wing, seeking, seeking. And a little delicate wind that was like a woman, Jude thought to herself, that could in a moment become a male giant violating the earth.

She could find the sky and wind in a more profuse place, where life was like silk, and she belonged there. She would have to ask Amelia what that was....

Amelia was spraying lice powder on the interior of the chicken coop when Judith returned. She stood at the door and watched her for a while in silence, then told her there was no mail. Amelia had not expected any. There never was any mail with any meaning for her. She went on with her task without comment.

"What were you talking about with him that night you told him about Sven?" Judith asked abruptly.

Amelia had her back to her and did not turn.

"Why—I can't remember anything special," she replied slowly. "He wouldn't listen to it, of course."

"There's something else—I heard you. I have to know right now what it is," Judith kept on.

Amelia faced her. "I guess you heard what he said about my family," she began haltingly. "He's always reminding me that he came from better people than I did. He makes my parents out a lot worse than they were—they were only

poor, nothing worse. You know how he is, Judie. That was all."

The chicken coop smelt pungently of lime. It was suffocating. But Amelia apparently did not notice it. Judith looked at her hard for a moment. Amelia's face was blank. She turned again and continued spraying the roosts.

Judith turned doubtfully away. It was like Caleb to make a great to-do over so little, but—

In the chicken coop Amelia's hands were inert. She set the spray down. Judith had not heard Caleb's reference to Mark Jordan then. She would have to submit to anything hereafter rather than create a scene that would lead to disaster.

The next day Caleb returned. He had shoes for Judith, stout leather things with room for heavy woollen stockings. There would be another winter.

AT the spring where weeks before she had lain on the ground with her clothing in a heap beside her, Judith met Sven. They sat down together beside the water-hole and listened to the insects in the air humming of rain. Judith placed her hand over Sven's mouth when he started to speak.

"Don't," she whispered. "You can hear the clouds move!"

So they sat in silence and listened to the close, foreboding stir above and around them. The air became grey under the trees, and from the clearing the cattle lowed uneasily.

Judith moved close to Sven and studied his face. He kissed her almost fearfully on the lips and at the base of the throat. It seemed that he had never known how beautiful she was.

"I will go with you after the haying," she told him.

TRUE to her word, a week later Mrs. Sandbo came to visit the Gares. She came dressed in her finest, bringing with her a fruit cake. Surely such a token of neighborliness would prevent any rebuff.

When Ellen met her at the door, Mrs. Sandbo stepped hastily inside. Amelia, who was working in the garden, did not come in at once although she saw Mrs. Sandbo drive into the yard. She stood for a while looking out towards the bluffs on the prairie, where Caleb had gone to look over some cattle.

Lind was sewing in the sitting room when Mrs. Sandbo stepped in. It was the teacher who placed a chair for her. Ellen stood back uncertainly.

"Vell—" Mrs. Sandbo began, settling herself. She looked critically about the room before she went on. "Vell—it's getting varm, Mees Archer. My! Ellen, I would not know you again! How thin you are. What you doing vit' yourself, now? Something the matter?"

Ellen smiled stiffly. "No, nothing. I feel good," she responded.

"You are a real big girl, now, though. Perhaps you will be getting married von of these days, ya? And Mees Archer, you are yourself looking for a husband now. I hear?"

"Oh," Mrs. Sandbo supplemented elaborately, "maybe it's a mees-take. But I vass t'inking it vassen't for not'ing that Fusi Aronson vent over to Thorvaldson. Of course, they say so much at the Siding."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Sandbo?" Lind asked uneasily.

"Oh—not'ing—not'ing to say again. It vass only at the Siding the story vent that Fusi Aronson knocked Thorvaldson crazy on his own farm for saying about the teacher and this hired man down on Klovacz place. Not'ing to say again."

Lind sat aghast. How on earth—did the very wind carry spite here? It had been, perhaps, unwise to go there at all.

Amelia came in at that moment and greeted Mrs. Sandbo quietly. Ellen, who had heard the latter's story, gave Lind a sidelong glance and went out. She had her own opinion of such downright and flagrant indiscretion.

"And how is Mr. Gare, back from the city?" Mrs. Sandbo asked mildly. Amelia told her he was well.

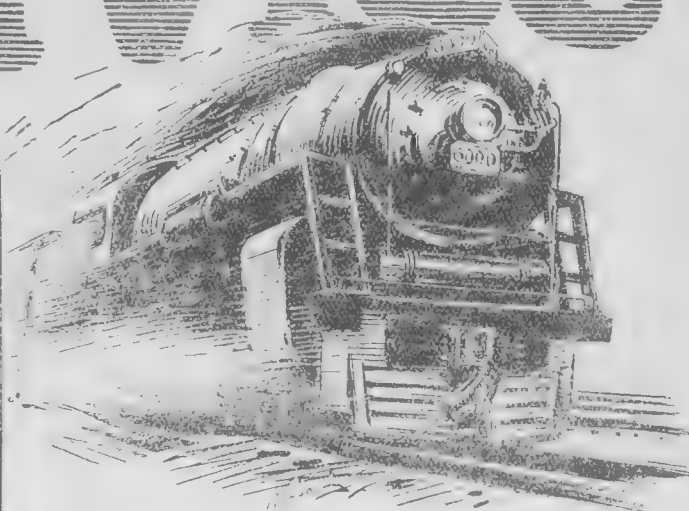
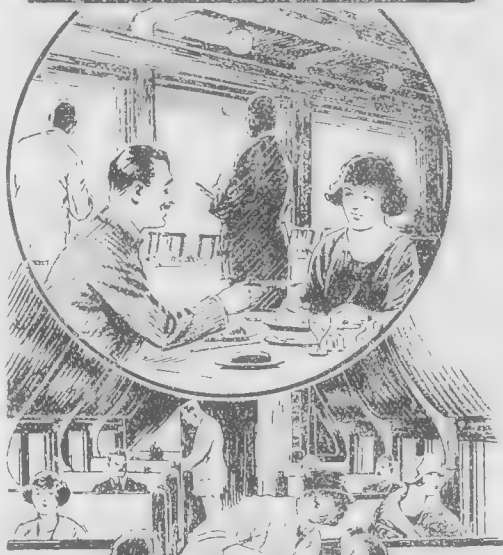
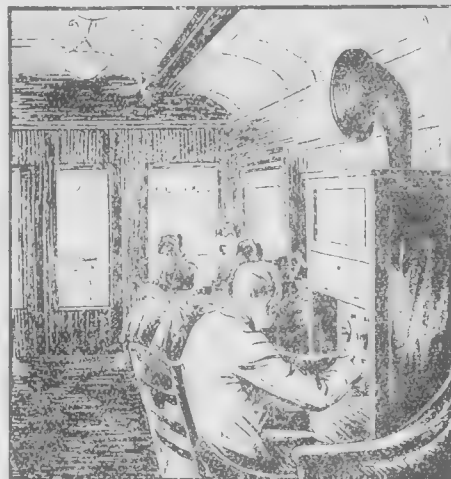
"He brings many nice t'ings for the girls, now, maybe?"

"We can't afford anything that isn't useful, Mrs. Sandbo. I want to thank you for that fruit cake. I haven't had time to make a cake for quite a while. The garden keeps me busy."

"Yes—" sighed Mrs. Sandbo. "And it takes money too, to bake and cook fancy."

Continued on page 76

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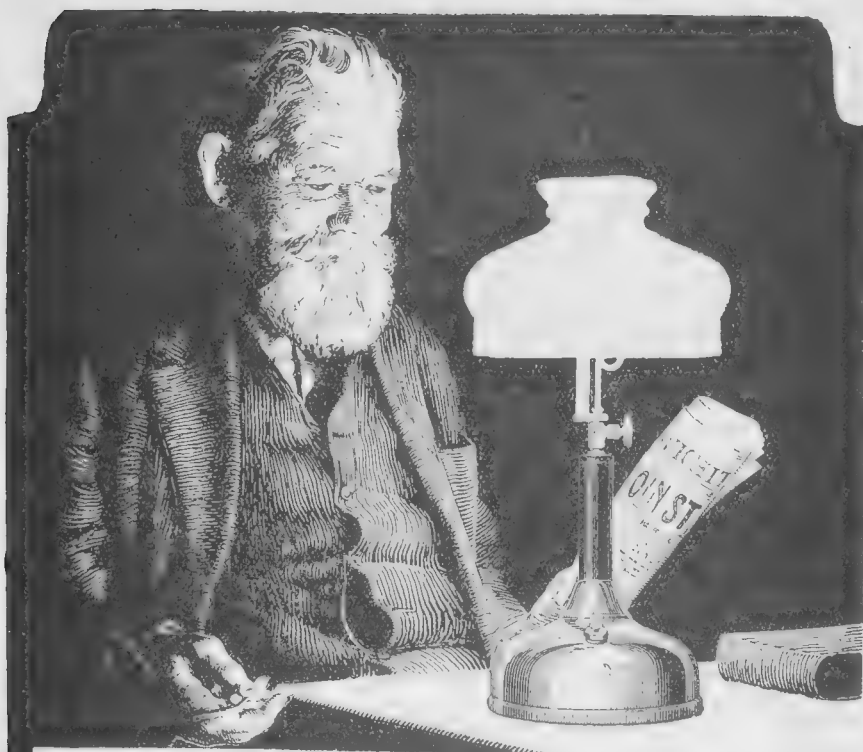
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Wild Geese

Continued from page 75

"Ellen," Amelia called toward the kitchen. "Make some tea for Mrs. Sandbo, please."

"Mrs. Thorvaldson, she iss the unlucky von," Mrs. Sandbo said profoundly, folding her hands in her lap.

"What's the matter with her?" Amelia asked, seeing that her visitor wished to be prompted.

"She had a young von last veek, and it vass born dead—a boy, too. It vass too soon for me to get over," she said regretfully. "Thorvaldson vass so mad he almost bust—nine girls already, and this the first boy. But I tink it vass a mercy it died."

"Why, was anything wrong?"

"Wrong? And haven't you heard?" she exclaimed, prolonging the mystery with relish. Of course the Gares hadn't heard. How could they have?

"No."

"Well—" she cleared her throat, settling back in her chair. "I wouldn't say it again—but the baby vass born with the head of a calf." Having launched her information she watched bright-eyed for the effect.

"Gracious!" Lind cried.

"You mean it wasn't right?" Amelia asked calmly.

"It vass a fright. Mrs. Lindahl, she helped, and she told me all. It came before they could let me know. The woman vass stepped on vit' a cow just a month before. It serves him good—that man—to make a voman vork like that just before."

"That's dreadful," Lind murmured. She saw that Mrs. Sandbo actually believed that the child's head was shaped like a calf's.

Caleb came in after a while and glanced around at Mrs. Sandbo. He did not speak to anyone in the room, but rummaged around in a drawer for a letter which he took to the table.

"Fusi Aronson hass sold you his timber, I hear, Mr. Gare? It vass more than he would sell me, and I offered him a good price for it, too."

Caleb scarcely glanced up. "Yes," he said absently peering at the paper before him.

"That vass a terrible thing that happened to the Aronson boys, four-five years ago. Fusi has not been the same since."

"It was sad," Amelia remarked.

"Nobody seems to know much of it," she went on. "Funny t'ing nobody vass around to pick them up, or take them in for the night. It wasn't so far from people where they froze."

"Of course the storm would keep people from going out, Mrs. Sandbo," Amelia said hurriedly.

"Yess, and the epidemic vass around, too."

"I'm afraid I'll have to go to the garden again, Mrs. Sandbo," Amelia told her, glancing up at Caleb. "I'm picking beans for supper, and it's after four now."

"Good land, I stop so long already! Vell—good bye Miss Archer. And don't tink not'ing of that Thorvaldson. He's a mean von. Good-bye Mrs. Gare. Good luck vit' the hay." She rustled out, her skirts having almost the rattling sound of paper. Amelia followed her gratefully.

After she had gone, Caleb coughed softly and replaced the letter in the drawer of the secretary. He had actually not looked at a word of it. He closed the drawer and turned the key in the lock of it, placing the key in his vest pocket where he kept his large silver watch. The drawer of the secretary reserved for Caleb's correspondence and papers was never touched by the rest of the family.

Amelia, in the garden, worried about what he would say when she returned to the house. She knew that he had come in only to torment her with his knowledge that Mrs. Sandbo was there.

Lind hurried to her room and wondered just how far the news had gone that she had been seen with Mark Jordan. No one could have known that she had eaten with him at the Klovacz's, so that any report of this kind must be nothing but malicious conjecture. But she must give them nothing to talk about while she was teaching at Oeland. It occurred to her that Amelia was justified in fearing

Caleb if he had any damaging knowledge about her. Once the countryside got hold of it her name would be bandied about mercilessly.

"If I see her here again I'll put her off the place," Caleb added, after giving Amelia a dressing down for entertaining Mrs. Sandbo. "We'll have no mixin' in with that lot. The teacher's settin' her cap for Mark Jordan, eh? The Siding knows about it. She'll not want to find out the truth about that handsome young man, eh?" He chuckled under his breath and went out to the cattle yard. Amelia stood still and thought. The teacher was so fine, so generous—it would not matter to her. But it would matter a great deal to Mark Jordan. A sudden impulse came to her. Caleb was well out of hearing, and Ellen had gone to bring the water.

She called upstairs to the teacher, Lind came and looked down at her.

"I'm going to bake two chickens—would you like to take one over to that young man at the Klovacz's?" Amelia asked. "Keep it a secret of course."

Lind smiled at her, hiding her surprise. "What will the Icelanders say if they see me going there?"

"Well—do as you like. They will talk anyway, here."

It followed that Lind took the chicken, full of savory dressing, to the Klovacz homestead. On the way she wondered at Amelia's sudden bold generosity, and wondered also what the woman's real self was.

Mark Jordan was repairing a binder when Lind rode up to him. His hair hung in damp little curls to his forehead, his bare arms were sunburnt and the muscles stood out on him. She laughed aloud with delight as she looked at him. He came and put his arms around her where she sat in the saddle.

"Do you know, I think you're an awful fraud. There isn't a thing wrong with you, and it's not necessary for you to be here at all," she told him.

"Well—it wasn't, but it is now," he smiled at her. "At least until the end of October."

He helped her down from the saddle and took the parcel she gave him.

"There's a scandal about us," she said. "The prairies have seen me riding with you."

"Well, then we'll have to be married right away. And Oeland will lose a first class school teacher," he declared.

"No—just for spite we'll wait," she laughed. "But that's delicious chicken. Mrs. Gare is a dear. I could kill the old man ten times a day. There must be something terrific keeping her there."

Mark caught her about the shoulders and kissed her repeatedly, taking off her hat so that he could bury his face in her hair.

"You are too lovely to be alive," he whispered. "I think sometimes that I've just dreamt you."

She kissed his hands, that were becoming tough in the palms with callousness. "The doctor won't know his trembling patient."

They walked together to the house with their arms about each other, since from that point no one on the road could see them. When they were seated at the table for supper, Mark told her that he had had a letter from Anton Klovacz and that he was returning home in a few weeks. The letter had been dispirited, and Mark feared that the great doctor had not given him much hope. Anton had been spending the summer in a sanitarium, but his money was dwindling, and additional improvements would have to be made on the homestead before the government granted it to him.

"I'll stay on here until the winter work begins, Lind, to help the poor devil out. So that means that we will be leaving together."

Lind looked at him thoughtfully. It would be at the time of the wild goose flight. Suddenly she clasped her hands about his own and held them to her breast.

"Dearest dear—I love you," she said. Mark drew her into his arms and they sat for a long time saying nothing.

She left early and they arranged to meet again the following day at Yellow Post.

CALEB made daily tours of the fields now and took careful note of the weather. Every evening for a week he went out with his lantern while the others were milking, coming back with it unlit after dark. He spoke to no one except to give directions about the work on the farm, and at mealtime he was absolutely silent. He was absorbed with the process of growth on the land he owned, lending to it his own spirit like physical nourishment.

While he was raptly considering the tender field of flax—now in blue flower—Amelia did not exist to him. There was a transcendent power in this blue field of flax that lifted a man above the petty artifices of birth, life and death. It was more exacting, even, than an invisible God. It demanded not only the good in him, but the evil, and the indifferent.

Caleb stood for long moments outside the fence beside the good flax. Then he would turn quickly to see that no one was looking. He would creep between the wires and run his hand across the flowering, gentle tops of the growth.

The tame hay and the rye grass were coming up as if there were hands at their roots pushing them. The fodder grains, too, were heavy-headed, straight and yellowing. And the cattle and horses in pasture were growing sleek and round.

Martin, dutifully going about his daily chores, knew that the signs were good.

"Thinkin' of buildin' this spring?" he asked Caleb. The New House stood large and beautiful in his mind.

"Thinkin' of buildin' what?" Caleb said absently. He was peering westward, where he thought he saw some of his cattle in Thorvaldson's summerfallow.

"A house?"
"A house? Heh, heh! Well, well, Martin, the women must be gettin' you. What on earth do you want to build a house for, when we have one? Heh, heh!" He went off chuckling to himself at Martin's vagaries.

Martin split a log with a tremendous swing of his axe. Well, he had dreamt a little vainly, then. That was all. But Caleb couldn't live forever.

CALEB watched the market and decided it was time to sell a number of head of cattle. The roads to Nykerk Siding were dry and hard, it would be easy to herd them in. Martin and Ellen were summoned before Caleb in the sitting room and told to prepare to leave on the morrow. Then Martin went out with Caleb and selected fifteen steers and cows from the herd. Among them were the two steers that Judith had assumed were her own in place of the two that had been sold in the spring.

"These are Judith's steers," Martin said this time.

"Eh? Judith's—oh, yes, yes," Caleb agreed. "She'll get the money for 'em." He prided himself upon his fairness.

"But she doesn't want to sell them until the fall."

"Nonsense—nonsense. Beef is going down."

Judith, who was at Yellow Post with Lind, did not see the steers turned into the pen. The next morning Ellen and Martin left before daybreak, while Judith was helping Amelia indoors with the morning work. So she did not see the herd of cattle mottling the early grey air with their swinging flanks of red and white and black and white. It was not until after Ellen and Martin had gone that it occurred to her that she should have looked for her steers.

At Yellow Post the day before Judith had disposed of the wool she had been hiding under the beam of the loft. She had scorned to ask Johanneson not to mention the sale of the wool to Caleb. He had paid her for it and she had sent the money at once to the city for material for a dress that Lind had promised to make for her.

Judith soon discovered that her steers were gone. She vowed to demand payment for them. Caleb had gone to Yellow Post, and she waited for his return to bring up the subject.

At Yellow Post Johanneson spitefully asked Caleb if he had any more of the same wool that Judith had brought in. Caleb smiled blandly and said that he had not.

When he returned home he came upon Amelia in the kitchen. She stepped back.

"So—she's showing the streak, eh? It'd come out somehow—somehow, yes! And you encouragin' her in it, too, like as not, eh?" His voice was a soft purr,

his lower lip thrust forward. Amelia whitened.

"What—what is it?" she stammered.

"What is it? You know well enough what it is. You know she kept that wool—you know she sold it, you—"

"I didn't—what wool—she had wool coming to her from her ewes—"

"Tch! She has no ewes—from now on. Hear me!" He spat between his teeth as he went out. Amelia, fearing a thousand things worse that might have happened, pushed her hair back from her brow. It was beginning to tire her spirit, this constant anticipation.

Judith met Caleb on the path. Over an arm-load of kindling wood which she had just chopped, she said to him, "I'll be wanting the money for those two steers you sent in."

"Tch—you! Go and talk to your mother. She'll show you it pays to be honest."

Judith expected to find Amelia in tears. Instead she was coolly composed. "He's found out about the wool," she said, her fingers working quickly over the yellow beans she was stringing.

"What about it? Is he kicking?"

"You should have told him you had it."

"Told him—hell! I'm not going to tell him anything from now on. And when the haying is over I'm leaving."

"No Judith, you are not."

Judith turned on her. "Why not? Who's going to stop me? Him?" She flung a long brown arm toward the door.

"No. If you go it's against my will, and you won't be let back." Amelia straightened her shoulders against the chair, and her voice came hard and even.

"You? What—when—" Judith was for a moment speechless.

"I don't want you to go away, Judie, until you are old enough to take care of yourself," Amelia said in a softer voice. "You have never been off this farm, really, and you would only be miserable."

Judith narrowed her eyes at her. Then her face flamed.

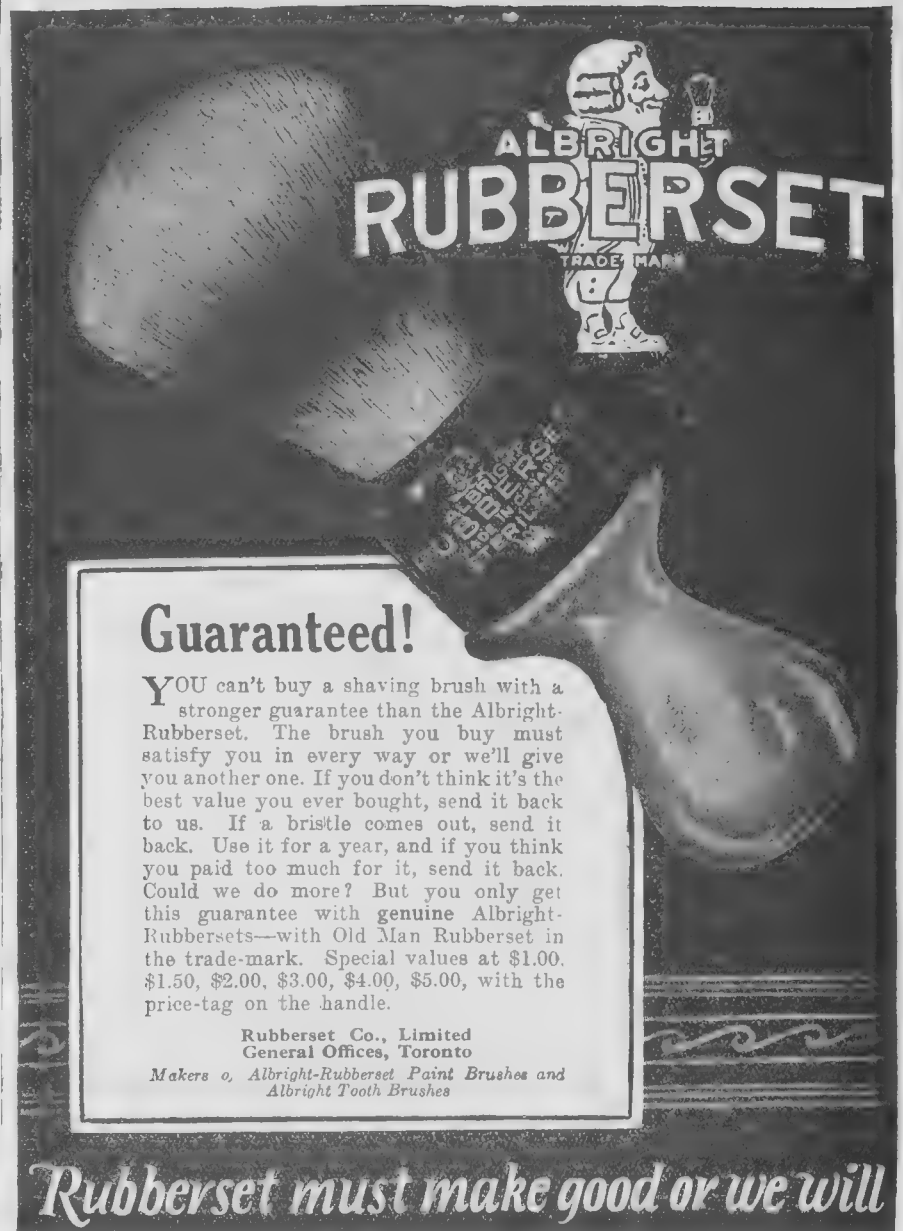
"You're lying! That's not the reason at all. You're afraid—afraid to let me go because of what he'll do to you! You'd keep us all here to protect yourself, because you're scared green of him! You're a coward!" Her voice rose to a bitter pitch, the tears trembled in her eyes. Amelia recoiled as though she feared she would strike her. Then Judith suddenly lunged out of the door, caught Prince, who was in the corral, and in another moment was racing the wind down the wood road.

Judith beat the horse furiously, goaded him with her heels. She raged at him, because he was not in a mood with her. Then, as if he wanted no more of her on his bare back, he curved and danced like an overbalanced see-saw, kicking his hoofs on the air behind him. Judith laughed and cried. The horse proceeded into a terrific gallop, turning finally off the road into a clearing beyond which he saw a fence. The clearing was full of low stumps, and the animal's legs buckled under him, throwing Judith over his head. She fell on her side, a sharp splinter of a stump tearing open the flesh of her arm. She lay there motionless for a few minutes in a sort of ecstasy, her eyes closed. Then she looked at her arm, and glanced about for the horse. He had risen, unhurt, and was standing on the road.

She turned her sleeve around so that the torn part would not show, first stopping the bleeding of the wound with some dry moss. Then she mounted Prince and rode home. She said nothing about her adventure, binding up her arm so that no one saw there was anything the matter with it.

AT Oeland no game laws were taken into account except those which the settlers agreed among themselves were good. Fishing in the lakes of those who were fortunate enough to have them on their land was open to those who did not have them, most of the year round. It had become such an old custom that the owner's right in the matter had been lost sight of. So that Caleb saw no reason why he should humor the sentimental Bjarnasson to the extent of doing without fish, when this food saved him dollars worth of meat. He resolved that during the coming autumn there should be no lack of fish at his table, whether the bodies of the two who had been drowned were recovered or not. It was

Continued on page 78



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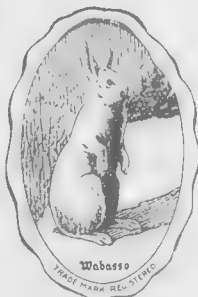
Wild Geese

Continued from page 77



"Oh!-they're Wabasso!"

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT

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well to fix this idea in the mind of Bjarnasson at once, although there would be little time for fishing during the summer, and no way of keeping the fish more than a day.

On a morning before haying began, he sent Martin to the lake. Martin was dubious, and as reluctant as he had ever been in regard to any order of Caleb's. Nevertheless, he went, fish pole and tackle in the cart behind him, as well as a small net which Caleb had borrowed from one of the breeds at Yellow Post. Martin realized the significance of that net. It was that which he balked against particularly, though he said nothing. It meant that Caleb intended selling what fish he could not use, probably to Johanneson at Yellow Post.

Martin's long face lengthened as he drove down the road westward. There were ruthless things a man might do honorably, such as violating another's property to secure needed food for those dependent upon him. But what he had been sent out to do was neither honorable nor necessary.

As he struck the open road, his eyes turned toward the prairie lying to the south. This was Caleb's cattle land, broad and flat, with two good bluffs for shade. The great herd was scattered over it with an intermingling of horses. The milch cows were kept separate, in the richer grasses near the marshes to the north. Dull anger surged through Martin as he regarded the manifestation of his father's greed. The great herd meant the sacrifice of one dream after another. There could be no new house in the spring, but the year following the herd would have doubled in size—and perhaps the flax lying to the east would have stretched still farther, like a greedy hand gathering in the earth.

Martin loved the land, but there was something else in him that craved expression. It had been represented by the dream of the new house, the dream of the thing which was to be made by his own hands, guided by his own will. Now that, too, was gone. Nothing to do now but toil on without a dream. It might have been kinder of Caleb to have deceived him until the end of the harvest—there would then have been a vision to ease the burden. A false vision was better than none.

There was no rebellion in Martin's soul—only a sort of passive resentment that did not often rise above the hard, surrounding shell of endurance in which he had grown. Had he been asked he could not have told why he endured the fact was that he did not even recognize the state in which he lived as endurance. And yet he understood Judith better than he did Ellen. The subjected manhood in him admired Judith, although it never found expression toward her.

Judith had not known he was going to the lake. He half hoped that she would not find it out, if he came back without fish. Her eyes had of late held a contempt that one had to turn away from.

At the Bjarnassons', Martin decided to go against Caleb's instructions. Instead of taking the road that led around to the opposite side of the lake, he drove into the farm yard, where young Erik was unharnessing his horses.

"Doing any fishing yet?" he asked Erik, who had come up to shake hands with him.

Erik shook his head soberly. "Not a sign of one of them," he said in reply. "We do not fish ourselves, yet. Soon we shall drag the whole bottom again, and maybe we shall find. Until so—no."

"Not after freeze-up either?"

"If we find, yes. If not—no."

"Lots of fish goin' to waste, don't you think?"

Erik shrugged. "Caleb Gare—he should not want for fish. The poor homesteader round, maybe so. Caleb Gare, he have beef, pork, sheep, chicken—he should not want for fish, too."

Martin looked away. "No," he said slowly, "only for a change."

"You go up to the house," Erik went on heartily. "They give you coffee."

"No, thanks," Martin answered, clucking at his horse. "Got to go along." Erik's hospitality shamed him doubly.

He drove out of the farmyard, and Erik looked after him, seeing the fish

pole and the net in the back of the cart. The Icelandic's face screwed into a half pitying, half ironical smile. But he did not wait to see whether Martin would take the main road or branch off below the willows to the road that went around the lake. There was in this Icelandic family a sort of grand faith in the honor of human kind.

Martin did not take the lake road. He thought with self-scathing of his original plan of coming here—to slip down beyond the willows and around the bend to the cove where he would not be seen by the Bjarnassons'. Such had been Caleb's instructions—given in full belief that they would be obeyed. He would have to tell his father the truth when he arrived home. Caleb would be in a towering rage, which would express itself in a gentle sarcasm and later in a strange and sinisterly effective abuse of Amelia, that Martin never understood.

But he was glad that he had followed his own instincts not to violate the sentiment of the Icelanders. He had felt the hidden scorn of Caleb Gare in Erik's voice. Now, perhaps, the Icelanders would have better reason to think better of a Gare.

Amelia came out of the house as he was unharnessing the horse. Her face bore a shade of sarcasm, and Martin guessed what she was looking forward to. There would be trouble somewhere—all under the surface. It would gather like a storm when none of the children were around.

"You didn't get the fish?" she asked, looking into the back of the wagon.

"No," Martin answered shortly. "They're not fishing yet."

AMELIA left him and went to the garden, where she counted the new tomatoes on the vines. They would not be ripe until late in August. The vines were still delicate and needed careful propping. Amelia stood with one hand on her hip, the other on her chin, trying to think of something for supper to take the place of fish. Caleb had planned on having fish. Anything else, no matter how good, would not be fish. She would have to prepare something especially savory to lessen his disappointment. She would have new carrots and chicken—no, they had had chicken the Sunday before, and Caleb disapproved of killing them while they were laying so well that the eggs were preserved for the fall market—something else would have to do. Amelia pulled an apron full of new carrots, and went into the house to consider.

Caleb came home late that evening from the farm of an Icelandic with whom he had arranged for a threshing crew. He had not intended that he would be late, and supper was held over an hour. The omelet and bacon were cold, the potatoes soggy from being heated over. Judith had seized some food off the stove and had gone out. She had not returned.

In silence everybody had sat down to the table. Caleb's eye fell on the several dishes before him. Without a word he began to serve the food.

"Did you get the crew for the first of September?" Amelia asked after a long silence.

Caleb helped himself to butter and passed it to Lind before he answered. "Yes—yes," he said then, as if he had just recollected that she had spoken.

Characteristically, he made no reference to the absence of fish. Suddenly he threw a sharp glance around the table.

"Where's Jude?" he asked.

"One of her calves is missing," Ellen put in for the sake of Amelia.

"No doubt—no doubt," he muttered, and went on eating as if there was no one else present.

After the meal, Lind went out and walked down the road to look for Judith. Ellen and Charlie had the milking to do.

"Got cold feet, eh? 'Fraid of a couple of dead ones like the rest of 'em," Caleb sneered at Martin. "You'll bring back another story before freeze-up, or—we'll do without meat. Think I've been keepin' the lot of you for nothin' all these years, while I've been breaking my back to make a living out of this soil? A pack of good-for-nothings, I've got for it."

"The Bjarnassons ain't fishin' themselves, yet," Martin said in a low voice, "and I won't until they let us."

"Eh? You won't, eh? We'll see if you won't! Hm!"

He went out with his lantern chuckling to himself. As he went along the cow path into the pasture and across it to the flax fields, he speculated upon some way of compelling Martin to fish when the cooler weather came. It was not that he altogether wanted to have the satisfaction of taking fish from the obdurate Bjarnassons; it was also that he must quell any fishing independence in Martin. If he started at twenty to show a will of his own, at twenty-five there would not be any holding to him. He must think of something....

Caleb walked in the approaching dust like a thing that belonged infinitely to the earth, his broad, squat body leaning over it. Presently his mind went far from the annoying trifles that symbolized his family. Before him glimmered the silver-grey sheet of the flax—rich, beautiful, strong. All unto itself complete, demanding everything, and in turn yielding everything—growth of the earth, the only thing on earth worthy of respect.

North of it lay the muskeg, black and evil and potted with water-holes. Aronson ought to fence the rotten land now that it was his.

MARK and Lind agreed to meet at the Sandbos' until the return of the Klovacs.

"Schoolma'ams must toe the line," she laughed at Mark, "and I just couldn't stand a scene. That would finish me as far as earning my own living for the rest of the season is concerned."

"I would like that," Mark urged. "I really have a little money of my own, somewhere."

But Lind would not listen to him. She would stay conscientiously to the end of the term.

At the Sandbos' the choke-cherry trees were bending over in wine-red arches. Sven picked Lind a tin can full of them, and she and Mark ate them until their mouths were puckered and dry. Mrs. Sandbo enjoyed having the teacher and "her boy" as she called Mark, around, and often served them with coffee and some trifle. At heart Mrs. Sandbo was sound, and as she became more and more used to Lind's visits, did not ply her

usual busy questions. The teacher walked with Mark to the edge of Latt's slough, where they knelt and picked tiny, black snails off the reeds. Lind found her little waxy water lilies growing there, but the mud was too soft at the edge of the swamp for her to reach out and get them.

"They would die right away after I got them anyway," she said to Mark, stepping back to the firm ground.

"Yes, and they would be mostly long, slimy roots," he consoled her.

They walked half a mile or so to a little sunny knoll at the edge of Gare's timber. Here they sat down, Lind spreading her pale, billowy dress out about her. In a little while Mark stretched himself out at full length, shading his eyes with his hand and nibbling at a straw.

The grass below them leaned up a hill, like the smoothly combed hair of a person's head. Lind regarded it curiously. The air was strung with humming insects, poised like little black periods in the light. Occasionally a blue bottle sailed majestically past, the tissue of its wings gathering the sun. A droning bee blundered into a swarm of tiny, jiggling gnats, disentangled itself and soared lazily on to a distant flower, unconscious of the excitement it had caused. Below them, a few feet away, stood the grey, pocked cone of an ant hill: up and down its slope the ants twinkled, providently absorbed. A tiny world of intense life.

"Mark," said Lind softly, "every second something is going—going."

"And coming, Lind," he told her.

"I don't know. We can't stop the going—that's beyond our control. But we can stop the coming—we have the power to stop everything, in ourselves."

Mark would not be serious. He rolled over and put both his arms about her tightly, holding his head against her breast. "Don't Lindy—don't. You saved me from all those gloomy contemplations. If anything happened now to take you away from me I don't know what I'd do. I was always so alone—Lind—beached on a desert island. You don't know how it was. I wasn't even sure of my own identity, sometimes." She kissed his hair and drew her fingers across the tanned skin at the back of his neck.

"It's never going to be like that any more," she whispered. She dropped her head against his and clung to him. "We are one identity now, my dearest."

Continued in the November Issue

In Cloudland

Continued from page 29

a small natural platform, surrounded by huge boulders, broken only on the side next to the valley. In the centre is a statue of Rhodes bareheaded, and outside the circle of stone is a monument to those who died heroically at Shangani, erected by the wish of Rhodes. Tragic, inspiring and prophetic is that grave in South Africa, uniting continents and islands in a league of peace.

Far up on the trail on Cheyenne Mountain, about four miles from Colorado Springs, the brilliant and impetuous poetess and novelist, Helen Hunt Jackson, was accustomed to ramble in the last years of her life, and there on a beautiful spot chosen by herself, she was buried, until the vandalism of tourists and relic hunters made it necessary to transfer her body to Evergreen Cemetery, Colorado Springs. There for awhile in nature's observatory she kept her lonely vigil, until gentle hands bore her softly to quiet haunts in the valley.

Far from the garden of Vailima, along the zig-zag path cut by his Samoan servants, on the summit of the forest-clad Vaila on the island of Samoa, lies the grave of the beloved Tusitala, the famous R. L. Stevenson. Twelve hundred feet above the sea level, a large concrete tomb such as the Samoans raise over a great chief, was built with a metal tablet on each side bearing an inscription in English and Samoan. On one side is a verse of Stevenson's, beginning:

"Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie."

and on the other in Samoan: "The grave of Tusitala," that being the native name of the novelist, followed with the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the first chapter of Ruth, in the same language. That strange tomb, gleaming white and pure in the sweet moonlight

of the South Seas, where there is no night, recalls the brilliancy of the great dead, and the end of the struggle of the brave and genial Tusitala, and it was fitting that when his wife died, her remains were borne up the mountain and buried beside her illustrious husband.

Olive Schreiner, whose "Story of an African Farm" brought sudden fame, with the pathos of neglect during the South African War, was laid to rest on the top of Buffe's Kop, without any religious ceremony, a sad comment on her life and unbelief, as the daughter of a missionary, and the exhumed remains of her baby and a favorite dog were laid beside her.

Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, which was completed and exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876, made his home and located his laboratories in 1886, near Baddeck, Cape Breton, and when he died in 1922 he was buried on the summit of the Beinn Bhreagh Mountain, near his home at Baddeck.

Far up on a mountain overlooking Brilliant, in British Columbia, repose the remains of the notable leader of the Doukhobors, Peter Veregine. A sarcophagus of Kootenay granite, costing five thousand dollars, surmounts the tomb, and among the carvings are doves as emblems of peace, a grub-hoe and a shovel typifying the agricultural pursuits of these people.

Beneath a sloping mound in the beautiful cemetery in Asheville, North Carolina, facing the mountains he knew and loved so well, lies the dust of O. Henry, the noted story teller, while on a little knoll in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, a spot famous in tradition and history, where some of the greatest personages of the

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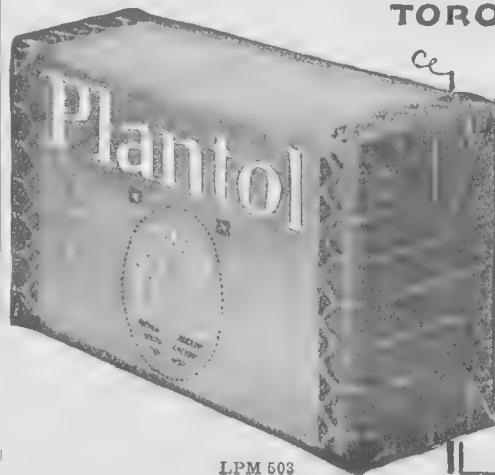
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In Cloudland

Continued from page 79

United States are buried, there rests the body of Samuel Gompers, the great labor leader. On the bluff above Peace River Crossing, in the Canadian Northland, "Twelve Foot Davis" is at rest. He received this name from the fact that he made a lucky strike on a twelve-foot fraction in the camboge, and he asked that he be buried on the hill where he could look down on the confluence of the Peace, the Big Smoky and the Hart Rivers. The fence around the grave was constructed by the Daughters of the Empire, and is kept in order by them, and the inscription on the tombstone reads:

H. F. DAVIS
born
in Vermont, 1820.
Died
at Slave Lake, 1893.
Pathfinder
Pioneer
Miner
and
Trader.

He was every man's friend, and he never locked his cabin door." The vandalism which has left unauthorized signatures on the Pyramids, and defaced the tombs of Helen Hunt

Jackson in Colorado, and R. L. Stevenson in Samoa, may have been one of the causes for the desire for cremation on the part of some of our illustrious dead. When Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," died in England, her remains were cremated and brought to Buxton, Maine, where her pastor conducted a funeral service and scattered the ashes over the river Saco, according to her dying request. When Agnes Deans Cameron, author of "The New North" died in Victoria, British Columbia, her remains were cremated and the ashes scattered on the sea, and the same was done in the case of Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess, whose monument is a native boulder in Stanley Park, Vancouver.

In no fitful mood have these noble souls sought repose in the pure air above the clouds, but rather in the inspiration of the mountains where peace reigns have they chosen a quiet home, undisturbed by the bustle of an uneasy world. It is the last cry of tired folks for a place of rest, with the hope of peace, as an emblem of the great and unending quietude in a country where there is no strife, but love unites all in a community of progress and fellowship and truth.

Get Your Effect With Stripes

Continued from page 20

THERE are different ways of using stripes and it would be well to decide, either by careful consideration or by actual experiment (and the latter is by all odds the happiest method in all furnishing, when it is practical), which is most desirable. These materials come with the vertical stripe, running the length of the cloth or with the horizontal stripe, running across its width. And not content with that, the stripes are known to run diagonally, occasionally; so there is a very important point to be decided, before we go shopping for the striped fabrics that are to be used for anything more than a trimming or small cushion covers.

Remembering that up-and-down stripes add to the appearance of height, we can use our fabric to create certain illusions, if there is a point in doing so. If you feel that your room would look better if the builders had allowed a little more height to the walls, be at pains when you are papering it not to break the line from floor to ceiling, then use a vertically striped material for your side curtains, running them right to the floor, if you will—and see how many inches you have added to the apparent height of your room.

If these conditions are reversed and you would like your old fashioned ceiling to appear to be lower than it actually is, try the effect of horizontal stripes. I think you will add just the touch of more intimate, homey feeling you desire.

It follows that we can sometimes improve the lines of furniture that does not seem to be too well proportioned, by choosing just the stripe that will help to correct its fault; the chair that in attempting to be especially inviting, overdid things a bit and ended by looking rather squat and ugly, can very possibly be given its ambition if covered in an up-and-down stripe. Or the suite that has always looked just a trifle gaunt, a little ill at ease, may be given exactly the right air if its proportions are corrected by use of a horizontal stripe.

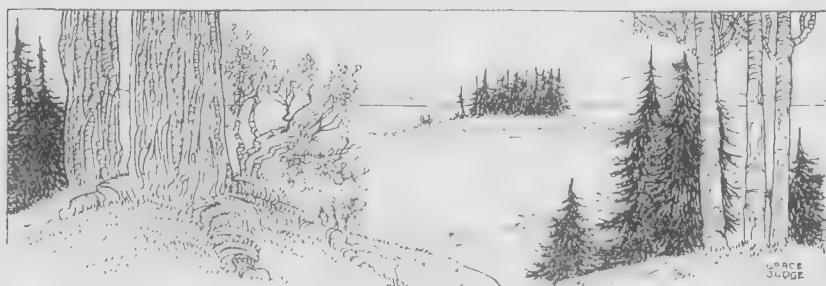
The person who gives very careful consideration to her choice of a material, can sometimes gain a quite special effect by the use of a striped material—to give the effect of a plain one! I want to speak of that here, both for the sake of the one buyer in each group who may

want to achieve it and the hundred who do not.

We all know that from the three primary colours, red, blue and yellow, all the other colours may be created. We know that just as surely as we mix blue and yellow, for instance, we get green. It does not matter what way we take to mix them, the inevitable result will follow. When, therefore, we take these two colors and print them alternately, in fine lines or stripes, we have blue and yellow so long as we stand close to them; but begin to retreat and see how quickly your eye will fail to distinguish two colours! Instead, one quite definite colour emerges and it is neither blue nor yellow but the colour which these two make—green. The eye does the mixing quite as effectively as the brush of the painter who deliberately mixes his two primary colours to make the green he wants.

Occasionally, as I have said, the decorator knows exactly what she wants and knows that this is one way of getting it; she cannot find the one tone of warm gray she wants for her bedroom; but here is a paper with close, delicate lines of green and mauve that, from a couple of feet distant, blend into the very grey she has sought so determinedly. She buys it in triumph.

But it is not triumph that is felt by the furnisher who has purchased a blue and yellow stripe because she wants definite blue and yellow values—to find that from the far end of the room, the stripe that was so exactly what she wanted when viewed close at hand, has become a decided green and is quite without value in the decorative scheme, when distance allows the two colours to merge. She may, if she does not know in time to avoid this error, decide then and there that stripes are deceivers ever and that she will have no more to do with them. The way to avoid the error and consequent loss of faith in a valuable aid to furnishing, is to view a stripe always from the greatest distance it will be asked to carry; if at the full length of the room, it still retains its original colours or blends no more than you want it to do, then you can count upon its satisfactory behaviour when you have installed it in your home. Without this test, the antics of your apparently frank and above-board stripes, may cause you considerable concern.



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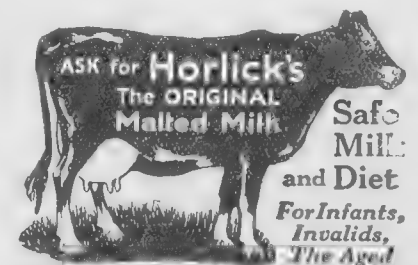
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The Drinking Pool

Continued from page 11

fluttering throng. Only a wisp of feathers on the surface bore evidence as to what had happened, and once more the hovering multitude closed to drink, as the phosphorescent seas close on the wake of a liner. The hunter of the pool, ambitious for heavier game, had swallowed her ambitions by way of a gaily colored pigeon, and meantime Maggie chewed and chewed, and watched sleepy-eyed over the world of sea and gull and island-dotted waters.

Later, being a goat, she went back to see. The sun was now well down, and the heat of the day had subsided, and rich scents filled the cooling air—such scents as come to our land only by the fruit ships from distant shores. But Maggie sniffed none of those scents. That wireless receiver of a brain of hers, which had recorded the fresh water, was now tuned in only to the smell of snake, and she smelt snake. She smelt it on the hot rocks and over the shady places, but it was stale snake. There was no smell of fresh snake, and all was quiet about the pool. But, being a goat, she did not presume that the coast was clear just because her eyes and her ears bore no warning. Had she been a sheep she might have done, but, had she been a sheep she would not have been alive now. So she stood stock still for nearly an hour and watched, then she suddenly shook her head and wheeled about, though she had seen nothing to disturb her.

HAD that brain of hers been a man's brain, a whole host of questions might have opened up. She would have seen, in the first place, that not so long ago the whole hollow of the island had been a swamp, but the swamp had dwindled, dwindled, so that now only the central pool remained. And, left with it was, presumably, the one snake of the many snakes, like herself the sole survivor—the snake which was strong enough and big enough to swallow all the other swamp snakes, living as it had lived on the migrating birds; till at length the monster, its quarters restricted, had learnt to coil itself in the last available liquid area. Even further her imagination might have run; she might have visualized a continent where now was an archipelago, and the course of time which ate into that continent and split it up by the action of the sea and volcanic eruption, while such life as there had been on the continent had been crowded out and crowded in, to adapt itself as best it could—like the monster snake in its tape-measure box.

But Maggie had no imagination, no sense of proportion. Her mind was purely practical, or she would not have been living now. Two things she knew—that she was thirsty, and that she wanted her master, Ching See, who had slithered down the vertical deck, and cracked his skull on the taffrail; Ching See, who had slithered back in the plump arms of a Kanaka princess—she wanted Ching See to milk her. But there was no Ching See, and the pool was ominous, so Maggie, who was thirsty, sought elsewhere for relief.

She found a palm, a fan-shaped, spreading palm, whose arms extended towards the sky in supplication for water, and the smell of that palm told her that within its folds water lay. Therefore she gnawed through the outer husks of one of the entreating arms till water gushed into her mouth, and she missed nine-tenths of it because she was not used to drinking from a tap. So she gnawed a second arm, and a third, and when she had gnawed all the arms which carried water in their pits, her thirst was satisfied, and little she cared that she had squandered the life-giving food in her eagerness to satisfy an immediate and none too pressing desire.

Thereafter Maggie set to work to explore the island, and at the far end of it, as the moon rose over the desolation of sea, she made a discovery. She discovered the scent of man—moreover, of a man she knew, for he had given her sweet biscuits from his own fingers when she and Ching See first boarded the ill-fated Serang Nee. That man was, in fact, the skipper, and how he had got ashore alone in the ship's only life-boat, we had better not discuss.

Anyway, here was his scent, and Maggie followed it by a beaten trail. It was hot in her nostrils, and as she ran, her

shrill bleat broke the stillness of the tropical night.

But she did not see him—was never to see him. His scent line led her back to the heart of the island, but, as it grew stronger, stronger, she heard a sound which froze her in her tracks. It was a human sound, a shuddering, wavering "Oh!—oh! oh!" Had human ears heard it they would have remembered it to their death-bed, but to Maggie it was merely a warning. She froze in her tracks and listened. She heard a thud-thud-thud in the vegetation ahead, the crashing of trees, and a shuffling, gasping medley of noises, then the faintest splash of shallow water, and—silence! She listened to that silence, then she went slowly on till she found herself again at the drinking pool, and at the side of the pool were dark objects which might have been a man's superfluous clothing.

For ten minutes Maggie stood, then suddenly she turned and rocketed back along the trail towards the sea.

THE trail? Yes, it was a distinct trail, leading straight across the island, cutting it in two for half its length—a game path, leading up from the sea to the verge of the fresh water pool. And now, as she doubled back along it, Maggie heard things approaching her along the trail—things which were coming up from the sea as the skipper had come—not men, but things which grunted and sighed and breathed with very heavy breathing, and whose footsteps filled the tropical quietude with a slap-slap-slap. She stopped and sniffed, but because the grain of the air was against her she could not smell them. Whether they were foes or not she did not know, so she sneaked into the cocoa palms, and hid under a palm which was darker than the rest, and which overlooked the trail.

The things she saw she did not recognize and, therefore, she attached no special importance to them. Possibly they were deep sea seals, sea-lions, sea-elephants, tropical walruses, call them what you will. The one which led must have weighed fifty hundredweight. He hobbled and flapped over the earth, and occasionally turned his bearded, bristling head to sniff those behind him, and behind him were others of his own kind—some smaller, some very small, which were herded into the centre, some his own size patrolling the outskirts, some even larger; but those which were larger had no tusks, as he had—tusks which glistened white in the moonlight, and were the length of broadswords. So the strange procession hobbled and grunted and breathed its way down the island trail, and Maggie, watching, followed.

They went up to the pool, the death pool, and he who was their leader "yoched" into its mirror face—"yoched" and "yoched" till the night air rang, striking the sand with his flappers, ploughing his glistening tusks into the water's edge, and then there rose from the pool the Thing, snarling and hissing into his face, with mouth wide open, threatening ever to strike those terrible rectangular jaws across his eyes, but never quite doing so. For the more it threatened, the louder "yoched" the bull of the deep, while his herd banked up behind him, and each of them "yoched" and smote the ground with their flappers, and wheezed and growled.

All this Maggie saw in the moonlight, this strange and wonderful assembly about the miracle pool, yet because she knew that she was safe, she was not unduly interested—only curious, for such a ceremony was new to her.

Thus, threatened and beset by the besieging army, the water-serpent writhed from the pool and mounted into the rocks above, where it hung, its white eyes phosphorescent, its great head swinging from side to side—hung and hissed and snarled at them, while the creatures which had come up from the ocean's depths drank at the fresh water. At least the young drank while the elders stood on guard, holding back the water-serpent by sheer force of threat and force of will.

As each calf drank he flapped languidly into the background till, the last having drunk, only the adults remained along the water front, and they, still with their faces to the foe, began slowly to back

Continued on page 82

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The Drinking Pool

Continued from page 81

away, while as they retreated, the Thing slid slowly down, returning threat for threat, and taking up every foot as though it begrudged them each minute measure of trespass. Then, in a moment, the things of the sea wheeled about and were gone, and the Thing of the pool slid back into the mirror. Night, real night which makes sleep possible, returned.

NEXT morning Maggie was again thirsty. The food on the island, green and rich though it was, somehow lacked succulence, and by mid-day she was devilishly thirsty. So she went back to the pool, stood as near to the margin as she dared, and stamped her forehoofs defiantly. At the fifth stamp something flapped to the surface of the pool. It might have been a sodden chunk of wood detached from the bed, save that in that chunk were two white eyes, which fixed her with an evil, expressionless stare. Dead prepared, Maggie stamped again, then suddenly the spray flew, as the whole mighty length of the Thing—twenty feet long and as thick as a man's thigh—today there was a bulge, which was the skipper!—as the whole blotted and bleached length of it shot from the water. It shot like a steel wire suddenly released, and Maggie also shot—a sheer four feet into the air, and away to the right. But as her cloven hoofs smote the earth with a growing rumble, the flying jaws cut through the branch of a tree five feet beyond the point at which her neck had been the merest fraction of a second previously, and the Thing shattered and splintered the branch in the fury of its failure.

Five minutes later Maggie was on the pinnacle, the highest point of the island. There she watched, and as before, she saw the Thing come slithering up. She watched it to the foot of the rise, then she tobogganed down the other side, but this time she did not go to her shelf on the sea cliff, where she could bash and watch her trail. Instead she went straight to the drinking pool, and there she drank her fill—a trifle hasty, to be sure.

Thus, day after day, Maggie led that brainless brute to the foot of the pinnacle, then drank her fill, and night after night she saw the mysterious sea folk come up, with their water-washed eyes and their glistening skins—saw them drive the animated tape measure from its box, and take possession of the pool for just so long as suited their purpose. On the island was food for a hundred goats, but as the days passed, Maggie ceased to want food; she wanted only water. Her eyes burnt, her ears burnt, her tongue was hot between her jaws, her limbs shook under her, so that, being wise, she became afraid at her own weakness. Daily she hung around the drinking pool, waiting and watching. Sometimes the submerged log rose to the surface and watched with its white eyes, but conscious of her feebleness, Maggie did not approach within distance of its spring. And waiting for her to do so, the Thing would not stir. They had reached a checkmate.

Seemingly it—the Thing—understood, for into the white eyes came an expression of gloating patience. She, the pure white landmark, was an enviable titbit for which it was waiting. Well, sooner or later, its chance would come, and with reptile patience, to which a decade or so is of no consequence, it waited.

THUS the day came when Maggie, having gnawed through such water palms as there were and squandered their supply, incidentally killing the geese which might have laid the golden eggs, became desperate for water. Water she must have, or die, and even at the price of life, the day was now come for her to venture to the margin.

But she did not go at daytime—no! She waited till the shadows had fallen, and that night the tropical moon beheld a strange spectacle—one of the thousand thousand spectacles it beholds which are beyond the belief of man.

Up from the sea by the trampled trail across the island came the terrible creatures of the sea. Like a world-old army, bent on a world-old pilgrimage they came, and again the saber-tusked leader "yoched" into the mirror of the pool, while those behind him banked and jostled, presenting a solid front to the terror, which, driven from its liquid

hiding, slid again up the slippery way to menace them from the rocks above. And then, down the centre, the young of the sea folk languidly flapped to take their fresh water tonic, and with them, head held high, eyes shining defiance, came the pure white nannygoat. Daintily she stepped, while on either side the shadow-packed crags and jungle rang with the yochs of the sea folk, and with the vicious hiss of the Thing of the pool. The hiss became rasping, terrible to hear, the wedge-shaped head floating down, slowly down, while Maggie stood, watching those phosphorescent eyes, but with her confidence supreme in those upon whom she had thrown herself. Nearer the Thing drew, blind with fury, but as the serpent waxed more eloquent, so the things of the sea returned snarl for snarl and roar for roar, till, soon, amidst the terrifying bedlam, Maggie knelt to drink, and drank her fill. And as she drew away from the water's edge the sea folk closed in behind her, shepherding her in with their young, and Maggie exchanged motherly greetings with the elders, and each knew that the soul of the other was friendly.

Thereafter for many nights during the dry season, Maggie dallied on the sands, waiting for the sea folk at their accustomed hour. Up they came from the silver waves, to form into a procession, herding their young, the leader foremost and Maggie following in the rear. Thus, when the rains came again, her stomach had adapted itself to the strange foods available to her, as only the stomach of a goat may, and the craving for fresh water no longer compelled her to seek the company of those who belong to the mysteries of the sea.

But, was Maggie happy in her fantastic settings? Perhaps so, for on that island was certainly food enough, and a goat does not yearn for company. To her the solitude was nothing. All the goats are philosophical where circumstances are concerned, and Maggie was a philosopher among goats. Yet, this was winter! Of summer she could know nothing, unless that wireless brain of hers had told her—summer, when the island would become a desert of sand, when the trees would fade into the landscape, and even the water pool would disappear; when the Thing of the pool would have to burrow down deep into the earth, there to lie like a root of a tree, living yet not alive, till the earth took life again. Of this Maggie could surely know nothing, yet her instincts were wonderfully alive, and they might have told her.

THAT night the sea folk came up as before. They drank at the pool, but on their way back to the sea there was one, a baby, which could not keep pace with the rest. In vain his elders encouraged and herded around him, in vain the leader went back, and he, then the calf's mother, then another mother, then all the mothers in turn, nosed the little one over the sand, till he was covered with it, and at length he lay, still and immobile, while his elders gather round in a melancholy circle and sniffed him one by one. They moaned and groaned and yoched and sighed, and the other babies uttered a curious bleating whine. Thus, for an hour they stayed with him, but when at length the dawn was near, they went to the palm trees and cut down leaves and branches, with which they buried the little one, to shelter him from the sun. Then they went back to the sea—all but the sick baby, who, perhaps, had drunk too much cold water.

In the first fierce upshot of the tropical dawn the Thing came slowly along the trail, nosing its way like a sleuth-hound till it reached the heap of leaves and branches in the centre of the trail. Then the white eyes flashed, the great body coiled, and the head drew back to launch its spear-like blow.

But the blow was never delivered, for there came from the jungle edge a hurtling apparition of white. It seemed scarcely to touch the ground, then, up shot the sabre horns, up from the dust clouds six feet into the air, carrying the wedge-shaped head upwards with them. They smote the lower jaw, they passed up through the brain, if such it was, and so into the daylight again, traversing the glistening, scaly head, impaling it as a scrap of cat's meat is impaled upon a skewer.

There followed the thud and the crash of a mighty body writhing in the dust, a thrashing in the undergrowth, as twenty feet of muscle and fibre coiled and writhed and pulped and pounded the thing which had smitten it, and aloft there rose into the tropical air the dust of the trail, which soon would be the dust of a desert. But ere long these sounds ceased, and very, very still, closed interlocked, lay the last of the survivors.

That night, when the moon rode high over the island and sea and the vastness of the spaces which are God's, the strangest scenes of all took place—the whiskered deep sea folk, the unknown tribe of the ocean's depths, gathered out in a wide

circle, sobbing and moaning over something which lay on the sands—a pure white nannygoat. They had taken the little one whom she had saved back into their keeping, and now their thoughts were only for her. Again and again they sniffed her, and raised their bearded, sea-born muzzles to the sky in cadences of grief, while still impaled and inexorably locked upon the sabre horns was the lifeless body of the Thing. Then at length the valiant leader rose, and those behind him who had tusks followed, and there in the ghostly gleam of the tropical moon, they tore the Thing to finest shreds, which they scattered far and wide among the dust to the drinking pool.

Valley of Madness

Continued from page 16

orchards and vineyards he stopped the first person he saw in order to inquire his way. This was a stolid Jap who, together with his plump little wife and eight children, was working in a melon patch. The slope was peopled with workers. A little river wound its silver way through the Valley, breaking out into clamorous rapids as it swung around the point of land on which Joe Winchell's cottage stood. A vagrant breeze bore on its wings the heavy scent of rain and seemed to waft to his nostrils the very richest and most subtle and ravishing of fruit odors, bringing out that of which even the sun himself was incapable. Hunt sniffed pleasurable and was reminded of the Orient.

JOE WINCHELL was a sturdy little man with round, serious eyes and a stubbly beard. He didn't look the imaginative type. Yet he repeated in substance all that MacPherson had already told Hunt and added a good deal more. He it was who had sent in most of the complaints, and his satisfaction, upon finding that the officer was to be his guest, was great indeed. Mrs. Winchell had taken the three children and fled to Vancouver in a panic. It was the Winchell dog that had had the madness. No other canine had as yet been attacked by the strange malady. It was this family that had first heard the siren song coming across the water, had first seen the canoe that vanished in midstream, had lost the most time from work through laborers "going crazy on them." One worker had had to be followed and watched, he had become irresponsible. Another slept all day.

"I had it myself," admitted Winchell, "but very mildly. Felt sort of uplifted. Soon passed off though. One fellow down the Valley acted like he was at a camp-meeting. Started in to confess all his sins. Claimed that he murdered a man ten years ago. I got nothing to confess, thank heaven, but to them that have," he added darkly, "this is one grand little conscience prod. Got anything on your conscience, Inspector?"

But in spite of his efforts to be jocose it was clear that Winchell was pre-occupied and puzzled if not worried. After supper he suggested that they sit in the front garden, overlooking the river.

"If the rain holds off maybe we'll hear the lady singing," he said, in a matter-of-fact way.

"It was the Japs, I believe, who first had this laughing madness," said Hunt as they smoked and talked in the fragrant dusk.

"That's right. Looked to me—and I still think so—as a spider bite did it. Or maybe a skeeter of some kind. Myoto Soko got it first—came paddling down the road yonder, acting like a monkey-on-a stick. He was hopping, jumping, and throwing his arms about. It was on a day, in spring—near blossom time. He sang snatches of songs. Said he felt like a boy again. He's a solemn little fellow—fau and nearly a dozen youngsters and works hard. For the like of him to get hilarious sure did look funny. In a day or two he was himself again and then the Tito family was hit. And so on. Sh-h! he broke off suddenly, checking Hunt, who was about to speak. "Do you hear anything?"

"Can't say I do," was the reply after a minute's listening.

"Your ears aren't used to her yet. But she's begun. She's 'way over by the island but she'll come closer. Listen hard."

Hunt did so. Suddenly a faint lilting sound trembled across the water with the music of raindrops falling in a hidden

pool. Not a human sound, he decided, at first. Tinkly and sweet and melodious but somehow unearthly. He was conscious of a prickling sensation down his spine. But this passed.

"That, then," he queried with a short disdainful laugh, "is the witch who casts the spell?"

"That's her," assented Winchell soberly. "How soon does one begin to feel—er—giddy?"

"Couldn't say. She mightn't have any influence on you at all.

"She's coming closer. Can you distinguish words in her song? English words?"

"Never could, no. She's a furriner, I'll say."

"I think you're quite right. No witch at all. Some little Jap lady yodelling to the moon."

But the fruit-grower shook his head, decidedly.

"We've got 'em all tagged. Nary a one sings—like that. . . . She's quit now."

Hunt, who had been listening intently, nodded. It was still light enough for them to see across the river to the fruit groves and orderly garden-patches on the opposite side. Not another soul was visible on land or water. An utter silence enfolded the moon-drenched spaces of the evening. Rain-clouds still lay along the horizon but a wonderful pageant of stars was out, and over all the land hung that distilled essence of fruit and flower which of itself cast a strange spell. Hunt, so lately from the barren, hateful prairie, drank it in with a sense of rapture.

"If there's anybody crazy at this moment," he said, yawning a little, "they're keeping very quiet about it."

"This," said his host, "is only Friday."

"Oho! So the madness has a favorite day—or days!"

"Yes—Sunday. Didn't I mention that?"

"You did not. Sunday eh? Day of rest and gladness, what? Let's see now: What do people do Sunday that's different from week-day activities?"

"That's easy!"

"Just so. The whole programme's changed. They lie abed, they take a bath, they go to church, they overeat, they go walking. . . . H'm. In other places Sunday is usually followed by blue Monday. Sort of a hangover. That the case here?"

"No, the madness lasts for a day or two and then the reaction comes so gradually it's not noticeable."

"It's stumped me," admitted Hunt, leaning over to brush cigar-ash from his knee. As he did so there was a stiff crackle under his tunic where the London letter lay. "Oh! And as I may have to go to England soon, I'll have to get to the bottom of this mystery in short order," he added, briskly.

"Born across the pond?" asked Winchell in some surprise. "You don't talk like it."

"Left it as a mere child—dear old England!"

"You're a sharp guy! Your eyes—they're the quickest-moving ever I saw. Smartest man on the force, eh?"

"There's a chap named Rainer the chief's stuck on. Guess he's pretty good," Hunt said, turning the compliment adroitly aside. "Myself, I'll be leaving the force shortly."

He leaned over and in a burst of confidence said:

"Wouldn't I be an ass to turn down a title and thirty thousand pounds a year? Just got a letter advising me that my uncle died and left me sole heir. The news has fairly winded me!"

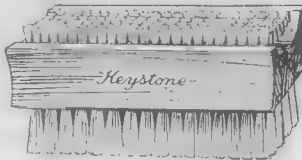
Continued on page 84



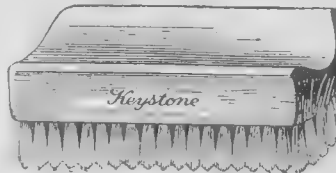
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MINARD'S

"KING OF PAIN"

LINIMENT

Winchell gaped in awe and admiration not untinged with envy.

"Thought it only happened in books," he said, sighing a little.

PRESENTLY they turned in. The next day was spent in a round of visits. The fruit-growers were only too willing to stop work and talk of the phenomena which had been stirring the Valley for so long. Their stories didn't vary much and Hunt received no new information, beyond learning that the two Valley doctors were as deeply nonplussed as the rest of the people.

On Sunday morning, after a night of rain, Joe Winchell rose "feeling rheumatic" and declaring that this was a sign the wet spell wasn't over. He advised Hunt to take advantage of the brief period of sunshine and ride up to Rainbow Falls.

"That's our show place," he explained. "It was bought in the spring by a rich and eccentric old party. Name of Deever. A Yankee. He's fixed it up in great shape—running water, park, gravel driveway, fountains, rockeries and so on. It used to be a jungle."

"Does he let the public into the grounds?"

"Sure. Half the time he isn't there. House is kept locked but the park's open. He don't mind. Always poking round looking at rocks and plants with a magnifying-glass. Anybody'll direct you to the Rainbow Ranch. The Falls are in the park. Take this road leading past the peach grove and turn to your left at the Kipo place. Wish I felt like going along but I guess I'll stay home and rub on liniment."

So Inspector Hunt rode off. The day was fine—though a little humidity clung to the air—and the Valley people after a morning of rest, were appearing in gala groups, walking or lounging about at the cross-roads and under the grape-arbors. One and all took a lively interest in the erect young rider in the scarlet coat. It was as though his very presence were guaranty that all would be well.

But in the park adjacent to the house, at Rainbow Ranch, Hunt came upon two men—a white and a Jap—sleeping heavily. They were not together but there was a striking similarity in their attitudes. He dismounted and shook each, in turn, several times. They rolled over and he noted a curious glaze on their eyeballs—for the eyes were not altogether closed.

He led his mount on up the pathway searching for other stupor-laden forms but no more were to be seen. Instead very suddenly as he rounded a bend he encountered two young men doing a sort of hornpipe, and singing lustily as they danced. In spite of himself he was obliged to laugh.

"The week-end madness in both its phases, eh?" he muttered as he passed on. "But what gives it birth—air, earth, sky, water, or the evil machinations of man himself? Gad, I wish I knew!"

He sauntered about, enjoying the beauties of the big fruit ranch and at sundown returned by way of the Rainbow Falls where he had left his horse cropping on a grassy slope. He had circled the bungalow and found no sign of life about it. The day seemed suddenly warmer and the sultriness oppressing, so he flung himself down on the sward and amused himself by idly speculating on the cost of a "show place" such as this was going to be. At present it was in a more or less unfinished state. After a time he got up and drank again from the crystal spring that flowed from the rocks near the Falls, cupping his hands to do so, and revelling in the ice-cold draught and the refreshment he felt through all his being.

He had discarded his bandage and as the water played over his wrists he grinned at some thought he had, grinned and chuckled gleefully.

"A title and thirty thousand pounds!" he muttered "Oh boy!" then, in a hushed whisper: "Thank the fates, old-timer, for what happened on that ice-floe!"

And as he mounted for the home trip his sombre eyes held a look almost of awe. A very observant person would have called it "The Memory of Fear." Only, how should one like this ever have known fear?

Joe Winchell heard his horse's hoofbeats and went to the door to wave a skillet at his returning guest. But after the first look he dropped the pan and gaped. For the Mounted Policeman was shaking in a gale of merriment, bent over in the saddle and the reins fallen from his hands.

Valley of Madness

Continued from page 83

"What's the joke, Inspector?" he called, a vague fear in his round eyes.

Hunt flung up an arm, drunkenly, gave a wild whoop and shouted:

"Name's Lord Coppingham now, me man!"

"Supper's just ready then, m'lud!" Winchell answered. "For a minute I thought—"

"A title—a title and thirty thousand pounds!"

"Yeh. You told me that before," said Winchell drily. He was no friend to snobs.

Hunt dismounted and strode steadily up to the door but when he had come within three feet of Winchell, the latter saw that his eyes were alight in a way that he had come to know in so many.

"Gawd!" he said, in a voice of dismay. "Disturbed you at prayers, what?" and Hunt elbowed past him and noisily jerked a chair forward and sat down in the fruit-grower's little kitchen.

"Sorry, old chap. Know what ails me perfectly well. Felt it coming six miles back."

"How—how do you feel?"

"Oh, sort of all-overish. Elated, exalted, carried away, ecstatic, utterly happy in fact! So this, then, is the laughing madness? Why, look here! You people should start a sanatorium up here and charge like—"

"Poor Ben was took the same way—the very same way!"

"—instead of complaining to the Police. This is a benefit to humanity! We've stumbled on the 'Elixir of Life.' That's what."

Hunt laughed in a more moderated way and slapped his knee emphatically. His eyes shone. His lean face seemed to have filled out and ten years been lopped from his age.

"Could you eat a little something?" asked Winchell, eyeing him askance.

"Could I?? Watch me!"

"Poor Ben was took just like this. He—"

"Omit the croaking, friend. Cut out the doldrums. I tell you I'm in heaven."

"So was Ben Willinger. Then when his happy streak went off he acted like he'd got religion and he turned his conscience inside out. Confessed to a murder he'd committed ten years back. Nobody believed him of course. But it just shows what a fine balance there is between sanity and insanity, and if—"

"Nobody would believe him?"

"No, and they're talking of putting him in the bug-house. He keeps it up every time he gets that way. Got anything you want to—"

"Eh?" cried Hunt, starting, for he had evidently been following a train of thought elsewhere.

"Anything you want to get off your chest?" and Winchell chuckled as he began to "dish up" supper.

"In college days I used to feel this way," said Hunt dreamily. "At exam times we fellows used to buck ourselves up with a powerful drug. It sharpened our faculties and kept our memories keen. Gad, how long ago that seems! And now—now I'm Lord Coppingham and I've got thirty thousand pounds a year!"

He went off again into a peal of laughter that woke the echoes all over the house.

"Laugh yourself sick, if you like," said Winchell glumly, "only don't get like Ben. I warn 'em all this way. It's a sickening sight to find a man confessing to a crime he never committed. He wasn't the only one, either. There was—"

And he began to tell tales of the Valley people and their imaginings, which kept the officer laughing and choking over his tea until dark. They went out to the garden as on the previous night but this time no siren was to be heard. About ten they retired.

Winchell was wakeful and restless. Once he got up to see how his guest slept and found him up and reading a volume of Poe.

"Trying to make myself sleepy," he explained, in a much less animated manner. "But I chose the wrong book I guess. No, haven't been to bed, old chap, but going soon. I say, that bug theory interests me. Going to follow it up, tomorrow."

Between the insomnia of the earlier night and sundry twinges of rheumatism Winchell overslept. It was past eight

when he woke. He listened for any sounds of rising from the officer's room—the house was a bungalow with all the bedrooms in one wing—but there were none. Not till breakfast was ready did he discover that the officer was missing.

FIVE days later Commissioner MacPherson was in receipt of the following communication in Winchell's familiar hand:

"Dear Sir: When your man you sent up here disappeared last Sunday night leaving no explanation I waited, thinking maybe he'd gone off on some secret scouting work. He never turned up though and today a neighbor fishing found his red coat and his hat in the river. His horse still here. Rush up some help. We are dragging the river."

"Dashed fools," observed the chief with a grin, when he had read aloud the night-letter for the benefit of Sergeant Rainer who was standing by his desk. "Hunt's up to something, mark my words. However, as he has probably foreseen this excitement and expects me to send another man, perhaps—will you go up, Rainer? You can let the Matthew's case stand."

Sergeant Rainer nodded and assured his chief that he was ready to start whenever necessary.

"You specialized in science at college, my boy, didn't you?"

Again Rainer nodded.

"Well, poke round and keep your eyes peeled. There may be a scientific explanation for this mystery. Study bugs. I've been thinking perhaps—the bite of a very tiny insect—"

"I get you," said Rainer, as his chief paused. "But how can you be so sure Hunt isn't drowned?"

"You don't know Steve!"

"But why should he—"

"That's what I'm sending you up for! Don't spoil his game but be ready to lend a hand. Now be off."

Rainer saluted and withdrew. He was a boyish young chap whose mild blue eye and cherubic countenance topping a six-foot-two form invariably startled the beholder and brought a smile to the faces of those who were unaware of the hard, practical head to which these girl-like features belonged.

And within twenty-four hours MacPherson received a message from this second emissary which indicated that he was getting busy without delay.

"The Valley abounds in interesting minerals. Have found some coal-tar deposits. No unusual insects however. Have enlisted the famous Professor Deever who lives here, off and on. No sign of Hunt yet."

On the Tuesday the chief received a written report in full. It read:

"I have, sir, the honor to report that we have solved the main mystery. The madness or hallucination is accounted for thus: In Professor Deever's park there is a spring of very clear water gushing out of the rocks near the famous Rainbow Falls. This water contains certain principles, of which arsenic and acetanilid are the bases. As you are probably aware, poisons in small quantities are remedial and often exhilarating. The park contains signs reading 'No Dogs Allowed' but Winchell's dog trespassed on several occasions when out on Sunday walks with the family, and was attacked in the way the humans were, with canine variations. He repeated this on Sunday last, which set us at once on a clue. I drank of the spring and very soon felt similar sensations to those known in college days. I suppose nine out of ten students have used arsenic injections at some time or another. This spring when the Rainbow Ranch was open to visitors the natives began taking their Sunday rambles in that direction. It would depend upon the individual system of course just how the water would act. The acetanilid might affect some by depressing heart action and causing stupor. In others the arsenic might take effect first. I think it will be found that the Indians knew of this spring years ago. It has been in existence for upward of half a century the Professor says."

"As to the canoe and the siren, the Professor, who is very deaf by the way, pleads guilty to evening swims when he likes to capsize himself from his canoe and strike out for shore to test his stroke. Sometimes the craft sinks and he had trouble getting it home. He often sings in his high, clear tenor while on the water or walking by the shore, being fond of

music in spite of his affliction, which came upon him gradually. If you have ever heard a deaf person singing you need not be told that the sound is a little weird and the enunciation imperfect. If the canoe looked as though it were unoccupied this was because the Professor usually lay flat in it as he floated to his favorite swimming-hole. He had not heard of the 'madness' nor in fact was he aware of any 'mystery' whatever.

"I think that is all. Hunt is still absent, but a coat and hat of Winchell's have lately been found missing."

Many days passed and much speculation was rife before a letter with a blurred station-postmark from the American side of the border dropped out of the Commissioner's mailbag one morning. Rainer, who had been recalled from Crescent Valley, was in the office at the time.

"Peculiar hand, this," the chief remarked half to himself as he cut the flap open in his deliberate way.

It was, in fact, a hand he had never before seen. The characters were long, and distinguished by many flourishes and shaded lines. The letter began abruptly:

"I got away before I became like Ben Willing. At least that is what I told myself. I felt it coming—like a great, powerful force squeezing the truth out of me in spite of myself. I discarded my clothes so I could get away in Joe's and escape undue notice. I thought perhaps the madness would pass off. But passing the Falls I filled my canteen at that accursed spring. (I know now it was the spring!) The madness stayed for days. Well, here I am at a good safe distance. Tomorrow I take ship for the Orient but I want to straighten this thing out first.

"There wasn't anything wrong with my good right hand. I would have betrayed myself with the first letter, had I signed with my right.

"It wasn't murder. All that stands against me is the original score—embezzlement. When I saw poor Hunt drowning there between the ice-floes I did my best to reach him. I swear it! When I saw that we looked as much alike as men (not twin brothers) could I took his clothes and papers. I could have disappeared of course when I got down into civilization but some imp of daring whispered to me to try out my new personality and to stick it as long as I could for the sport of the thing. I always had nerve! I made up my mind to take the first police case offered me and then when chance favored it to be 'drowned.' For stirring as the life of a Mountie is, to me who have known keener thrills it lacks sufficient savor, not to say pep. How well I succeeded when I munched back in Hunt's moccasins you know. You, unfortunately, were handicapped in not having a likeness of me in in your rogues' gallery.

"I am constrained to write all this, not through any motives of conscience but because of a letter of poor Hunt's opened by me. The wanderlust is with me again, a raging fever of unrest, and even a title, a seat in the House of Lords and thirty thousand English pounds look tame. I shall pass them up. So you had better cable Henley and Murchison, Lincoln's Inn, London, that Lord Coppingham perished in the North on May 27th last. Ralph Van Every."

When the chief had read the letter aloud he and Rainer looked long and steadily at one another.

"He's right, chief," at last the younger man said. "We haven't a single photo—not even a newspaper drawing—of Van Every."

MacPherson chewed his mustache for another moment in silence. Then:

"Tomorrow," he said, emphatically, striking the table with a clenched fist, "tomorrow I'll go have those glasses fitted!"

LIFE

What is life? you ask;
Life, my friend, 's the task
By Nature given,
That you and I may prove
How much we really love
Her proffered Heaven;

That you and I may see
How lovely she must be,
And her caress;
That we may learn to wend
The paths that seek the end—
Her loveliness.

—Gilbert H. Bartlett.

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And then I could do anything.

If only I were king of Spain
I'd take my hat off in the rain.

If only I were king of France
I wouldn't brush my hair for aunts.

I think if I were king of Greece
I'd push things off the mantelpiece.

If I were king of Norway
I'd ask an elephant to stay.

If I were king of Babylon
I'd leave my button gloves undone.

If I were king of Timbuctoo
I'd think of lovely things to do.

If I were king of anything
I'd tell the soldiers, "I'm the King."

A. A. Milne in "When We Were Very Young."

(This little poem is only one of many which comes in the dearest little book, illustrated with the funniest and most amusing pictures and written for boys and girls by that must-be-delightful Englishman, A. A. Milne, who writes plays like "The Dover Road," "Mr. Pim Passes By" and children's stories in many magazines.)

The Contrary Garden

WELL, Girls and Boys of the Cosy Corner, the holidays are over, as you know by this time only too well. The Contrary Gardens are over, too, I'm afraid, their beauties blackened by the cruel hand of the Frost King, but for that reason as much as any other you will love to hear about the gardens that have been, and remember, perhaps, the pleasure you took out of your little garden patch in the summer days. You started off nobly, lots of letters about our gardens. Ambitious gardeners who planted enough vegetables and flowers in one small patch to seed a field! Other young gardeners who had round, triangular, crescent and oblong beds in wonderful designs! Still others, who met misfortune along the way in the shape of heavy rains, cut worms, saw-fly and such pests and troubles. You're not the only people who have troubles. I heard of a gardener in a town in the States this summer, who was known as Shaky Charlie because he was not so wise as he should be, and he planted 100 gladioli bulbs upside down. I asked the owner of the garden what would happen, whether she thought they would come up in China, but she said "No, they'll only take twice as long to grow because the sprouts have so much further to come." Another grown-up gardener planted a lot of flower seeds. He waited a long time for them to come, but nothing seemed to come but weeds, so like some younger gardeners he grew impatient and bought a lot of little plants and stuck them in the ground, then afraid he still wouldn't have enough flowers she planted more seeds, and the first seeds, and the plants and the second seeds all grew together and he had a garden that was a wilderness with flowers growing so thick that they elbowed each other out of the way! So you see that most gardens are Contrary whether they have Cosy Corner gardeners or grown-up ones. And now for our gardens. The prize has been won by an old friend of the Cosy Corner, Jean F. Pielou of East Braintree, Man. Jean is 14 years old and quite a poetical and interesting writer and I am going to give you part of her last two letters, part of the first was quoted in the June number. Now it is your chance Jean, to write and say what prize you would like, a camera, a fountain pen or six months' subscription to the Youth's Companion. Alice Merkel, of Langbank, Sask., only 9 years old, has written two very good letters and we shall send Alice a button which will make her a wonderful brooch. Maurice Gaetz of Red Deer, Alta., aged 10, in spite of illness, grew carrots and turnips, but the wily wire-worm got his lettuce, and the caustic cut-worm fed on his poppy and aster seeds. Maurice gets a nice gold button that will look well in the button hole of his coat.

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

Elveretta I. Harris of Tate, Sask., aged 13, will also have a gold button brooch that will look well on her new felt hat. We will quote you some of her second letter.

Honorable Mention is given to Jessie Evans of Francis, Sask., Irene Messinbird of Gilbert Plains, Ellen Kerr of Webb, Sask., Leila M. Quance of Robson, B.C., Philip Wilson of Armstrong, B.C., and Gretchen McNaughton of Champion, Alta. These were all gardeners who fell by the wayside, whether the cut-worm or the wire-worm or the rain or the frost cut them down I do not know. They started bravely off with one letter and then there were no more. A little more persistence and one of you might have been the winner of the first prize or a handsome gold button!

Extracts from the Prize Letters

Letter 2. July 6th.

"My poor little garden was almost swamped with the heavy rains. However, we got a few weeks of glorious sunshine and everything seemed to hop up by magic! The stately nicotianas heard the rain and sunshine calling and they lifted their heads to be kissed by the sun without a blush of shame. The little dwarf sweet pea and night stock seeds lie asleep no longer but have shoved up their little green heads through the warm brown earth and are doing their best to outgrow and outshine the stately nicotinas. The pansy buds peeping out from among the dark green leaves are buds no longer but are lovely, gay, sweetly smelling flowers, for they have acquired a perfume from where I cannot say! (They had none when I first planted them) nodding to each other and dancing with every little breeze that happens to pass by, and I believe they kissed and were kissed by the handsome raindrops.

"In the centre of my garden the shy little carnations lift their leaves to be washed clean and fresh by the raindrops. I don't think there is anything more except that the cherry trees at the end of my garden have the loveliest round green berries you ever saw. I am just waiting for them to get ripe before I eat them."

Letter 3. August 19th.

"To describe my garden to you now, in all its beauty would be a real work of magic. It looks, with the pale moonshine on its sweet dew-drenched flowers and the night wind stirring its drooping leaves, like some work of fairy art. The dwarf

sweet peas with their crimson flowers have twined their arms around each other and nestle close to the warm brown earth, smiling with pleasure if the proud nicotiana or the pretty night stock happen to take any notice of them, for they are very shy and timid. They are all mixed together in a bouquet and the nicotianas forget their stateliness, and the night stock its beauty and they cling in frightened wonder to the dainty pansies and the dwarf sweet peas and look in surprise at their new surroundings. The kind old sun is gone, and the gay little breezes sing them to sleep no more. There are no raindrops to wash their heads so dusty, instead the lamplight shines on their upturned faces and they drink the water out of a tall slim vase over whose side they are so pathetically drooping. But the few short days you have stood there, dear flowers, you may have made some heavy heart light, or some sad face sweet."

Jean F. Pielou.

Letter 2. July 31st.

"I had to go to the hospital shortly after I planted my seeds so they did not get much attention for a while. My turnips have done well. I have thinned them out and hope to have some big enough to eat soon. My carrots, too, have made good progress; they are big enough to eat now. I have devoured all my radish, but the wire-worms ate all my lettuce plants when they were very small. Perhaps I had better not say much about my flowers because there is not much to say. My poppy seeds did not come up and the cut-worms ate most of my asters and stocks. However there are no weeds in my garden and it is growing nicely.

Maurice Gaetz.

Letter 2. July 21st.

"The weeds sure keep me busy they grow so fast. It seems to me I am always pulling weeds. I made a lovely bouquet out of my sweet peas and baby's breath this morning and gave it to a sick lady that lives next door to us. The first flower on my portulaca came out yesterday, it was a bright crimson color. I expect a lot more out soon as the plants are just loaded down with buds. Do you know, my friends, that if you want a lot of flowers on your plants, cut off all the seed pods that form after the flower has died, as the plant gives most of its energy to the seed pods when they start to form."



Municipal Gardens in Capetown, British South Africa

Something to Remember

The story of the Waterfall Fairy picture in the September Cosy Corner. Write your story soon and write it well, and win a prize.

Something to Do for Next Month

Tell how to make a Christmas present, something that every one would like to make. Send a drawing or a picture of it, or the real article (a sample, which will be returned) if you like. The best suggestion and the best description will receive a prize of one dollar to help buy the material for more Christmas presents. Now get your heads together and see what the Cosy Corner boys and girls have thought of for Christmas this year. Send your letter and drawing or sample so it will reach our office before November 1st and the prize will be announced in the December number. There will be other prizes, too, gold buttons, for those sending the second and third best suggestions.

This may seem like a very advanced notice to you but it won't be long before Christmas is just around the corner and, let me tell you a secret, the editor has had several things put away since August, getting ready for those busy days that come so soon in December.

The Stranger

By Harrison Long

YOUNG Zip Grasshopper sat in the sunlight near the edge of the woods. He felt very much pleased with himself. Was he not the champion high jumper of all that part of the country? And still, he felt a little cross, too, for earlier in the day a lizard had offended him very much.

"You're a high hopper, Zip," the foolish lizard had said, "but mark my words, there's Something in the Woods that can outthop you, by a long shot."

"Outhop me?" Zip answered, bristling. "Then it must be a kangaroo."

"Not at all," said the lizard as he glided away. He paused and looked back. "I won't name it, but it is Something in the Woods."

Zip Grasshopper remembered that as he sat in the sun. "It must be a kangaroo," he said. "Or else some huge animal with legs half a mile long."

He had never been in the woods himself; he preferred the field—it was easier to make wonderful jumps there.

The air was so still and the sun so warm that after a while Zip Grasshopper began to grow drowsy in spite of himself. He began to nod, but even in his drowsiness he kept saying at intervals, "A kangaroo, of course; of course, a kangaroo."

He was roused by the sound of a crackling twig. Looking up sharply he found himself staring straight into the eyes of a soft, small, white animal that was crouching close by.

"Cat," Zip thought. He flattened a little closer to the ground. Then he looked again. No, it was not a cat. A kangaroo, perhaps. At that thought Zip waked up wide and began to examine his visitor with interest.

But after a moment he said to himself, "Never a kangaroo; too little and woolly and soft."

"Good afternoon," he said with a condescending air.

The visitor bobbed its round head, but it did not speak.

"Scared to death," said Zip to himself. "Well he might as well know his place at once."

"I am Zip Grasshopper," Zip went on. "Probably you have heard of me—the highest hopper in the land?"

The stranger stared at him, but not a word did he utter.

"In fact, I am the world's champion," Zip went on. "I doubt if there ever was such a jumper."

Still the little creature gazed; its eyes grew rounder and blacker.

"It is positively dumb with admiration," Zip thought.

He swelled with pride. "Doubtless you would be glad to see an exhibition of my powers?" he said. "Very well, you shall. Move aside at once, please."

But the silent stranger still sat and looked, with never a word.

"I said move aside at once!" Zip Grasshopper repeated sternly. "Or if you can't move in a hurry, then crawl. But clear the way."

Still the creature sat like a stone, whereupon Zip Grasshopper lost all patience.

"Very well, then," he said sharply. "I'll jump square over you. That's nothing to me."

He pulled up his hind legs and made a magnificent leap. But at that instant the other creature leaped, too. It leaped so high that it met Zip Grasshopper in the air and passed clear over his head.

That amazed Zip so that he sat perfectly still after he had reached the ground and stared in his turn. His strange guest was running round at a great rate, leaping and hopping and bounding as he went. And every leap and every hop and every bound was higher than he himself had ever made. The proud young grasshopper could not believe his eyes.

After a while the visitor stopped jumping and sat down very still exactly where

he had been sitting at first. He gazed at Zip.

The grasshopper hung his head. "Who are you?" he asked.

The little creature only flicked his ears slightly and made no reply. Somehow Zip had an uncomfortable suspicion that he was laughing.

"I can tell you who you are," Zip Grasshopper went on, much excited. "You are —"

Just then the little white creature gave a leap and was gone.

Young Zip Grasshopper watched the white speck bounding away among the trees. "He is Something in the Woods," he said, awed. "And that lizard was right; he can outjump me."

The Almond and the Dewdrop

By Margaret Ely Webb

THE carpenter squirrel was in bed with a toothache; his face was wrapped in a mint-leaf bandage. That was unfortunate for more reasons than one. The Fairy Queen with all her attendants had come in hurriedly to buy a box. An acorn or a beechnut box would not do. She wanted a new kind made at once; for a dewdrop with a bit of sky in it had been discovered and must be put in a safe place and kept there until the fairies were ready to get to work on it. Six elves were holding a large dock leaf over it until the box should be ready.

It was summer, and no nuts were ripe. There was an old, well-seasoned hickory nut in the shop that would have made a fine box, but the carpenter squirrel could not use his tooth to carve it with. What should be done?

Much disturbed, the fairies went away. Sam Squirrel, one of the young squirrels who worked with the carpenter squirrel, went out and sat down on a flat stone and thought hard. After a while he had an idea. Before hazelnuts ripen they look like old ivory wrapped in fringed green silk; perhaps one of them would do. Sam gave his tail a joyful flit. "I'm off," he said and was gone like a flash.

But when he reached the hazel bushes his heart went pitapat, for high up a the bush a blue jay sat whistling: "This is my bush, bush! All bushes belong to me!"

Of course, Sam knew well enough that the boast was not true; but how was he going to prove it?

He sat down and considered. A tall pine tree stood beside the hazel bush and spread over it a broad branch that was thick with cones. Sam got up and climbed the tree, slid out to the end of the broad branch and threw a cone directly down into the hazel bush. The jay stopped whistling; he remembered all at once that he owned some bushes in another place, and away he flew.

The moment he was out of sight Sam Squirrel dashed down the limb and into the hazel bush. The nuts were too big to put into his cheek pouches; so he bit off a twig, slung it, nuts and all, over his shoulder and ran off as fast as he could. He knew that by this time the elves must be tired of holding the dock leaf over the dewdrop.

As he was taking a short cut through an oak tree a robin jumped at him crossly and tried to drive him out on a branch that led nowhere at all. Sam Squirrel squeaked in terror, dropped the nuts and fled completely discouraged. He could think of nothing to do but to go home and tell the carpenter squirrel what had happened to him.

All at once he came upon a picnic party under a tree. Many delicious things to eat were spread on the ground; what most took Sam's eye was a plateful of nuts. He chattered with excitement and ran a little nearer to the group.

"Oh, see that squirrel!" cried one of the boys. "He wants some of our dinner."

"Let's give him an almond," said a little girl. "That would be a new kind of nut for him to crack."

She threw one of the delicious-looking nuts to Sam, who caught it and dashed into the nearest tree with it. He took

his seat on a broad limb and began to examine the treasure with curiosity. What kind of nut was this? Would it be suitable for making a box? It was very soft and had a tempting smell; when he shook it the kernel rattled.

"I'd better try the thing," he said. He sat up straight on his haunches and began to nibble at the pointed end of the shell, which had a most delicious taste. Then he tasted the end of the kernel.

"The kernel won't be needed," he said. "I may as well eat it."

So he drew it out very carefully, and there stood the empty shell, as perfect a box as anyone could wish—firm and yellow, with a pattern over the surface like the pattern on rice-seed china.

Sam Squirrel scampered round and found a rose-leaf lining, a tiny acorn for a top, and some cobweb tissue to wrap the box in. After he had washed his face, scrubbed hard behind his ears and combed his tail out with his claws, he snatched up the box and dashed away with it.

Twenty-five leaps and a somersault took him to the Fairy Court. When the elves saw him coming they cheered and hastily unrolled the dock leaf in which they were holding the dewdrop. When the treasure was safely shut into the

box they danced about to get the stiffness out of their arms.

What became of the dewdrop? They say it hangs at the end of the silver chain that the Fairy Queen wears on state occasions. Of course, the fairies must have done something very wonderful to it, for it is just as clear and lovely now as it was at first, and yet it is smooth and solid.

Anyhow, the carpenter squirrel was so pleased with Sam Squirrel that since then he has let him come into his workshop every day and handle all his tools.

September 15th.

Poor bird, you lie so still, and cold and dead,
Your beautiful, soft breast all splashed with blood,
Your sightless eyes so glazed, so pitiful,
Your wondrous-colored wings now soiled with mud.

Could it have been but yesterday you swam
With silent stroke across the sedge-y slough?
Or with the others in a V-shaped line
Across the misty blue-grey sky you flew?

Only a few short hours ago you stood
Amidst the ripening grain where, unafraid
You and your feathered friends your breakfast ate,
When, suddenly, a cruel fusillade

Upon the peaceful scene burst, bearing death,
And you, with whirl of frantic wings, arose
In swift alarm to seek your sheltered slough—
And hide in safety from your unseen foe.

Poor thing, you barely reached the water's edge,
A bullet pierced your soft, grey-feathered breast,
A cry, a little quiver of your wings,
Another bird is added to the rest.

—Lettice Benty

Evolution Versus Revelation

Continued from page 19

a divine creation, is all that I can say."—A testimony of the late Sir J. William Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., for thirty-eight years principal of McGill University, and of world-wide repute as a geologist.

Gen. III. John VIII, 44. Rom. V, 12-19. 1 Cor. XV, 21, 22, 45, 47. 11 Cor. XI, 3, 13-15. 1 Tim. II, 13, 14. 1 John III, 8.

Mr. McLeod says: "Since 1859 there has been a spiritual evolution in the British Empire" (That was the year in which Charles Darwin's book, "The Origin of Species" was published). And after enumerating the moral and spiritual benefits that according to him have resulted from it, he ends by saying, "The road leads upwards to spiritual heights yet unscathed."

Doubtless the group of modern Churchmen who met at Oxford lately (in August) would agree with him. The newspaper account, however, of the proceedings did not impress the reader as if the speakers were treading "spiritual heights," but rather the very opposite. They appeared to deal as judges of God's Holy Word all unafraid. "What we believe about God" was the name of one paper. And in reading it one saw how little belief was left in the mind of the writer. (John XII, 48-50. 1 Peter II, 1, 2).

The Street Preacher

No crowd encircled him about,
He stood despised with two or three,—
But like a spring in summer drought,
The word he uttered, quickened me.
Around us Oxford, dome and tower,
Majestic, breathed her charm august;
But which of all her spells had power
To raise the wretched from the dust?
What Oxford could not, Jesus did,
Bared to my eyes the depths of grace,
And all the unguessed treasures hid
Beneath the dust of commonplace.

Since then I tread the pilgrims' way,
Still plodding on through sun and rain,
But, like a star shines out that day,
The day which saw me born again.

—C. Field.

Commonwealth, London.
(2 Cor. V, 17. Luke XV, 7).

Regarding the United States, Mr. McLeod has drawn a dark picture, and doubtless a true one in respect to rampant lawlessness and crime. But, as to the cause, is he justified in his assertion that "the back-ground of this dark picture is fundamentalism in religion and penalism in education?"

I wonder if Mr. McLeod has read "Belief in God and Immortality" by Dr. James Leuba, Professor of Psychology in Bryn Mawr College, who sent out a questionnaire to scientific teachers of leading colleges and universities. The result proved that about two-thirds did not believe in the existence of God. Similar results were tabulated as to the wrecked faith of many of their students.

"The superman, a creation of Nietzsche, has permeated every college and university in the civilized world. . . . If this boy is to blame for this where did he get it? Is there any blame attached because someone took Nietzsche's philosophy seriously? There is no question in this case but what that is true. Then who is to blame?"

(Mr. Darrow's defence of the two Chicago University students convicted of murder as quoted in Mr. Bryan's undelivered speech).

Who is to blame? Is it the Fundamentalist or the Evolutionist?

Faith of our fathers living still

In spite of subtle sophistries

In spite of science, falsely called,

In spite of divers heresies

Faith of our fathers, holy faith

God keep us true to thee till death!

—M. F.

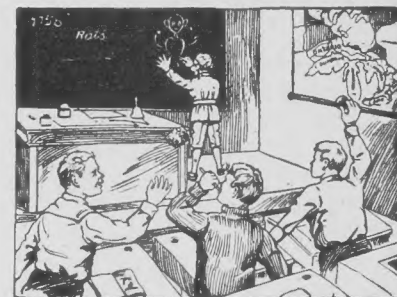
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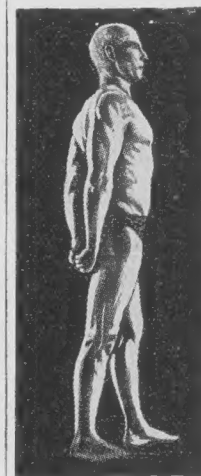
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CIVILIZED FOODS DEATH TO SAVAGES

Tuberculosis, cancer, flu, pneumonia and most of our diseases are unknown among savages. The reason is that they live upon natural foods. When they contact civilization and begin to live upon civilized man's white flour and refined "ghost cereals" they die off quickly with civilized man's diseases,

but not if they stick to their own natural foods. Thus it is shown that it is civilized man's foods that cause his omnipresent diseases.

And besides food science has proved that the most fatal of civilized man's food practices is the refining out of his chief foodstuffs, the grains, their body-building mineral salts, fats and vitamins.



Dr. Robt. G. Jackson of Toronto, (shown here, age 65), editor of the physicians' Dietetic Age of New York, has taught this for years. To counteract the effect of these refined foods, Dr. Jackson devised Roman Meal, a natural whole grain food, made from whole wheat, whole rye, flax and bran, rich in all those elements refined out of white flour and "ghost cereals." Roman Meal, eaten several times each week, will compensate the deficiencies of white flour, etc., and promote good health. It prevents indigestion and positively relieves constipation. Beef has 952 food units to the pound, Roman Meal has 1,600. Especially valuable for nursing and expectant mothers and children from the 10th month. At grocers.

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Alcohol Makes Secrets Volatile

One thing which cannot be preserved in alcohol is a secret.—Kingston British Whig.

Where Control Is Needed

What is really needed in many cases is a brake on the accelerator.—Vancouver Province.

Why Some Canadians Get Elected

Often we elect men to high office for their ability to say the things we want done.—Calgary Albertan.

The Lift and the Upkeep

One small jack can lift a car, but it takes a lot of jack to keep some cars up.—Saskatoon Star.

A Preliminary Requisite

The first essential in training a child is to have more sense than the child.—Regina Post.

Not a Face One Would Love to Touch

President Hindenburg's face must be a real asset when office-seekers hover about.—Brantford Expositor.

Scientific Item

Scientists report that fleas can go without food for two weeks. But they won't.—Peterboro Examiner.

Jazz

Speaking of jazz bands, the man who put the din into dinner took the rest out of restaurant.—Niagara Falls Review.

"Dear, Delusive Joy"

Some people, it would appear, almost imagine that it is possible to lift a mortgage by riding around in it.—Galt Reporter.

Fashion Note

One way the family skeleton can cause embarrassment is when she wears an evening gown cut very low in the back.—Moose Jaw Times.

An Important Proviso

Eight hours' work and eight hours' sleep is a good rule, if you don't sleep the same eight you work.—Calgary Herald.

It Has Many Possibilities Before It

When the cotton plant is growing "way down South in the cottonfields," it doesn't know whether it is going to be a bottle of olive oil, a pail of lard or a pair of silk stockings.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Home-thought About Chicago

Secretary Kellogg at Washington says that the Administration will tolerate Mexico "only so long as it protects American lives and property." Gosh, suppose the Administration were to say the same thing about Chicago!—Chicago Tribune.

Those Intimate Advertising Pictures

It is estimated that 2,500,000 men on this continent are now wearing silk underwear. We have all seen a good many of them—also their wives and daughters—on the advertising pages in the magazines. There is darn little privacy left. It is almost getting to be that we have scarcely as much privacy as a goldfish in a globe—as Irvin Cobb said.—Buffalo Express.

Doubtless It Will

A medical health officer, in a paper read before the American Medical Association, says that examination of money shows that the current belief that it carries disease germs has little or no foundation. Perhaps this announcement will do much to destroy any prejudice there may be against money.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Criminal Law in the U.S.

Elihu Root says that a need exists for an immediate and radical change in American criminal jurisprudence. Chief Justice Taft has been quoted as saying that the administration of the criminal law was a national disgrace. A committee of the American Bar association has said much the same thing. Let's see. What was it Mark Twain said about the weather? Something to the effect that everybody talked about it, but nobody did anything.—Boston Transcript.

One of Great Britain's Problems

Great Britain is today considering the grave question whether she can guarantee the map of Western Europe; and if so on what terms. In 1831 she signed "a scrap of paper" which pledged her to defend the neutrality of Belgium. Shall she now sign another scrap of paper, pledging her to defend the Franco-German frontier? This is history on the anvil—the history of generations yet to be.—London Spectator.

In Regard to Tolerance

The most perplexing problem in connection with tolerance is to get the tolerant to tolerate the intolerant.—Lethbridge Herald.

One Way of Curing Him of a Bad Fault

A woman in Colorado shot her husband because he would not come to dinner when she called him. Read it to your husband.—Kitchener Record.

Getting the Right Managing Partner

It often happens that success is the reward a man gets for marrying the right wife and then following directions.—Victoria Times.

To Keep the Doctor Away

An onion a day is now said to be more-health giving than even an apple. But suppose the doctor wears a gas-mask?—London Punch.

Invention and Discovery

The silk stocking was invented in the sixteenth century, but not all of it was discovered until recently.—Brandon Sun.

Locomotives and Flivvers

If the majority really ruled, the locomotives would have to stop at the crossings for the flivvers.—Duluth Herald.

Telephonic

We often wonder why Wrong Number isn't down in the book among the W's, so we could get it even more promptly than we do now.—Ottawa Citizen.

Great Expectations

Too many people expect that the bread they cast upon the waters will come back to them as sandwiches.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

In This Gasoline Age

We read the other day that "civilization is advancing by leaps and bounds." At least, pedestrian civilization is.—Toronto Evening Telegram.

The Way to Distinguish Them

The man who differs from you and opposes you is a knocker; the man who joins you in knocking is a keen, helpful critic.—London Advertiser.

One Way of Describing Them

Some young women may be described as being in the bungalow style—painted in front, shingled behind, and within an empty attic.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

A Conjecture

In Bible times the devil got into hogs, and that may explain why some cars need all the road.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

The Usefulness of Footwork

Jack Dempsey says that footwork is of great importance in fighting. And it is even more necessary in not fighting.—Fort William Times-Journal.

The Costliness of Waste

The collection and sale of waste tin foil realized £5,000 for a London hospital. This is an illustration of the possibilities of the recovery and use of much that is wasted on both sides of the Atlantic, especially on this side.—New York World.

Wasted Regrets of a Barber

A retired barber who is living now in London claims to have shaved the ex-Kaiser and cut his hair for several years before the Great War. But there's no use in his regretting lost opportunities now.—Los Angeles Examiner.

Practice Makes Difficult Things Easy

With regard to those wide, baggy trousers which originated at Oxford and which our dressiest young men on this side of the Atlantic are now wearing, it is pointed out that if they continue to get much baggier and more balloon-like, it is going to be quite a trick for the chaps who wear them from sticking both shafts into the enclosure meant for one.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Practical Reasons for British Proceedure

One of the traditions in every British Parliamentary institution is that its dignity shall be preserved by the actions of the individual members. And the chief reason for this tradition is that it has been found down the centuries that a proper restraint in debate leads to a saving of time and increased Parliamentary efficiency. Dignity, therefore, means more than a cult, for it is a quality which it is expedient to cultivate in the country's interests.—Quebec Telegraph.

Wisdom

So live that it will never be necessary to rush into print with the announcement that your conscience is clear in the matter.—Vancouver Sun.

Her Name Should Be "Lady Luck"

A Manitoba cow named Calamity produces 19,215 pounds of milk in a year, which is one way of living down a nickname.—Winnipeg Tribune.

A Kind the Poet Forgot to Mention

"Every man must be a hammer, or an anvil, in this life," wrote the poet Longfellow. But he forgot the fellow who is simply a bellows.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Something Polar Exploration Promotes

Those who are skeptical about the value of polar exploration should consider that it promotes relief expeditions.—The Pas Herald.

Perils of Pedestrianism

A jaywalker is a man who walks into the middle of the street with no idea where he is going until he wakes up in the hospital.—Toronto Globe.

The Policy of Preparedness

There is in the town of Niagara Falls a chicken with three legs. Is this imitation of the automobiles going past with a spare tire?—Toronto Mail and Empire.

New Turn to an Old Joke

A new wireless set allows two persons to talk at once. This is almost as good as being married.—Selkirk Record.

Two Greatly Needed Improvements

It is proposed to limit the length of speeches in parliament at Ottawa. And why not, when at it, increase their breadth?—New Westminster British-Canadian.

The Diminished Use of Skirt Fabrics

These short skirts are said to be injuring the textile industry. But meantime the opticians are not complaining.—Edmonton Journal.

A Hard-headed Husband

There was a case in the police court in an Ontario town recently in which it came out in the evidence that a woman broke a catsup bottle over her husband's head. Well, it shows there is a limit to what a catsup bottle can stand.—Montreal Herald.

It Has Happened Very Often, Indeed

Too often has it happened that superior men of outstanding ability have consented to become candidates, only to find themselves defeated at the polls by men inferior to them in ability, public spirit, breadth of view and statesmanlike vision, but superior to them in the arts and devices of gaining popularity.—Halifax Herald.

Exports of the Smallest Province

The main exports of Prince Edward Island consist of canned lobsters, college professors, fish, lawyers, potatoes, doctors and red, black and speckled foxes and the same number and variety of Scotchmen. The foxes are exported for their hides.—Kincairdine Reporter.

Juvenile Offenders

It is satisfactory to know that the Dominion Government is considering how it can give juveniles and first offenders preferential treatment in the penitentiaries. The Government states that it is also considering the proposal to provide entirely separate institutions for such cases.—Regina Leader.

Rush and Its Results

An English novelist says: "The Americans rush, but they do not get anywhere." Evidently he didn't visit our traffic courts when he was on this side of the Atlantic. Nor did he visit our hospitals on a Monday morning.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Regarding Propaganda and Gullibility

It is claimed that fifty per cent of the members of the State Legislatures in America have never been through high school and that only one in seven has been through college. We see in the ranks of science knowledge without power and in politics power without knowledge. An electorate, which regards itself as free, listens to the broadcast noise of manufactured demonstrations and is blind to the obvious mechanics of synthetic bedlam. The result is too often government by gullibility, propaganda, catchwords and slogans, instead of government by law based on facts, principles, intelligence and good will.—Baltimore Sun.